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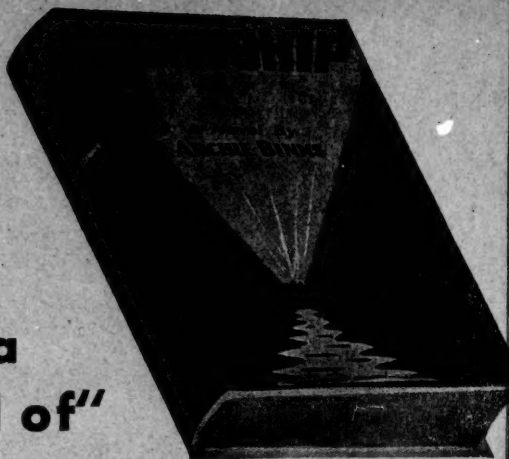
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THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW

No. 525.—JULY 1935.

Art. 1.—ECONOMIC SEPARATISM IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

1. *Cornewall Lewis's Government of Dependencies.* Edited by Sir C. P. Lucas. Clarendon Press, 1891.
2. *A Short History of British Colonial Policy.* By H. E. Egerton. Methuen, 1897.
3. *Responsible Government in the Dominions.* By A. B. Keith. Clarendon Press, 1927.
4. *Studies in Colonial Nationalism.* By R. Jebb. Arnold, 1905.
5. *The Constitution of Canada.* By W. P. M. Kennedy. Oxford University Press, 1922.
6. *Economic Prosperity in the British Empire.* By Stephen Leacock. Constable, 1930.
7. *Empire to Commonwealth.* By W. Hall. Cape, 1929.

THE most devastating influence in the world to-day is economic separation. It is threatening the organic economic connection between nation and nation, between province and province, between town and town—one may almost say between street and street. The contrary movement of a century ago towards international economic unity failed to achieve its purpose. It came long before its time, endeavouring to unite in a single economic commonwealth a world still separated by vast physical distances, by lack of communication, by mutual ignorance, and by conflicting stages of development. The world was not yet ready to have one workshop—England; to have one vineyard—France; one granary—in the United States; and one sheep-run—in Australia. Undoubtedly, something in the way of economic separation

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was essential at that period of industrial growth. Protective tariffs and fostering legislation seem, at least to many of us, to have served a useful purpose. But it is an irony of contemporary history that these useful and necessary forces have been carried forward far beyond that period of utility, and have altered from favourable currents to fierce vortexes, from the trade winds of commerce to the cyclones of disaster.

Nor is there anywhere in the world where the malicious influence of increasing separation is more felt than in the British Empire. It is quite visibly threatening to disband into a group of commonwealths, each made up of lesser units virtually autonomous. The signs and portents of it are everywhere. Here is Western Australia with its two-to-one secession vote of 1933, now knocking at the door of the Parliament at Westminster. Here Tasmania, debating whether to follow. Alberta and Saskatchewan have triumphantly got back from the Dominion of Canada the public lands of the West which were thought to be a national heritage: not only that, they have collected a back rent of \$6,250,000 as a compensation. Meantime, British Columbia protests against the other provinces selling it goods, and talks of its 'unfavourable balance.' Nova Scotia in a series of Royal Commission reports, the latest the Jones Report of 1935, tugs at its chains and clamours for compensation for its enforced union. Last of all, Ontario tears up its contracts with the power companies of the sister province of Quebec, takes its stand on 'property and civil rights,' and defies the Dominion. The Irish Free State, not content with its virtual republicanism, seeks a new economic isolation that will break asunder the economic unity with England that for a hundred years of troubled history profited them both. From South Africa comes the ominous statement of Mr Pirow to the Imperial Press Conference (February 1935) that South Africa will not again join in an Empire war overseas.

The present situation has come as one of the unforeseen consequences of federal government. The conspicuous success of federal union in the definite formation of the American Republic in 1789 (a thing impossible without it), its application in Switzerland, in Germany, and presently in British North America, gave to federal

government in the nineteenth century a singular prestige. Political philosophers such as Sidgwick, in terms of cold theory, and Tennyson, in the warmer language of poetry, could see foreshadowed in it the 'parliament of man' and 'the federation of the world.' The peculiar weakness of federal government on the economic side passed unnoticed. The entire stress was laid on the possibility of political union for peace and war, where union under a single government was not yet possible. In any case the economic weakness did not yet exist in a group of scattered settlements without organic communication. But as these developed into a world of highways, canals, railroads, and telegraphs, and then as there began the epoch of the great corporations, of nation-wide business, of standardised products, and still more when electricity and power production and 'radio' annihilated locality and space—federalism in the economic sense became first clumsy, then difficult, and now impossible. The federated states of the modern world must unite, economically, or break. It is interesting to observe the varying fate that is overtaking them. The United States, ultra-federal, i.e. over-separated, under the jealous 'States rights' influence of its earlier life, became more and more united in actuality by the decisions of the Supreme Court from the days of Chief-Justice Marshall onwards. What the courts could not do was done by the sword of the Civil War, by amendments written in blood. After the war a progressive series of decisions kept reducing and avoiding federalism, kept extending national power over all the republic. The post-war development carried this process still further, and culminated in the Roosevelt programme of the N.R.A. which passes the steam-roller over the economic rights of the States and of the individual. In dissenting from the Gold Decisions of February 1935, Judge McReynolds cried out, 'The constitution is gone!' He was quite right. It is gone—just in time. It would have throttled the republic; the sheltering arm of federalism had changed in a hundred years to a suffocating clutch. Germany has expelled federalism with a fork. In what was Austria-Hungary it is gone, so completely that history must begin all over again and reintroduce it in order to get a wider national unit in the long, the very long run.

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In the light of all this one can appreciate what is happening in the British Empire and the danger which it entails. Here the case is exactly the reverse of that of the United States. The peculiar difficulties of federalism, not being met by progressive unification, are driving fast in the other direction, towards separatism. In the construction of every federal government there has always been at least one unwilling partner. Rhode Island and North Carolina would gladly have kept out of the American Union, especially Rhode Island, with its easy trade with England, with natural shelter from war, and with nothing to fear. Neither of these colonies was yet a 'State' when Washington was inaugurated. They were forced in by economic pressure, and in the course of a generation their tears were dried, as their economic interest shifted to their own continent. Not so in Canada. Of the maritime provinces, one, Nova Scotia, was dragged in, with no vote of the people; one, New Brunswick, stampeded in by a Fenian scare; and one, Prince Edward Island, being largely Scottish, was bought in. They have never acquiesced: they fight still to get out, and called a Royal Commission on their sorrows as recently as 1934. But now their grievances do not stand alone. The whole confederation of Canada is cracking at the joints.

Turn back a moment to the making of the Empire. It has too long been the custom to deride what is regarded as the folly of old colonial plantation systems, the Navigation Acts, the British control of customs, the economic overlordship held by Great Britain. It has too long been the custom to exalt the splendid liberty of the Cobdenite era, the 'liberalism' of the colonies, the glory of the responsible governments set up between 1849 and 1860. If all this had culminated in the splendour and glory of a united empire, one in trade, one in citizenship, one in interest, it would have been indeed a glorious page of history. If it had culminated in a unified world without tariffs, lets, and hindrances, and the Empire as a part of it, that would have been greater still. It did neither. The prospect now is that of an Empire broken into parts, uncontrolled and uncontrollable, with no common civic rights of migration and settlement, no common credit, no common currency, no assets owned and used

by all: and within the Empire, every federated part cracking under the strain and seeking to Balkanise itself.

The recent and acute phases of this dilemma first turned the eyes of those who had eyes to see to Western Australia. The news that that State had held a referendum in 1933 on the question of secession and had adopted it by a vote of two to one was, for the public at large, the first evident indication of a process already long started. Western Australia with an area of 975,000 square miles represents roughly a third of the continent. Its first settlements date from 1829, but even when it received responsible government, in 1890, it had less than 50,000 people. Till the Commonwealth Trans-Australian line was built from the Port Augusta in South Australia to the Kalgoorlie goldfields, Western Australia had no communication with the rest of Australia. It took no part in the earlier movement for federation, was not represented in the convention of 1897-98, took no referendum on the constitution, and was not included in the Commonwealth till after the Act of 1900 had been passed. It was brought in, against the general will, by the energy of Sir John Forrest and others who looked, or thought they did, beyond the immediate future; just as Dr Charles Tupper carried Nova Scotia into Canada. Ever since then it has repented of its bargain. It is enveloped in the federal tariff of the Commonwealth that forces up prices and makes it, so it is claimed, a dumping ground for any over-stocked manufacturer of Melbourne or Sydney. Its ports come under the restrictions of the Commonwealth Navigation Acts, which forbid British ships to carry goods from Fremantle to the Australian ports. In return for this a train service twice a week across the scrub and desert of the interior seems a poor compensation, even with a federal subsidy thrown in. Western Australia, like Nova Scotia, has visions of itself blooming into prosperity in happy communion with English goods, tariff free, and English capital—and chafes against its chain. The answer to its referendum and to the case which it presents to Parliament in its official 'Case for Secession'—the petition that was presented to the Imperial Houses of Parliament (March 1935)—has been a complete *non-possumus*. It is claimed

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that the Statute of Westminster ended the Imperial power of control. So that's that.

Tasmania, too, had its misgivings about entering the federation. It was brought in on the strength of the apple-market vote, but with many backward glances. 'If you will vote for federation,' reiterated one of the Hobart Federationists, 'you will found a great and glorious nation under the Southern Cross and meat will be cheaper: you will live to see the Australian race dominate the Southern Seas and you will have a market for both potatoes and apples.' The Southern Cross is bright enough and Australia rules the waves; but the rest of it has not worked out so well. Secession is in the air, and the Prime Minister of the State has called upon the Imperial Government (March 1935) to appoint a Commission to investigate financial relations with the Commonwealth. This movement back to apron-strings left long ago, this flight of chickens to the parental hen-coop, speaks volumes as to what might have been. Newfoundland, happy in its legal isolation, has got back already.

Not the least extraordinary feature of the Australian situation is the sheer, overwhelming absurdity of the supposition that secession would lift Western Australia into the practical independence of Dominion status. Here is a collection of half a million people and they propose that the world at large and the British Empire in particular should give them absolute control of 975,000 square miles of the earth. This means a country as big as the combined areas of the British Isles, France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Switzerland, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria, and Czechoslovakia—all Europe, so to speak, from Berlin and the Danube to the Atlantic Ocean. They ask to exercise, as Dominions do, the full right to shut out everybody, British or not: the full right to sell concessions in empty territory that they have never even seen, minerals not yet discovered. They want a mortgage on the future of half a continent. The thing is utterly, absolutely preposterous—not secession, but Dominion status. To secede should mean to secede back into the joint control of the Mother Country—a thing which would be profitable, could it be possible, for every part of the Empire to do.

But the chief case of 'Balkanisation' is that of Canada, less spectacular in words but more fraught with significance. Since its organisation under the British North America Act of 1867, the Dominion of Canada has developed in exactly the contrary direction from that which was intended and expected. The conferences that sat in Charlottetown and in Quebec in 1864 to frame the Canadian constitution met under the shadow of the American Civil War. Before their eyes was an evidence of the disasters that accompany divided power and the lack of a sovereign authority. They intended to avoid such disasters for Canada by giving the central government an overwhelming power and in especially conferring on it the whole range of economic control (B.N.A. Act, § 91). They safeguarded the rights of provinces and of minorities in regard to religion and language, but gave, as they thought, the final control of natural economic life to the Dominion. The taxation clause, as contrasted with the limited powers of the United States Congress, gave to the federal government the right of taxation by 'any mode or system'; it received the plenary control of trade and commerce, including the customs and the excise; of the criminal law; of money and banking; of immigration (concurrent but over-riding); of land settlement in the North-West in which the Hudson Bay Company was to transfer its vast empty holdings that later made three provinces.

Nothing was said about labour legislation, labour disputes, etc., because in 1867 no one was thinking of such. The clause which gave to the provinces (§ 92) the control of 'property and civil rights' meant presumably nothing more than the regulation of purchase, sale, and taxation and inheritance of real estate. Later on this clause was destined to swallow up all the others. It is hardly conceivable that in 1867 anybody could imagine that the clause could enable a province to tear up a vast contract made by itself in good faith with a corporation of another province. The only fear at first was that the provinces would be too feeble financially to exist. Hence the system whereby they received 'subsidies' as their chief means of support. In the year 1868 the whole expenditure of Ontario was \$1,179,269, and the whole expenditure of Quebec was \$1,181,932. Nearly the

whole of this expenditure was defrayed by Dominion subsidies.

The B.N.A. Act went into effect: the North-West was taken over (1869): a tiny province (the 'postage stamp' Manitoba of 1870) was carved out of it. British Columbia came in (1871), on the promise of getting a railroad, Prince Edward Island (1873) on the promise of getting rid of one. The power of the Dominion grew at first like a vigorous tree. It bound up the whole country in a 'National Policy' of high protection; it put a railway to the Pacific, 1886; it poured emigrants into the North-West, especially after 1896, in a veritable flood, an 'invasion' alike from Europe and from America. The best politicians, the really national figures, the Lauriers, the Blakes, the Siftons, left the provinces for Ottawa. The provincial legislatures seemed turning into 'sun-dogs' of the over-bright illumination from the capital. But unforeseen and unnoticed great changes came. The discovery of mineral wealth, and the under-provincial property control literally changed the map of Canada, and turned wilderness to Eldorado.

In Confederation days Canada produced only about \$1,000,000 worth of gold per annum: in 1934 it passed \$60,000,000, second only to South Africa in world production; in silver it is second only to Mexico. The water-power of Canada, an asset rising in importance as petrol plays out, represents 34,000,000 horse-power, all of it—except 731,000 in the Arctic—under the control of the provinces. The enormous pulp and paper industry, unknown at confederation, has become a vast provincial concern. At the present moment Quebec is dictating news-print prices to a submissive continent. Add to this the motor-car industry, which, while petrol lasts, affords, along with the monopoly of the sale of liquor, a colossal financial resource.

The result is that the Canadian provinces have turned into little economic kingdoms. Ontario has an area of 412,582 square miles and a population of 3,500,000. It has opened up a railway of its own, tapping minerals and forest resources, northward to the shallow and lonely shores of the James Bay. It has 1000 miles of sea-coast. An air-fleet floats over it, looking down to find more gold. The province owns all the public lands,

the Dominion none; owns the forests and the minerals. It has an annual expenditure of \$55,000,000. It does not control money and legal tender, but, like its sister province Quebec, it contains trust and loan companies as powerful instruments of credit. The province, not the Dominion, has the control of all municipal institutions: the city of Montreal, with a million people, must take the medicine given to it from Quebec. Enthroned over this sovereignty is the prime minister of the province, like the 'Great King' of the Persians. These men—the Tachereaus and the Fergusons and the Hepburns—go no longer to sit in Ottawa, except as ambassadors from their kingdoms.

What has Ottawa got left, in the way of economic control? Very little. It never had the public lands and resources of the older provinces, it has given over to provincial control those of the new. It controls immigration, but without land for immigrants. This means that it has the right to shut out immigrants, but no satisfactory way to let them in. It controls the navy—but there isn't any to speak of—and the army—what there is of it: controls defence on a continent still happy in peace. It hunts and hangs criminals. It keeps track of the weather; adds up statistics (marvellously well; its Year Book is a model); it runs experimental farms. But the economic life of the country has passed beyond its control.

Now comes Mr Bennett's courageous and determined effort at recovery by a programme of vigorous social legislation, instituting minimum wages, maximum hours, and setting up a Board of Commerce to check crooked business. In England all this would be settled on its merits. Not so with us of Canada: the whole thing will turn on whether the power of the Dominion extends to wages, etc. The Delphic provision of 'property and civil rights' will block all economic progress. The provinces will sit back and defy the Dominion to move them from their inertia. The constitution, they say, cannot be amended without their consent: they might even add, nor with it. The British Parliament having locked the door and thrown away the key by their adoption of the Statute of Westminster in 1931, nobody can amend anything.

For a most perplexing feature of the Imperial situation

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is the legal deadlock by which there is no authority which can alleviate it. There has been in the Empire, since 1931, no legislature, no method of voting or assembly, no prerogative and no sovereignty which can legislate it into stability. Till this century the British Parliament of King, Lords, and Commons possessed sovereign power over all the Empire. After the creation of the Dominions, the opinion grew that this power ought not to be exercised without the consent of the Dominions concerned; but that was a moral not a legal concept. Hence the Canadian constitution set up by the B.N.A. Act of 1867 contained no other amending clause (apart from the power given to the provinces to alter their internal constitutions, § 92) than the indication that new provinces might be admitted by Imperial Orders in Council in response to addresses from the Houses of Parliament of Canada and the other legislatures concerned. Similarly, upon addresses from the two Houses in Canada the Imperial Parliament made various amendments (1870-1915) to the original Act. But all of these were interpretive and supplementary, not reconstructional, and least of all contentious. The power was merely formal. Indeed, Kennedy tells us in 1922 that 'of recent years a claim has been made and concurred in by Sir Robert Borden that the sovereign legislative power of the Imperial Parliament is not only obsolete but invalid.' Whether it was actually dead or only dormant, the Statute of Westminster of 1931 has killed it beyond resurrection. Not only that, but the official declarations of the British Government in regard to its inability to alter the status of Western Australia must apply equally well to Canada. The prime ministers of the provinces of Canada are, therefore, enabled to entrench themselves behind their barriers: and one of them, Mr. Taschereau of Quebec, has already done so. Meantime, Mr. Hepburn, Prime Minister of Ontario, has torn up the contracts of the province for its supply of power from Quebec companies, defying all the nation.

One trump card the Dominion holds and can play. But it is so strong that it overtops the whole pack, like the joker in poker. They hesitate to play it. The Dominion has, that is to say, under the terms of the B.N.A. Act, the right to nullify (disallow) all and any provincial legislation: not merely if *ultra vires*—that is

not the question. It can disallow anything which it (the authority) thinks contrary to the general interest. The cautious memorandum written by Sir John Macdonald as Attorney-General in 1869, as a precedent and guide, advises extreme prudence, but the power is there. If Mr Bennett trumps Mr Hepburn's ace, what happens?

The only remedy for the present situation of the British Empire is for the court of first appeal (the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council) to turn itself inside out, cease to give decisions based on law, but give them, as given for a hundred years in the United States, as matters of policy. They can twist language inside out, as was done in the Gold Decisions of 1935, make black look white, and save a situation running rapidly to national danger. Meantime, England—happy in its elastic constitution—steps forward to recovery. The Dominions, twisted and impeded in constitutional limitations, stick fast. Population is flowing back to the Mother Country. Money is getting afraid of the Dominions. Is there no way to get back to what we have lost? George III and Lord North and those people had the right idea: an empire, a real one—ships, colonies, commerce. Can we not still find it?

STEPHEN LEACOCK.

Art. 2.—THE MENACE OF THE RAT.

1. *Rats and How to Destroy Them.* By Mark Hovell. Bale, Son and Danielson, 1924.
2. *A Practical Handbook of Rat Destruction.* By C. Leopold Claremont, B.Sc. John Hart, Covent Garden, 1926.

To understand the many-sided question of the rat menace it is well to consider the various aspects in turn. In the first place the rat carries more diseases than any other of the world's vermin; diseases for man and beast. Secondly, it wastes and spoils more of our food than any other animal, bird or insect. It reproduces its species with extraordinary rapidity, the does being capable of bearing a litter before they are three months old and producing sixteen or more at a birth; the rabbit is a poor second to the rat. Fourthly, the measures now being taken to keep rats within present limits are so half-hearted that they do little or nothing appreciably to reduce the numbers. Fifthly, few of the people charged with carrying out the work of rat destruction have taken it seriously enough; they have not grasped the real significance of the harm done both to the individual and the state.

It may be thought that to be concerned about rats in a world beset by many more serious troubles and much larger and more dangerous vermin, is to show a lack of proportion, but this is not the case. If the estimates of experts be accepted, the damage done by rats in this country every year amounts to a sum equal to the total expenditure on re-housing and between twice and three times as much as the assistance given to the agriculturist to grow his wheat, his beef, and his sugar beet. It is considerably more than the sum set aside for the first increase in the expenditure upon defensive armament. While taking these facts into consideration no attempt is made to estimate the loss due to diseases that the rat spreads, particularly in farmland.

From time to time when the mischief wrought by vermin can boast a very sensational aspect it comes into the news. The discovery that rats have bitten children in a slum or destroyed valuable stocks in a warehouse

or have been found dead from plague may be cited as examples of happenings that justify headlines. But all who have taken proper pains to study the matter know that the evil for which these vermin are responsible goes on without cessation from the first to the last day of every year, that public health and private property are attacked night after night without a pause and that in all probability half a million pounds a week would not be enough to pay for the national losses. The facts are known, they stand on record, the aid of Parliament has been invoked, the necessary Act may be found on the Statute Book and is already in its teens, authorities throughout the length and breadth of England have been charged with the task of abating a nuisance that persists by reason of a national neglect of duty. It is a sporadic neglect. There are counties, boroughs, and even district councils that do their best, but they labour in vain because the area of their administration is invaded by the surplus rats of the nearest centre in which the work has been neglected. Sooner or later the few who have been really working hard lose heart; they grow careless or indifferent, seeing their time and money wasted. No authority invokes the Act, even the Ministry of Agriculture, the first of them all, initiates no prosecutions, nor is there any record available to show that it has sought to compel county or borough councils to do so; the public conscience remains unstirred.

If the rat would but come into the open and commit its depredations in the light of day, there would be an outcry and reprisals would be widespread. Unfortunately it does not leave home before dusk and works while the world sleeps, moving noiselessly, quick to take alarm, only indulging its queer sporting instinct in very old buildings where it has set up house for generations. In the small hours of winter nights, from bedrooms below lofts or attics in old country houses you may sometimes hear rats running races overhead or behind the wainscot and squeaking with excitement; spacious barns and granaries often hold a lively company. But as a rule the rat moves silently as though aware of the need for caution and only reveals his presence when he is gnawing steadily through some obstruction. It follows that all save a few of the millions of rats that lay nightly siege to the nation's

food and property are unheard as well as unseen. With the exception of metal, concrete, and glass, there are few substances they cannot gnaw. Where food is concerned it may be said at once that they are omnivorous: they are not only ready to eat anything but they have a decided preference for the best, and in pursuit of this are singularly wasteful; indeed, if food be plentiful they will spoil more than they consume. It would be hard to find the grocer, the butcher or the baker who could not tell a tale of losses, but they are in no wise anxious to advertise them to their customers. There is a conspiracy of silence in this matter that is very helpful to all vermin. The rat is equally at home in the mill or the seed store, the market-garden, and the farm. Ubiquitous as well as omnivorous, dirty, and a carrier of disease, it would puzzle any man however kindly his disposition to state a case in the rat's favour or to point to any part of these islands where it is not a danger to the health and wealth of the community.

Turning to the rat in its aspect of disease carrier we must admit that the full extent to which these islands have suffered will never be known. Yet it is not unreasonable to suggest that the Black Death which devastated England in the fourteenth century and swept away 70 per cent. of the population between 1348 and 1352, and at least two plagues of London, one in the sixteenth century and that which preceded the fire in the reign of Charles II, were due to rats as hosts of the plague flea. It is only of late years that we have learned sufficient to justify our suspicions. We know now that the germ of bubonic plague is carried by certain fleas that infest rats. When the rat is plague-stricken and dies, the fleas make haste to leave the cold body and if any human beings are at hand they take the place of the rat. When a person is bitten by a plague-infested flea the chances are that the flea cannot swallow the blood which is drawn because its gullet is distended and its stomach is full of virus; but there is pressure on the stomach that allows some of the bacterial culture to escape into the blood and this regurgitated, passes back into the life-stream of the human being where the bacilli multiply at an incredible rate. Sometimes plague is bubonic, sometimes pneumonic, and the latter type is by far the most dangerous because the breath of a sufferer is infective. It is not

unlikely that pneumonic plague was the real Black Death, while bubonic plague was, of course, the form the outbreak took in mid-sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It must not be thought that these are the only occasions on which the plague has pierced our defences. Of old time the disease was endemic, and even in the last five-and-twenty years there have been sporadic cases on the Suffolk coast.

The trouble is that nobody associated plague with rats until comparatively few years ago, though there are Greek, Etruscan, and Roman statuary groups that might have revealed the truth to acute observers. Three centuries before the Christian era, in consequence of a virulent outbreak in Rome, a Commission was sent to Epidaurus to confer with the authorities at the Temple of Æsculapius. The Commission returned with snakes sacred to the God, and there is a medallion of the time of Antoninus showing the snake welcomed by Father Tiber. Snakes have ever been great destroyers of rats. Even our own harmless grass snake, that cruel and foolish folk destroy on sight, would help us if we would accept its help. The snake has remained our emblem of medicine; to the present day the staff of Æsculapius, with snakes twined round it, shows the association with old time, and indicates the epidemic for which the physician's aid was most frequently invoked. But it is possible to go farther back than the third century B.C. to the first book of Samuel (ch. 5), where we may read of the 'emerods,' which are recognised to have been the plague buboes, while the rats that brought the plague that ravished Philistia are referred to as mice. Here are some significant quotations: 'But the hand of the Lord was heavy upon them of Ashdod [where the temple of Dagon stood], and He destroyed them, and smote them, with tumours, even Ashdod and the borders thereof.' A few verses later we read: 'Let the Ark of the God of Israel be carried about unto Gath . . . after they had carried it about, the hand of the Lord was against the city with a very great discomfiture, and He smote the men of the city, both small and great, and tumours broke out upon them.' The same thing happened at Ekron. Then it is that the Philistines were instructed to offer up five golden tumours (buboes) and five golden mice (rats).

Investigation points to the rat as one of the worst enemies of mankind, because it has ever been the host of the plague flea ; in parts of Asia Minor, Apollo Smintheus was worshipped as a destroyer of the evil creature, and is seen on some monuments standing on a rat. If this country has enjoyed immunity for many years, it is by reason of elaborate precautions. Everything is done at our great ports to see that rats cannot gain access to the shore, even the mooring lines have large circular discs at intervals over which no rat may climb, while the holds of ships are cleared of all living things by the aid of sulphurous and cyanide gases. Then again the nearest port where plague may be regarded as endemic is nearly a fortnight's journey from our shores and the period of incubation would have passed, because the infestation takes less than that time to develop. How travel by air will affect the immunity remains to be seen ; rats are not unknown in airships and aeroplanes. A system of inspection and fumigation will probably await the first outbreak instead of preceding it.

We have to remember that the plague is always to be found within the limits of the British Empire. The mortality in India is enormous, and has averaged over a term of years more than half a million annually. In China, and elsewhere in the East, the plague is never far away. Our losses during the Black Death have been estimated, though no estimate made in the fourteenth century can be exact, and we know they were sufficient to depopulate rural England. We have no trustworthy record of the sixteenth-century outbreak, 1563-4, when a thousand deaths a week occurred in London alone ; but in what is called the Great Plague of London, 1666, nearly seventy thousand people died. In the old days when plague broke out, dogs, cats, poultry, and pigeons were often destroyed by order, because they were suspected of carrying the trouble. The common Indian rat flea is found not only in India, but in Australia, California, and sometimes in Europe ; it would seem that the plague germs cannot kill the flea host, it absorbs them, though not apparently without some difficulty and suffering. Another reminder of the part the plague played in the life of earlier times is made by the presence in the ranks of the saints of St Roch whose statue may

be seen to this day in King Henry VII's chapel at Westminster Abbey. Roch was born in France in the early part of the fourteenth century, and is said to have served the poor people during a great epidemic in Italy. Then he returned to Montpellier, where being unable to give proper references to the authorities, he was thrown into prison, where he died. Legend tells us that when he was dying he asked that all who invoked his name might be saved from the plague, and that an Angel appeared to give him the required assurance.

The Port of London and other port authorities keep England safe in the great centres of population, but the plague may reach us by way of smaller ports that are not so safely guarded. From the River Orwell in Suffolk, where the large ships anchor, came the outbreak of a few years ago to which reference has been made. Several people died, and dead rats infested with the plague flea were found. There was a belief that the black rat was the only carrier of plague and that this variety had been exterminated by the more powerful brown rat, which was said to be unknown in Europe before the eighteenth century. Latter-day study suggests that these theories are incorrect and that both species of rat have been known to Europe from time immemorial. Much confusion has arisen because the animals were not properly described, but sculpture, going back two thousand years, sets this matter right and shows that the error is due to the description of rats as large mice. It is probable that the black and the brown rat have been in England from earliest times, though while conditions favoured the latter the black rats declined in numbers, the brown rat being larger and more fierce.

Under old conditions of building in which comparatively unprotected underground rooms were so common and drainage systems were seldom supervised, the brown rat flourished and overran large cities. Nowadays the new building methods based on steel and concrete have brought about the erection of large houses that may be regarded as rat-proof—but only so far as the brown rat is concerned. This animal likes to live on the ground or under it, while the black rat, which was supposed to have been dislodged, has returned in very large numbers, and is to be met to-day on the tops of many modern

buildings, particularly in those where kitchens occupy the highest floor. It is a great climber: telegraph poles and telephone wires, aërials of all sorts, serve its purposes and, unfortunately too, it is quickly domesticated and would appear to be willing to attach itself to man. Since the plague flea that is found in India has spread all over the world, attention is attracted more readily to the black than to the brown rat; there is a significance in the return of the former that should not be overlooked.

It was permissible to start off by setting out the most serious case against the rat—the undeniable fact that it is the carrier of pestilence and has been the indirect cause of the destruction of millions of lives. But quite apart from this trouble, which has not affected England in any dangerous measure since the latter half of the seventeenth century, it is well to remember that the rat levies an enormous tax upon these islands year in and year out. Its fecundity is extraordinary. Not only are the young does ready to breed when fourteen weeks old, but they may easily have six litters in the year, and even more if food supplies be plentiful. Should food be scarce the male rat will devour its own offspring. The late Mr Mark Hovell, the distinguished surgeon, worked out figures showing that if nothing occurred to destroy the descendants of a pair of rats, the number would turn the third thousand within fifteen months; while another estimator, Mr James Rodwell, declared that in four years the original pair could have upwards of ten million descendants.

Naturally the rat has a host of enemies, but it is clear that it cannot have enough. Mr Hovell showed that in six lunar months a hundred rats would eat or waste the equivalent of sixteen quarters of wheat, or more than two thousand quartern loaves; while the late Sir Arthur Shipley, Master of Christ College, Cambridge, set down the number of rats in Great Britain and Ireland at forty million, and subsequently maintained that estimate in conversation with the writer. He also declared that rats are carriers of foot-and-mouth disease, and persisted stoutly in a statement that was disregarded or violently contradicted by many great veterinary authorities, but has since been accepted by the Commission that investigated the question. He spoke of rat-bite fever, equine influenza, mange, ringworm, and distemper as complaints

carried from stable to stable and kennel to kennel. It is extremely likely that the rat also carries swine fever. Weil's disease, a form of jaundice, is conveyed by rats, and quite recently in a colony of fourteen rats examined in Shropshire, eight were found to be carrying the germ ; a death from Weil's disease through a rat-bite has been recorded of late.

In relation to farmyard troubles—and they are more numerous than the layman may suspect—it is well to remember that the rat is a great migrant, his change of home being forced upon him through the rapid rate of his increase. Many years ago when first making a careful study of the damage done by rats on my farm, I made a rule of emptying barns and hedgerows systematically and regularly with ferrets, poison baits, traps, and dogs. In working over their quarters, whether hedgerow or outbuilding, it was always necessary where baits were concerned to offer the rats a change of diet. The corn-fed rat would fall to meat, the meat-fed rat to corn. By dint of hard work and the regular use of five-inch rabbit traps, it was possible to clear the premises so that the most intelligent dog would not suggest that there was a rat left in any of the accustomed haunts. But a morning would come when the buildings were reinfested, and one or two of the old poachers in that part of the country would declare that they had actually seen rats crossing roads in large numbers by night, generally under a full moon. They never interfered with them, because they said at such times rats were dangerous. The only explanation of this migration (which, by the way, is common to rabbits as well as rats) is that the food supply is not adequate to the size of the colony and it must find fresh quarters. Whether it sends out scouts as the bees do when they are swarming, no one can say, but this is not unlikely because no fresh company of rats would enter upon premises that are already occupied.

In this aspect of the life of the rat may be found the reason and justification for concerted action. We still suffer severely from rats in this country in spite of all that has been done to reduce their numbers, because in every district there will be a certain residue of people who will not do their duty by their neighbours and by the country. They won't take the trouble, and when

the other people have destroyed rats, the buildings that have not been cleansed can send out reinforcements to occupy empty burrows, hedgerows, and out-houses. Then, again, we have to remember that centuries of persecution have made the rat extraordinarily cunning and developed its capacity to scent a human intruder and to be warned by any snare or trap that has been carelessly handled. People who have rats on their premises and desire to trap them should reject the ordinary steel rat-trap; it is both ineffective and cruel. Far better than this is the five-inch, smooth-toothed rabbit trap—which, by the way, ought never to be used for rabbits, but is a really humane yet deadly trap where rats are concerned. Placed head on in a run, it will in the great majority of cases kill instantly, because it catches the rat behind the shoulders. These traps, when first purchased, should be boiled in order that all the smell of the human hand may be removed, and they should then be handled with brown paper, not with gloves, as is so often done, because gloves will carry a taint almost as readily as a bare hand. If no paper is available the hands may be rubbed in earth and this diminishes the warning odour. Trapping requires a skill that can only be acquired by long practice. The old hand will catch rats until there are none left to catch, while the amateur may find that his traps are untouched or merely sprung. The late Mr Mark Hovell developed a remarkable technique of rat destruction. In the course of a long and busy life he found time to study the rat from every angle, and no matter whether it was house, shop, factory, out-building, stable-yard, pig-sty, garden, greenhouse, fowl- or cow-house, sewer or stream, he knew precisely what to do and how to do it, and set out all his views in 'Rats and How to Destroy Them,' published some ten years ago. If his teachings had been closely studied and widely practised throughout these islands the saving would have been represented by a sum running into eight figures, but his teaching needed careful study; it was not for people in a hurry.

Turning to the steps taken by authority to rid the country of this trouble, we find the history of legislation against rats in England travelling back as far as Tudor times, when churchwardens stood at the door of the churches there to pay rewards for the bodies of dead rats

and mice. This action was founded on fear of the plague, and in those days rats and mice were equally condemned. When an outbreak at Shotley and Freston, in Suffolk, occurred in the early years of the present century—the outbreak arising from the arrival of vessels on the Orwell and their unloading cargo in order that it might be taken by barge over shallow water to Ipswich—the Local Government Board instituted a campaign against rats with a reward for their destruction. Later on, in the early years of the War, the persistent appeals made by some of us who realised the ruinous loss that rats were causing to the country, led to more active measures. The Ministry of Food issued two war-time orders and authorised payment for the killing of rats. A rat's tail was sufficient, and this thoughtless arrangement led, of course, to abuse. Many trapped rats were released after their tails had been cut off, in order that they might be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth and the illicit profit of cruel rogues. Rats' heads were a less pleasant but more effective sign of destruction. The Government held an inquiry under the Chairmanship of Lord Lambourne (then Colonel Mark Lockwood) and, finally, in 1919 the Rats and Mice (Destruction) Act became operative. Under this Act, which is short and to the point, sixty-three county councils, eighty-three county boroughs, twenty-nine metropolitan boroughs, the city of London and the London County Council are charged with administration. Unfortunately county councils may delegate their power to minor bodies, and those that have not appointed an officer and competent staff to carry out the work, have handed over their responsibility to 135 town councils, 298 urban district councils, and 132 rural district councils, of which only a small proportion would appear to do their duty.

Sanitary inspectors, under the Sanitary Officers Order of 1926, can act as officers under the Rats and Mice (Destruction) Act if so directed by the local authority. At the same time the Port Sanitary Authority is now the Ministry of Health because Great Britain is a signatory to the International Convention for the prevention of plague. The Ministry of Agriculture was fortunate in securing the services of an extremely able and well-informed Rats Officer, a man of energy, initiative, and wide experience, and there is no doubt that the great work would

have been carried out and this country would have saved enough money to pay for its defence in the air had the Act been adequately handled. Unfortunately the county councils, whose work is, generally speaking, effective, thorough, and conscientious, could not realise the importance of the Act entrusted to their charge. On the plea of economy they soon dismissed the rats' officers they had engaged, men who could and would have earned their meagre salaries more than a hundred times over if they had been supported by the authority and the council in working the Act. In the history of local administration you would look in vain for a more costly economy. For lack of imagination the county councils delegated their power to town councils, urban district and rural district councils in which there is neither understanding nor effectiveness, nor recognition of the need of prompt, conscientious action. The result is that England is still suffering from rat infestation and from losses that have been estimated by experts at anything between twelve and twenty-five million pounds per annum.

As we all know, England has an Annual Rat Week and the Ministry appeals to local authorities to take collective action. Last year nearly four hundred authorities participated in the occasion, but more than fifty did not, and, as I have pointed out, the efforts of 99 per cent. of county or other authorities can be rendered nugatory by the 1 per cent. that neglects to take action. You have only to consider the rate of increase among rats and it becomes clear that one infested area can infest a score, and that this score can quickly and surely infest the rest of the country. We have to face the fact that district councils and parish councils are at best feeble bodies. Few men of affairs will take an active interest in them, others who have axes to grind are seldom far away, all have a positive horror of expenditure on public works that may increase the rates. This was made more clear to the writer during a tour of investigation into drought-stricken areas a year ago. County councils were doing splendid work, rural district and parish councils were, with notable exceptions, beneath contempt, the anxiety of their members being not to provide water but to keep expenses down. So it has been in the matter of the rat question, though in this case certain

county councils have been among the offenders. Some of them have abolished the office of rats' officer, one and all have shown a marked reluctance to administer the Act, which declares that every occupier of land or premises is responsible for the destruction of rats on his property, and that if he does not fulfil his obligation, the local authority may cause the work to be done and recover the cost from him.

There is no excuse for incompetence or neglect in this matter. The Ministry has issued a most effective series of instruction in the form of leaflets ; it gives advice about traps and poison and other methods of rat destruction, and where any municipality or local authority has a genuine desire to administer the Act and does not know quite how to deal with the problem, the Ministry will send its expert free of charge to the area of trouble. Some of the figures of destruction in Rat Week are astonishing. When the work first started certain factories were cleared of rats by the tens of thousands. Undoubtedly the incessant attack has availed to reduce numbers temporarily, particularly where the brown rat is concerned ; but if the Government would insist upon the adequate handling of the 1919 Act, there is no reason to doubt but that two or three years would suffice to clean up these islands and to save many millions of pounds. This is no mere figure of speech, it is a fact that can be made manifest from evidence which is available. In every slum of every city, in countless grocery stores, butchers' shops, rural slaughter-houses, on nearly every farm in England, in every wood where game is preserved, in most market-gardens, in countless dilapidated buildings where the drains are defective, in sewers and underground kitchens, in dumps and refuse pits, rats flourish and multiply. To live they must eat, to eat they must destroy, to destroy they must impoverish the country. A few years ago we were told that there was no money available to pay the salaries of skilled officers and other assistants. In 1930 the work was further damped down, but to-day there can be no excuse on grounds of economy. Means are available, the men are there, the organisation has been improved out of recognition, our knowledge of the most effective poisons, traps, and other methods of destruction is greater than ever it was, and no man can say why this

burden of millions of hungry rats is inflicted upon us, though you may be told if you ask men in authority that the Government is too busy to attend to such trifles.

The whole trouble is, of course, largely due to the fact that the rat is seldom seen. Those of us who have watched its habits closely know that it does not come out to feed until after sunset, and that shortly after midnight it retires to a secure hiding-place. Many people might be surprised to learn that they have rats on their premises, though the runs may be quite plain to the observant eye, and on careful inquiry you are likely to find that a certain amount of damage or loss has been experienced and that nobody knows why. It is an amazing thing, to quote but one example of the national neglect, that the farmer should claim and receive a subsidy on his wheat while he deliberately wastes very many tons every year because he will not make his stacks rat-proof. This is not difficult. When the writer was farming and the threshing-machine came to do its work there were no rats, while a neighbour once declared triumphantly that out of his March-threshed corn-stacks terriers and boys with sticks had accounted for two hundred rats and 'forever of meece.' These rats had wintered in the corn-stacks and fed and multiplied in them, and this tale can be repeated in every county of England to-day and on every farm where corn is kept through the winter months, with the exception of those in which rat-proofing is adopted, or the stacks are built upon staddles, an invention that is probably as old as the Heptarchy.

Another reason why the rat calamity is of so long life is that farmers and particularly their wives are afraid of putting down poison. They are not to blame, so many poisons are so unnecessarily deadly. The chickens may take some or the favourite dog or the favourite cat, and if the poison be made up with arsenic or phosphorus the fear is well-grounded. But there is no longer any reason to be shy of rat poison. In the past few years the Ministry of Agriculture have advanced the claims of red squill (*scilla maritima*), a bulbous plant that is found on the southern shores of the Mediterranean. It can be bought in attractive baits that are fatal to the rat but will not injure the chicken or domestic animal. The Ministry will not recommend any of the virus preparations, of which

one is founded on typhoid bacillus, while there are several others dependent for their action on different kinds of bacilli. Mr Mark Hovell, in writing on this subject, said: 'There are many people who doubt whether it is wise to spread mouse typhoid and other fevers produced by bacilli belonging to the same group of organisms throughout the length and breadth of the land, thus exposing water, milk, and other foodstuff to the risk of contamination.' The question was investigated many years ago in Madras and Burma, and also by the United States of America, whose experts declared that bacterial viruses have signally failed to accomplish their mission. Such a harmless poison as the red squill is, in the opinion of the Ministry of Agriculture, perhaps the only safe and proper preparation for use in the neighbourhood of domestic animals, pigeons, or poultry. But, of course, in the woods that are well cared for it is possible to use more dangerous medicine, and many banks have been cleared by the keeper who after feeding flour into the rat-holes on an iron spoon for two or three days in succession, mixes arsenic with the flour and so strikes home.

For many years one of the great breeding-grounds for rats has been the rubbish dump in the neighbourhood of large towns, but the authorities make some effort nowadays to clean these, and it may even be suggested that nothing should pass to the rubbish dump that has not gone through an incinerator. In spite of the neglect of successive Governments to carry out the provision of the useful little Act of 1919, it is safe to say that enthusiasts who wish to see England redeemed from the rat menace, have considered that menace in its every aspect; there is no building, no dump, no dock or waterside that cannot be effectively cleared and kept clear if the authorities will give the word. Such efforts as have been made down to the present have been excellent after their kind, but they have been inadequate and half-hearted; and it is a curious fact and one worth noting that when the question of rats is raised in any debate, whether in the House of Commons or at a meeting of the county councils or among the lesser bodies, it cannot be taken seriously: the first reaction to the word 'rat' is laughter. 'As the crackling of thorns under the pot . . .'

S. L. BENSUSAN.

Art. 3.—THE POET'S EYE.

1. *The Poet as Citizen and Other Papers.* By Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. Cambridge University Press, 1934.
2. *A Reading of Poetry. An Essay.* By S. R. Lysaght. Macmillan, 1934.
3. *A Guide to Poetry for Reciters and Teachers.* By R. L. Mégroz. Pitman. 1934.
4. *Modern Poems for Children. An Anthology for School and Home.* Compiled and Edited by Isabel and R. L. Mégroz. Wisbech: Fenland Press, 1935.
5. *The Laurel Bough. An Anthology of Verse (1380-1932) Excluding Lyric and Dramatic.* Selected by Edward B. Powley. Bell, 1934.
6. *Modern Poetry. 1922-1934. An Anthology.* Compiled by Maurice Wollman. Macmillan, 1934.
7. *The House of the Titans and Other Poems.* By "A. E." Macmillan, 1934.
8. *Fuel.* By Wilfrid Gibson. Macmillan. 1934.
9. *The Making of Man.* By Alfred Tresidder Sheppard. Muller, 1934.
10. *Unknown Lovers and Other Poems.* By George Rostrevor Hamilton. Heinemann, 1935.
11. *The Poems of John Clare.* Edited with an Introduction by J. W. Tibble. In two volumes. Dent, 1935. And other Works.

IN these days of an over-fine sophistication the Poet's Eye does not in a 'fine frenzy' roll; but that it seeks and observes the Truth that is Beauty and the Beauty that is Truth, in Heaven and Earth, from the cobweb to the stars, and even to the depths of the human heart, is as true now as when Shakespeare penned, for Theseus to utter, his moving, imaginative lines. The Poet's function—what is it? Volumes by the hundred thousand have been written on the theme, and still the question remains generally unanswered, because, like other simplicities, it happens also to be infinite. Some one has said that it is 'the expression of the feeling of an age'; and, so far as it goes—but it is not very far—that is true. Aristotle regarded Poetry as 'a natural function of man, to create or enjoy, and, as a beautiful function, therefore a natural grace of life.' That summary, in the words of Sir Arthur

Quiller-Couch, to whom we shall return, not altogether in a benedictory spirit, also within the limits is true and helpful, as often the wisdom of that ancient pioneer of thought, the Stagyrte, has been to later days so different from his. Poetry is, indeed, amongst its other aspects of beauty, power, reality, wisdom and wonder, 'a natural grace of life,' and it is a 'natural function' of man to enjoy it; but only a poet can create it. This last truth, obvious as it seems, can hardly be over-emphasised, as it is the abuse of the privilege of its enjoyment through a worshipping of clay idols; and especially it is the approval by shallow critics of sham stuff, as if it were the right product, that have caused misunderstandings and much harm to poetry, and sometimes have brought a lasting discouragement to true poets. A similar condition is to be seen in Music, Sculpture and Painting; in Fiction, also; where shouting cheapjacks have been able sometimes to advertise the nostrums of quacks as if they were of the very elixir of life.

We revert to the description of Poetry as the expression—the rhythmical expression it should be—of the feeling of an age; and its truthfulness, so far, is seen when we recall certain outstanding periods of literary history; as of the Elizabethan outburst which brought an enduring glory to England; of the verse-builders of our so-called Augustan Age; of the less untrammelled groups of poets who, when the nineteenth century was young, extolled liberty, humanity and the happiness of nature in their songs with the abundant freshness and melody of birds in spring-time. Every one of those schools, or flights, or chapters of inspiration—from Spenser to Shakespeare, from Dryden to Pope, from Keats to Wordsworth—to pluck haphazardly at outstanding representative names—in its own way expressed the individual note, the exaltations or depressions, of the time; and so must it be in the general body of poetry now, when, the poetasters being set aside, as is easily done by those who look and think disinterestedly, we are able to recognise the main tendencies and appeals of the best verse of this day.

But this day seems, and is, unduly complicate, and it is difficult to discern any outstanding call or message in the mighty volume of its verbal music. Earlier periods, doubtless, also were complex to their contemporaries.

Even the age of the patriarchs, for the sheep-like simplicities of which sometimes we sigh in the shadow of a Belisha beacon, must have had its embarrassments—at any rate, for the patriarchs' wives. Such comparisons, however, are little helpful, and it is unnecessary to do more than assert that, beyond any preceding period in the history of the Earth, our own is the fullest and by far the most intricate. The rush and roar of the streets, the clamour of the markets, platforms and pulpits, except in the rare hours, have drowned the deeper utterances of the spirit, and too often, therefore, obscured the abiding song. Politics, Economics, Industry, Science. . . . It is needless to mark in detail the increasing complexity of our age. Such a reminder by headline is sufficient. Advances or reactions everywhere are prodigious. So that the function of the Poet to observe and chant the significance of his day must often be baffled. If his Eye does in a fine frenzy roll, as Theseus in that passing interlude of a hunting morning declared that it did, it must be through the impossibility of comprehending the wonders of an infinite existence within one pointed glance.

Here is a parcel of books of or about Poetry, the selected best of the many that flow to the editorial table. They are fairly representative of these years, and bring reminders of older, yet still vital, inspirations, whose standard and examples are necessary to keep tastes true; for the critics in this age of literary journalism also occasionally need guidance. It is easy for them in the hurried heyday to forget the standards set by the finer work, and be caught to exaggeration by a passing glimpse of cleverness. Two authorities head our list, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch and Mr S. R. Lysaght, of whom the second is the more helpful, as in his brief, graceful study of the principles of Poetry he sticks to his last, and does not chase such transient thoughts as are apt to occur in an eagerly spoken discourse. Mr Lysaght has also the sounder judgment on men and books, as is curiously illustrated by the ways in which he and Sir Arthur contemplate one of the persistent minor voices of these times. 'He has concealed commonplace thoughts behind a network of incoherent language which his applauders have mistaken for a veil hiding profundities,' says Mr Lysaght, and justly we believe, of the very assertive oracle whom

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch spends pages in belauding. We mention this, as it is such heedlessness, flattery, mistaken kindness as his, that do the harm, especially when it comes from one who is trusted.

Sir Arthur, however, has the excuse of impulsiveness, for he prints his speeches precisely as he made them, and that is a part of the pity of it; for his lecture-style, when its ways are duly considered, does not convince the reader. (His straightforward essays, of which there are two or three in this volume, are, however, happy in their opposite effect.) Doubtless, as heard when delivered from the forum it was different; for there the changing expressions of face, the flashing eyes, the illuminative gestures, the curve of lips that went with the thrusting brightness, must have helped the point; but when set in type, with the intrusive, tiresome 'Gentlemen' of the address reiterated frequently, the discourse is seen to gallop or wander and grow thin, and to show forced efforts of humour and wit, with not a little begging of questions. Also it encourages such inconsiderate essays into conjecture as that of Cordelia being herself the Fool in 'Lear' in disguise, on the strength of the circumstance that the two characters do not appear on the stage together, and of the line about 'my poor fool' being hanged; as also was she. That sort of rapid guess-work we have learnt to endure from crude heresy-hunters in and out of Shakespeare; but it is unworthy of the scholarship and responsibilities of the King Edward VII Professor of English Literature in the University of Cambridge. His castigation of the 'Quarterly' for its treatment of Tennyson one hundred and two years ago also is misleading. Different from Croker's famous misbehaviour to Keats, this trouncing of Tennyson, although it bruised the considerable vanity of the later Laureate, led also to his recognising faults which, uncorrected, must have marred his later ascendancy.

Sir Arthur, however, helps our present purpose with his title, 'The Poet as Citizen'; for it is as belonging to the living community and sharing fully the emotions of his time that the artist-in-song best may serve. The former convention of the poet as a creature apart, dwelling in a flowery, starry paradise, a sort of crystal palace of his own, never has been exemplified by any of the true

ones. 'There is nothing so sane as genius,' says Mr Lysaght, 'and the great poets read life not in the flash of the tempest, but in the steady light of day or the calm and constant mystery of starlight.' As is easily to be seen; for Æschylus and Sophocles, Shakespeare, Chaucer and Milton, were no less able to catch and voice something of the eternities because they were also closely aware of the realities about them, and especially of the warmth of humanity with its faults and strengths. And so has it been with others of less degrees of genius. So that before dealing further with the merits of the volumes we have listed, it will be helpful to consider briefly some of the values of the Poet as a present-day citizen.

His place as an inspiration to the country, the Commonwealth, to which he belongs, was long ago proved by the appointment of an official Laureate, the descendant of tribal harpists and troubadours, to sing of its gladness on national occasions; as in the recent happy Jubilee, which Mr Masfield celebrated in lines that seemed, however, somewhat to lack the thrilling, necessary call of trumpets. Tennyson!—'thou should'st be living at this hour!' For in that office the Victorian poet was fortunately placed, and his lucent lines, with their music and flowing grace, not only sang their burden with truth and dignity, but are lasting memorials of great imperial hours. Not every one can write an ode to order; and Mr Masfield (whose acceptance of the Order of Merit we rejoicingly acclaim) is not to be blamed for being inadequate in a province where even Wordsworth did not greatly shine. Yet the occasion proves the helpfulness of the Poet—not necessarily officially appointed—to his age in expressing the thoughts of the heart of a people when in unity they mourn or are glad. A further function of the Poet as Citizen is through satire to pierce the ills and weaknesses of the age; and, still more, with indignation added, to flagellate the abuses of which careless, or selfish, or cruel, mankind is sometimes guilty. But beyond all that, of course, it is for him to proclaim the beauty and wonder of life in nature and humanity, and thereby make them known to those who have less than his quality of vision. Examples of these outstanding purposes of the Citizen Poet will be found in the verse, old and new, that it is our privilege now to consider.

We begin with three anthologies containing many things of worth, and glance first at Mr and Mrs Mégroz's 'Modern Poems for Children,' because Mr Mégroz happens also to bridge the gap between the books of theory and the examples, with a 'Guide to Poetry,' which is, however, mainly an appeal for the more general reading aloud or chanting of verse. An excellent purpose when considerably fulfilled. The anthology, delightful in quality and blessedly inexpensive as it is, shows a better discernment in the choice of examples than the 'Guide'; for as a rightly unrecognised humorist has said of somebody else, Mr Mégroz's geese are apt to be swans until their produce is found to be a duck's egg. His choice, through his natural kindness, is not discriminating enough; while to print among the quotations at his chapter heads 'Narrative poetry is a special kind of poetry,' with the author's name attached as if it were a discovery of moment, is merely to wallow in the obviously inane. The next anthology on our list is Mr E. B. Powley's 'The Laurel Bough,' containing examples of verse chosen from five-and-a-half centuries of English literary history; but excluding the purely lyrical and dramatic—with doubtful justification, as the compiler half confesses in view of certain 'intermediate specimens,' such as the Sonnet which often (e.g. Milton's 'On the late Massacre in Piemont') does sing and is dramatic. This selection has been well made and is inspiring; but the absence of the lyrical is a loss to this particular book, as so often in such impulse the English genius has been at its loftiest and best. Yet the overwhelming richness of our poetic inheritance permits the limitation made and still leaves the provision of a golden feast. Mr Powley's volume, within the centuries of poetic development that it encompasses, touches every serious, thrilling, enthralling mood of the heart, from the determined pessimism of the Victorian James Thomson:

'I find no hint throughout the Universe
Of good or ill, of blessing or of curse;
I find alone Necessity Supreme:
With infinite Mystery, abysmal, dark,
Unlighted ever by the faintest spark,
For us the fitting shadows of a dream—'

to the keen satire of Skelton, Gascoigne, Chaucer, 'Hudibras' Butler, Dryden, Swift, Pope, Byron and Burns, such satire being generally a barbed aspect of our racial, engrained determination to pessimism or self-distrust, which, however, is often at the same time quite genial and enjoyed by its self-satisfied victim. The following extract from 'The Steele Glass' of George Gascoigne, written in the sixteenth century, marks another frequent kind of English satire :

'When tinkers make no more holes than they founde,
When thatchers thinke their wages worth their worke,
When colliers put no dust into their sacks,
When maltemen make us drink no firmentie,
When Davie Diker diggs and dallies not,
When smithes shoo horses as they would be shod,
When millers toll not with a golden thumb,'

and so on ; to other malefactors wearing cloaks of respectability, culminating with such superiorities as mercers, goldsmiths and surgeons, and remembering, acidly, brilliantly, those universal favourites of satire and irony, the priests and religious ministers, whose open display of piety throughout the ages has often been merged with the grosser varieties of worldliness and fraud. Chaucer's Pardoner, after all, was but the illegitimate forefather of Burns's Holy Willie. Those lines of Gascoigne were penned nearly four centuries ago ; yet how modern their note is ; how constant are the fallibilities and pleasant vices of man whenever the vanities of ambition or the heaviness of purse or pocket are affected !

It is, however, but little helpful to linger over certain aspects only of the influence of Poetry, for its phases are endless and infinite is the variety of its calls. And always it is in his human sympathies, in his interpretations of 'the still, sad music of humanity,' as in those of the gladness and hope, that the Poet best justifies his powers and serves his generation. 'The Laurel Bough,' within its definite range, contains examples of every kind of verse, and is capable, therefore, if we have the will for it, of releasing, uplifting, outlifting us, from the commonplace processes of the day, wherein most of us are necessarily imprisoned. It touches, it moves ; and there is revelation. Like a bird-song thrilling from the invisible, or the glint of sunset colouring a blank wall, to the ears,

eyes, and heart of one interned, so the divine incident for unassailable moments sets free the spirit. It is magic, wisdom and music welded by inspiration into one happiness, and of such power that often it penetrates to the deepest and most guarded recesses of the soul.

' And I have felt

A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man :
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.'

Where Wordsworth has spoken in his exaltation it is inviting anticlimax to continue on a particular theme ; so we pass from ' The Laurel Bough ' to Mr Maurice Wollman's ' Modern Poetry,' selected from the verse published within the last twelve years ; and almost surprisingly creditable to these times the results of this garnering prove. Not only is the Poet of to-day often songful and truthful ; but he fulfils his duty as a watchful citizen and asks a persistent ' Why ? ' over many of the ills and problems of the time. His intercourse with Nature is as constant as ever ; while he appears more steadfastly to keep his feet to earth and less often spreads hazardous wings to soar. The result is that while he is not a giant, touching the sublimest regions of the spirit, as were some of his ancestors even of the century before, the modern Poet does see the detailed wonders of Life in Nature, as among men, possibly with more fullness and exactness than they did, and, therefore, is or might be of more value to his age than ever before. A wandering voice, like that of Wordsworth's Cuckoo or Shelley's Skylark, falling from the blue empyrean, has its extraordinary charm and influence ; but lacking the genius of the supreme, the Poet of these days is most helpfully occupied in living with and studying the human circumstance about him :

' What dominie taught the dove to grieve ;
The mole to delve ; the worm to weave ?
Does not the rather their life-craft seem
A tranced obedience to a dream ? '

A question characteristic of the time, mystical, yet practical, voiced by one of its choicest spirits, Mr Walter de la Mare. There, again, is something of the Wordsworthian insight that visions the flame within the flower, and points the truth that to him and to those who though without the gift to create can share the spirit, the primrose—or the man—beside the river brim is more than the outward presentation suggests. And here, from Mr Archibald Y. Campbell, is a touch of the prevailing pessimism to which we have referred :

' Ten million beech-trees have I seen
Put forth ten thousand leaves of green ;
But never yet, in grove or glade,
Found I the leaf that would not fade,'

followed at once by the compensation :

' The gardens of the Muse remain
Where I can come, and come again ;
The Fancy's flowers are ever bright,
Faint not at noon, close not at night.'

It is in his searching examination of the life about him that the Poet—our inspired Citizen—is the most helpful, for he can draw attention to social wrongs, and when his gifts have the right substance and flame can make such appeal to pity or to anger that evils are brought to an end. Mere oratory, the prose of the platform or the pulpit, even when it is imaginative and touched with inspiration, as at times was John Bright's eloquence, can do nothing of the kind—it is so transitory ; while statesmen and preachers command at best only a limited audience. But with the Poet it hardly needs to mention 'The Cry of the Children,' and other such protests to humanity, to illustrate his superiority over those whose regular occupation it is, whether in Parliament or from a bureau or a committee, to urge and realise reforms ; while the social tendencies of this day are so surely encroaching, threatening to spoil and kill the general freedom and happiness, that it is only right for the Citizen Poet to utter his warnings, as does Mr F. L. Lucas in 'Beleaguered Cities,' from which we quote one stanza :

' Build your houses, build your houses, build your towns,
Fell the woodland, to a gutter turn the brook,

Pave the meadows, pave the meadows, pave the downs,
 Plant your bricks and mortar where the grasses shook,
 The wind-swept grasses shook.
 Build, build your Babels black against the sky
 But mark yon small green blade, your stones between,
 The single spy
 Of that uncounted host you have outcast ;
 For with their tiny pennons painted green
 They shall storm your streets at last.'

It is, as there we see, a continuous and increasing battle ; but Nature must win at length, and the Poet, eager to champion the beauty seen with his eyes and heart, rightly voices her cause. It is pleasant to meet in 'Modern Poetry' a number of pieces set to that theme. As the towns stretch out their tentacles and urban life grows more restricted and driven by mechanical forces, so will it be more necessary for the Poet to strive for the liberty of the skies, rivers, hills and meadows, proclaiming the rights of gods and men in the everlasting war against Mammon.

Leaving the anthologies we come to individual poets. It is impossible in the space available to notice the considerable mass of verse that is produced ; but to ignore certain singers of this time would be a crime against the printed Apollo. Of the four chosen in this division, 'A. E.' is entitled to pride of place, for he belongs, as all the world knows, to the Irish choir—with fading inspiration in these days, alas!—whose work not only seems especially to enlink humanity with Nature, but recognises as well the light within, the mystical reality that unites the spirit of man with—to use inadequate words—the soul of the universe, the tangible and visible with the unseen and eternal. 'A. E.' always has expressed with delicacy that wisdom of the spirit ; and 'The House of the Titans' maintains his spell :

'Those

Who read may find titans and King within
 Themselves. And if they ponder further, they may,
 Not in my story, but on the shining heights
 Of their own spirit, hear those lordlier voices,
 The ageless shepherds of the starry flocks,
 They whose majestic meditation is
 The music of being ; unto those who hear it
 Sweeter than bells upon a darkening plain
 When the dim fleeces move unto the fold.'

The whole book has notes of lingering music, soothing to spirits harassed by jangling times. More than once have we drawn attention to the vigorous, imaginative qualities of Mr Wilfrid Gibson's verse. In 'Fuel' he follows closely—himself. His interest ranges the world over—there was never a more eager mental traveller—and he loves especially to discover the beauty that often lurks within human oddity. But the wonder of ordinary lives, especially among the hard-working uncomplaining poor, finds his most eager sympathy, and again in this full volume he gives it expression with shrewdness and melody. Take 'Golden Bells,' the study of the charwoman who, maintaining a family on 'just fifteen bob a week,' was led by the beauty of the names of three racehorses to risk 'a whole bright silver shilling' on the one that pleased her best. It is a chapter of very human philosophy, and illustrates the simple adventurousness that on occasions gives sweetness and colour to hard-driven lives :

'Twas worth a shilling just to know a horse
 Called Golden Bells somewhere or other raced,
 Raced in the sunshine over the green grass
 To turn her shilling to a whole half-crown :
 And if she lost, she lost—yet didn't lose :
 She'd had her shilling's worth of silliness
 And feeling wicked ; and her silver went
 At least with a golden tinkle. Scrubbing stairs,
 Day in, day out, for fifteen bob a week—
 Respectable, though hard on hands and knees. . . .
 Yet good to take a reckless golden risk
 Once in a while to a tune of golden bells—
 Rosalind, Queen of Sheba, Golden Bells.'

Mr Alfred Tresidder Sheppard's volume, 'The Making of Man,' is charming, because it truly expresses his own personality. His Muse is a diversified lady. He thinks and sings in many moods, and even with his natural gentleness, that a little blunts the purpose, is occasionally satirical. The poem, however, that best moves, because it is written with feeling and love, is that penned to the memory of St John Adcock :

'Sun and dune and sea,
 And in green woods the birds—
 But there came to me
 A few cold printed words.

'Clouded is the sun,
As if our day grows late,
Songs seem but begun,
The woods grow desolate.

'No! The Sun is there,
And never sunbeam lost;
To clear, brighter air
The broken notes are tossed.'

Mr Rostrevor Hamilton, in 'Unknown Lovers and Other Poems,' shows that he also has many moods—as probably every poet should have—and covers a wide range, with not quite such clearness of thought and utterance as the courage of his ventures requires. His best effort is the most ambitious, 'Sir Jordan Banks,' in which irony and pathos, touching and yet elusive, are intertwined with cunning. Mr Hamilton is probably on the road to high achievement; but we feel that he has intervening leagues to traverse yet.

So for some of the moderns recently published, with the eccentric, the artificial, the 'pose-poets,' and the positively bad—though with others passably good—excluded. It is pleasant with the next and last work on our list to compare again present-day verse with that of a century ago, not through an anthology of selections this time, but from the collected works of a poet who had come to be almost forgotten. With characteristic courage and good taste the House of Dent has issued in two large attractive volumes a considerable part of the verse of John Clare. This is an acquisition of value, for Clare deserves this tribute, although it is impossible to acclaim him as among the great. His work is truthful, sincere and, within its radius, it has beauty; but the thought of Burns, that other peasant-poet, with whom he has sometimes been compared, loudly suggests the limitations. Amongst other qualities, the humour, warm and laughingly ironic, is missing, as well as the imagination and that 'light invisible,' as aforesaid, which is of the indefinable quality of genius. Contemplating these comely volumes with their verse-text of nearly eleven hundred closely printed pages, one is bound to admire Clare's output, of which his editor, Mr J. W. Tibble, assures us there is in this instalment less than a half; while admiration is

enhanced on reading the graceful, observant stanzas which run throughout at an almost uniform high level. Clare's passion for Nature is revealed in the intimate study he gives to its manifold detail, and to his inveterate interest in the simplest circumstances of the life of village, field and hedgerow. Here is an unrimed sonnet, 'Signs of Winter,' chosen at random, which illustrates his precise observation of and delight in the conditions that surrounded him, and from which, it is evident, he had no wish to go :

' The cat runs races with her tail. The dog
Leaps o'er the orchard hedge and knarls the grass.
The swine run round and grunt and play with straw,
Snatching out hasty mouthfuls from the stack.
Sudden upon the elm-tree tops the crow
Unceremonious visit pays and croaks,
Then swoops away. From mossy barn the owl
Bobs hasty out—wheels round and, scared as soon,
As hastily retires. The ducks grow wild
And from the muddy pond fly up and wheel
A circle round the village and soon, tired,
Plunge in the pond again. The maids in haste
Snatch from the orchard hedge the mizzled clothes
And laughing hurry in to keep them dry.'

That is as simply true a picture of domestic life as any painted by Mulready or Wilkie ; and is characteristic of the large body of Clare's work. But sometimes he could enjoy, at least, the contemplation of the genial, easier weaknesses of mankind, as in these glimpses stolen from 'The Toper's Rant,' which is as like to the bubbling Muse of Robbie Burns as ever Clare could be :

' Give me an old crone of a fellow
Who loves to drink ale in a horn
And sing racy songs when he's mellow,
Which toppers sung ere he was born.
For such a friend fate shall be thanked
And, line but our pockets with brass,
We's sooner suck ale through a blanket
Than thimbles of wine from a glass. . . .

' I care not with whom I get tipsy
Or where with brown stout I regale,
I'll weather the storm with a gipsy
If he be a lover of ale.

I'll weather the toughest storm weary
Altho' I get wet to the skin,
For my outside I never need fear me
While warm with real stingo within.'

John Clare is a welcome addition to the gallery of the established English poets. He has his place there, not only through the quality of his verse, but because in busy lives it is good at times to contemplate the 'huddling clouds' (his own expression) of the moving sky, the stretching green acres with cattle browsing, the tinkling ripples of a brook, the quietly restless community of a farmyard—elements of peacefulness, refreshing and healing to the spirit in days of many irksome burdens; and that is something of the effect of Clare's abundant verses.

Our present survey of poetry, old and new, comes to an end, and although the variety of thought aroused by the works before us is, as the phrase has it, extensive and peculiar, it has brought out these wholesome truths, that the Poet is still successfully at work and that the effects of his efforts may be really helpful to our arduous and scrambling chapter of civilisation. That being so, it is unfortunate that more is not made of him. The periodicals—daily, weekly and monthly—that record the manifold activities of the world, might more generously use the powers of lyrics, elegies, odes and epics, to point and direct men's purposes and recall the brave aspirations of the past. For it is the especial value of the Poet that he surveys existence as a whole, and out of the historic achievements of mankind, and their passions, gladness and griefs, is able with especial force to remind and rebuild ideals and thereby stimulate to future greatness of aim and achievement. He might, indeed, be the most useful of all citizens, even outdoing the statesman and the priest, or any other evident leader of thought, morals and manners, because through his proverbial Eye he observes the most closely, the most widely; he knows as well as any what is needed by mankind and can express those needs with a beauty and passion that are generally beyond the capabilities of others.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

Art. 4.—THE 'KING'S GOVERNMENT' IN BULGARIA.

NEITHER Europe nor America seems to understand perfectly either the events which led to or the significance of the Bulgarian *coup d'état* of April 18, 1935. Outside that country itself it has been variously interpreted, or perhaps it would be more accurate to describe it as misinterpreted. In both England and France it has been written and spoken of as though it had been a mere gust of wind which had blown open the drawing-room window with unhappy results to the delicate china, the knick-knacks, and other trifles strewn around. Whereas the indubitable fact is that it represents a serious and constructive effort in statecraft. The energetic effort on the part of Bulgaria's King was indeed anything but a new and engrossing pretence or pretext for power; it was rather the culmination of a long series of desperate efforts to rescue Bulgaria from the disastrous pit into which she has been plunged by economic conditions.

It is the veriest platitude to say that the whole wide world is beset by a sea of troubles. The alchemy of a dreadful war sirocco has turned the most golden gulf to lead. There is no need to dwell upon the unprecedented gravity nor upon the unparalleled duration of the present crisis. Its paralysing and devastating effects are made known every day, not merely in the misery and impoverishment which follows in its train, but in the calamitous disruption of faith in established institutions; in the ruthless uprooting of civic habits; in the distrust and disbelief in governmental usefulness or effectiveness.

If these alarming tremors are making themselves felt even in the strongest and most solidly built political edifices in Europe, how much more may it be expected to be the case in the Balkans, where political structures are blatantly new and mostly of a gimcrack character?

When Bulgaria, after five centuries of oppressive Turkish misrule, won her way to freedom, it was only to find herself menaced by a greater thralldom from Russia. The rude and violent innkeeper's son, Stambuloff, was the man who resisted successfully the Russian aggression by searching Europe for a king, and having selected Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, grandson of Louis Philippe, for the job, laid the foundations of a

constitutional monarchy which Bulgaria has enjoyed—for some half-century. But on April 18, 1935, the death-warrant of Bulgarian democracy was signed. That at least we are asked to believe by the malcontents. In reality, all that happened was that a situation which had existed in fact received open and official confirmation. Constitutionalism and democracy in Bulgaria have never been more than a paper fiction, a sort of political tradition sanctified by the blood of the murdered and shamefully mutilated patriot Stambuloff, without roots or substance, and mere pretences which served as cloaks for the ambitious designs of a handful of self-seeking politicians. No liberty-loving citizen need shed a tear at the graveside of such a mocking travesty of democracy.

There was one factor in Bulgaria that rendered the stabilisation of a democratic régime more difficult than in any of the other South-East European States. Incontrovertibly, Bulgarian policies, both home and foreign, for years were largely if not wholly determined by the Macedonian problem, or rather by the terrorism exercised by Macedonian professional revolutionaries. Neither King nor Cabinet, Parliament nor Police, Army nor People ruled Bulgaria. Her destinies were settled by a secret conclave of some half-dozen men who held no office, belonged to no Chamber, stood entirely outside the constitutional structure, and had no mandate other than that conferred by the rifles and the bombs of the bands of *comitadjis* at their command. They made and unmade cabinets. They planted their nominees in every fat job; they controlled the administration; the police was their instrument; justice their tool. Ministers who proved subservient to their views—and financial appetites—enjoyed comparative security. Ministers who hesitated to comply were coerced into submission. Ministers who firmly opposed the Macedonian Committee were either bombed out of office or thrown into jail or coolly murdered.

The inevitable result of this sort of thing was complete anarchy in administration, corruption in the public services, and increasing radicalisation of the thinking portion of the public. Parliament became a mart where favours were exchanged for cash. Popular grievances

were given no chance of redress. Communist and extremist 'Left' sentiment spread like wild-fire, though its visible organisations were stamped out with thorough and ruthless severity. The King, conscientious, honest, and well-meaning, with an avid hunger to understand every phase of his people's existence and with a mechanical artificer's thirst to know 'how it is done,' was virtually a prisoner in his palaces. Add to this the fact that Bulgaria was one of the vanquished in the World War; that she had lost valuable strips of territory; that she stood almost alone and unarmed in a corner of Europe bristling with guns and afire with unsatiated nationalist ambitions, and her perilous plight begins to be apparent. Add still another factor—the world-wide economic depression, the simultaneous decline of export trade and of internal purchasing power, the slump in the prices of agricultural products, and the monetary chaos engendered by the fall of the pound and the dollar—and it will be realised that the situation of Bulgaria was calculated to defy the efforts of even the most skilful and far-seeing economists and statesmen. These latter, however, were non-existent. Policies were shaped by puny parish-pump politicians; dishonest brokers directed economics! It was realised on all hands that something must be done to stave off the impending ruin. There remained but one force in the country capable of orderly action of any kind: that was the army. Accordingly the army stepped in.

The 'army' is really a misnomer. In Balkan politics, when one speaks of the army, one usually means some League of Officers known under some highly romantic and quite un-descriptive title. The Georgieff cabinet which seized power on May 19, 1934, may be regarded as the first political expression of so-called 'army' control. It only lasted eight months, because its chief out-stepped the pace of the League of Officers. Fired perhaps by emulation of Signor Mussolini, Herr Hitler, and other exponents of the dictatorial legend, M. Georgieff tried to dispossess the King of his prerogatives and to invest them in the office of the Prime Minister. He had to make way for a cabinet which was under direct military leadership. Its ruling members were the Premier and Minister of War, General Zlateff, the Minister of the Interior, Colonel Kobeff, and the Minister of Education,

General Radeff, all three prominent figures in the League of Officers.

This predominantly military cabinet left its mark upon the history of Bulgaria. It succeeded in crushing—at least outwardly and temporarily—the turbulent Communist opposition. It gave Bulgarian foreign policy a sudden twist that rescued it from its post-war isolation and made Bulgaria an equal partner in negotiations with the Little Entente and Balkan powers. Finally—and this ranks as its great and permanent achievement—it got rid of the Macedonian incubus. Murderous *comitadjis*, but yesterday the masters of the State, found themselves hunted and proscribed fugitives. The stern armed hand of the army tore asunder once and for all the wild legend of Macedonian revolutionary power.

But with the accomplishment of these tasks the Zlateff ministry of officers had exhausted its public utility. Soldiers have never been either great economists or statesmen. The cabinet ministers who were eminently at home on the barrack-square or in the War Office, proved ill at ease in dealing with problems of trade, of finance, and of social administration. Not only ill at ease, but hopelessly incompetent as well. Thus a situation arose that was pregnant with peril for the State. Under normal circumstances, if a government proves inefficient it may, either by parliamentary action or by the sovereign's will, or in extreme cases by popular insurrection, be removed and replaced by an alternative party or group. But here there was no alternative army. There was but one army; there was but one League of Officers. Bulgaria had virtually scrapped her entire constitutional and political machinery. Parliament was merely a shadow. Insurrection was futile against the will of the army. Discontent, finding no ordinary safety-valve, spread itself out in the only organism of the State left: to wit, the army itself.

There immediately began to loom ahead the danger of a political split in the army; the perilous risk of the rise and formation of a military opposition to a military régime, and consequently of armed internal conflicts and civil war. It was this danger that prompted King Boris to act. One of the achievements of the Zlateff Ministry had been to reinforce royal authority, to make—for the

first time since his accession to the throne—King Boris actual and not merely nominal head of the army and of the nation. When the history of the past seventeen years comes to be written, it will be found that King Boris tried hard and constantly to be a constitutional monarch. In his person modest, in his tastes simple, he was content to be a figure-head ; he went sometimes even a little too far in that direction. An intelligent man, he not infrequently sanctioned measures which he must have realised to be imprudent ; a humanitarian, he at times covered with his royal authority acts of cruelty and injustice which his advisers imposed. He suffered privately under these humiliations, but he endured them from a sense—maybe a mistaken sense—of his duty as a constitutional monarch not to interfere with the policy of his ministers. Totally differing from that cunning and merciless sire of his who assumed the pose and the airs of the Grand Monarque and only dreamed of pomp and vanity, Boris is the first king of Bulgaria to belong to the people by the bond of common experience. He moves among them not as a stranger from an exalted social sphere but as one to the manner born. He has stood in the cab of an express locomotive train and fed the fire through the tempest and the night. He knows what it is to be grimy and perspiring, to have blistered hands and tired feet. In short, he knows what it is to be a working man. He has the mechanic's interest in the machinery of things and that made him resolve not to go outside his job.

But besides being, or rather imagining himself to be, a constitutional sovereign, King Boris was also a soldier. When it became evident that the unity and therefore the fate of the army was at stake, he decided that his foremost and paramount duty was that of a soldier ! Whatever other theory may be advanced, that is the psychological explanation of the *coup d'état* of April 18, 1935. That also supplies the reason for what may at first sight appear a paradox, namely that in order to save the army, this soldier-king displaced a military cabinet to instal a civil one ! The crisis lasted two days. They were spent by the King in explaining his point of view laboriously to the startled and indignant representatives of the League of Officers. These naturally urged him to persevere

along a military course. If General Zlateff and his collaborators were judged to be a failure, then there were plenty of other generals and colonels to whom the task might be entrusted with greater success. King Boris bluntly asserted his opinion that they would all be failures; it was not the personality of Zlateff, of Kobeff, of Radeff that was at fault, it was their capacity as army officers for civil administration. Not an enviable task that of persuading politically minded generals that excellent soldiers though they might be they were bound to prove incompetent politicians! That King Boris succeeded in this delicate task is a tribute to his personal gifts of diplomacy as well as to the extent to which the Zlateff administration had succeeded—to its own undoing—in strengthening the prestige of the Crown.

In the course of a final conference of eight hours' duration, in which the King entirely alone faced and combated the entire corps of generals and the leaders of the League of Officers, the die was cast. 'I can save the country and no other man can!' exclaimed the elder Pitt on one historic occasion. That in effect was King Boris's apologia on this occasion. The era of military government in Bulgaria was closed, and M. Toscheff, a distinguished diplomat and publicist without pronounced political views, was entrusted with the formation of a cabinet that can be best described as one of the 'King's Friends.'

Both the break with precedent and the close association between the new cabinet and the Crown were emphasised by the unusual procedure adopted to convey to the public the news of the formation of the Government. As a rule such information is left to the semi-official agency to communicate to the press. In this instance a Royal Proclamation to the Bulgarian nation was the means chosen. It was received with undisguised surprise, but on the whole with hopeful satisfaction, except, of course, in frankly revolutionary quarters. The army was appeased by the fact that the new cabinet comprised three generals, notwithstanding that only one of them could be considered as a spokesman of the League of Officers. He is General Atanasoff, Minister of the Interior. The broad masses were not displeased by the retention of a certain military element, for they were

quick to realise that although three members of the Government wore uniforms, the control of the cabinet had once more passed into civilian hands, or rather into those of the King, whose friends and instruments these civilians are. The Ministry of Foreign Affairs has been entrusted to one of the King's personal attendants, M. Kjuseivanoff, who for years past was chief of the royal secretariat. He may be relied upon to carry out the intentions of his royal master without any divergence. No dramatic changes need be looked for in this department, for King Boris is the very antithesis of his restless, intriguing, ambitious father. He is no fisher in the troubled waters of international diplomacy; no seeker after hazardous adventures. He is a sincere and whole-hearted devotee of peace, and as such the 'Cabinet of the King's Friends' is an additional guarantee of peace in the Balkans.

So much for foreign affairs; what of internal policy? The King and the King's Friends in this respect are an unwritten book. The rôle of constitutional monarch to which Boris I carefully confined himself up to a few weeks ago, did not permit him to ventilate any personal opinions, but those who have lived in his immediate entourage are unanimous in attributing to him sanely moderate and liberal views—qualities rare indeed in Balkan politics. Shrewd observers are inclined to think that in home affairs the 'Cabinet of King's Friends' will be content to administer and not to indulge in legislative experiments. It will attempt to purge and cleanse the public service, to re-create the notion of probity in public departments, and to lay the foundations for sounder national finance. Its chief task will be to prepare the draft of a new constitution. That constitution will, in all probability, not be Fascist—for King Boris has no great love for Fascism *per se*—but neither will it be democratic—for the King with his admirable simplicity, believes, and rightly so, that parliamentary democracy is not suited to the Bulgarian people in the present stage of their political development, notwithstanding the legend of their traditional liberalism and love of liberty. There is, after all, a wide margin between these two opposing poles. At a moment when nearly every European State is tinkering with its régime it should

be interesting to see what kind of a constitution a king can produce. King Boris goes to the work with the advantage of a singular detachment. His freedom from all paltry and personal motives makes him a perfect instrument for a scheme of national reconstruction. Moreover, he has a mind receptive to the vision and initiative of others. Practical by nature and habit, he has watched alike critically and sympathetically the work of the world's constructive political engineers.

With the publication of the draft project of the Constitution, the Cabinet of King's Friends will have accomplished the mission for which it was created. It is, therefore, in essence a provisional cabinet; a bridge which royal hands have thrown over the chasm separating the old from the new. What the new state of things will look like is at present the secret of the gods—and of King Boris. One thing is certain: it cannot possibly prove worse than the régime which led Bulgaria down the slippery path to economic and political disaster.

W. WALTER CROTCH.

Art. 5.—THE PUNISHMENT OF CRIME.

A MAJORITY of the people of this country are interested in crime. The avidity with which the details of any sensational trial is followed in the popular Press is proof of an interest which, almost always useless and unwholesome, is, on occasion, mischievous. Beside this army of mere seekers after sensation there is, however, a body of thoughtful opinion which, in increasing numbers, is disposed to the belief that the study of delinquency is well worth while. To those whose work in life it is, wholly or in part, to deal with offenders against the law, either before or after sentence, this tendency of the reflective minority is, in the highest degree, welcome and important. The reason is clear enough. No one believes that we have reached the finality of human wisdom in our treatment of crime. Within living memory there has been a complete transformation. Sentences are far shorter. Prison life is less harsh. Alternatives to imprisonment are encouraged. But further changes are under anxious consideration: further experiments await trial. Some of them are costly and necessitate the provision of new, or the modernisation of old, buildings and machinery. Some—such as technical instruction and the disposal of the output of prison labour—are unusually difficult, and involve delicate points of contact with the trades unions.

It is a truism that the authorities, however earnestly convinced, can, despite their specialised knowledge, advance neither fast nor far ahead of public opinion. It is thus of real significance that public opinion should be intelligently informed, and persuaded that the work in English prisons is not in the hands of cranks or faddists. These notes claim to do no more than indicate the type of problem that is being faced. They are founded upon the writer's own experience gained at the Bar, as a magistrate, as a visiting justice of a prison, and as a working member of a committee of a Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society. They will be successful if they stimulate their readers to inquiry, or, better still, persuade them that a work often thankless and, at best, depressing, is worthy of sympathy, encouragement, and help.

The riddle of the offender is threefold—how to sentence

him, how to treat him in prison, and how to deal with him on his release. No final solution of any one of these enigmas is offered here ; but, rather, under each of those heads suggestions are advanced which may hopefully become the basis of constructive thought and action.

The late Mr Justice McCardie used to say that any fool could try a case—that was easy : the difficulty came in the determination of the sentence. It is on this matter that a complete unconsciousness of first principles is often shown not only by the indignant public, which writes letters to the newspapers on the apparent disparity of sentences, but also by so many country justices, whose ignorance may, and not infrequently does, result in cruel miscarriage of justice to those who have no effective right of appeal. It would be interesting to hear the views of a foreign jurist upon that astonishing anomaly of our legal system by which it needs the status and long professional training of a County Court judge to enforce the payment of a forty-shilling debt, while it allows two country justices, ignorant perhaps alike of law and common sense, to inflict a long term of hard labour. The office of Justice of the Peace is one of great antiquity. The writer has no wish to tilt offensively at an institution with so long a tradition of unpaid public service. But surely it is an anachronism that any man without experience, without study or preparation, almost without thought, should be permitted to assume the grave responsibility of passing judgment on his fellows. There is not available in this, the most difficult duty of his office, even the dubious safeguard of the magistrates' clerk. As regards sentence, his duty is only to intimate the maximum penalty which in each case may be imposed. It is, of course, true that the duty of passing sentence upon a convicted person lies not alone upon country justices, but upon all criminal courts—upon stipendiaries, Courts of Quarter Sessions, and Judges of Assize. But between Justices of the Peace and these others, there is an essential line of cleavage. The latter are professionals. This is not to suggest that they never make mistakes. They do make mistakes at times, and there is the Court of Criminal Appeal to correct them. But they sit in a familiar atmosphere. For them the daily administration of justice is no more than a continuation of the work in

which they have spent their lives. If their sentences vary it is due, not to the irresponsibility of the individual, but to the general development of judicial opinion, and there is no loss of uniformity. In the great majority of cases it would be easy to forecast with tolerable accuracy the sentence about to be passed upon a defendant at the Assizes whatever judge sat upon the bench.

In the case of the lay magistrate the conditions are reversed. Appointed in middle-age to carry out, without training or knowledge, in unfamiliar surroundings, a task for which a life spent in the Courts has discovered for a judge no simple solution, the lay justice makes only too inevitably and too often the most tragic blunders. There is a lack of uniformity and of a sense of proportion. For reasons such as these it is earnestly suggested that, so long as the present system remains, an attempt should be made to ensure, at least amongst the chairmen and vice-chairmen of justices, some qualifying standard of knowledge of those principles of punishment which enlightened experience has found most efficacious and humane. Such a task could, with a minimum of official sanction, be carried out by the Magistrates Association, which has already done admirable work, or, perhaps preferably, by the Home Office direct. And it would be well to go farther by suggesting that the replacement of amateur justices by stipendiaries is overdue. Not a few among the more thoughtful and conscientious of county and borough magistrates would welcome such a step. The customary objection is on the ground of cost. The travelling stipendiary, however, like the County Court judge would have jurisdiction over a wide area. There would be a direct saving in the salaries now paid to the clerks to justices. And there would be an indirect saving, of incomparably greater value, in the decrease of mistried cases, and of defendants wrongfully committed to imprisonment. The argument of economy, moreover, is not final. It is not easy to maintain that a country, either through reverence for tradition or to reduce expense, has a moral right to remain tied to an antiquated legal system which results in cruelty and injustice.

An innovation so revolutionary cannot, however, be introduced without the prolonged preparation of public opinion. Meanwhile, it remains of great importance that

the men and women qualified to make the best lay justices should be chosen. The present system of selection is unsatisfactory. It is a revulsion from that of the bad old days when residence in a large house was the primary qualification to do justice between man and man. To-day, appointment is by the Lord Chancellor, and tends towards an apportionment of these posts in more or less equal numbers between the three political parties. The new principle is in theory as illogical and in practice probably more mischievous than the old. The political opinions of an individual should, in this connection, have no more weight than his religious views, or the colour of his hair. In theory there exists in each county an advisory committee to make recommendations for appointment to the Lord Chancellor. In practice a Lord Chancellor is too often importuned and pestered by Members of Parliament, by societies, by religious bodies, and by trades unions. The result is inevitable, and some bewildering appointments are made. All too often the new magistrates, utterly untrained in judicial impartiality, come to look upon themselves, not as the guardians of a trust, but as specially appointed to be the peculiar spokesmen, and so the defenders, of an interest or of a class. The advisory committees have the local knowledge which the Lord Chancellor cannot have. They should be composed of men of breadth of view and of integrity, and the Lord Chancellor would then be wise to hesitate long before he made changes in the lists submitted to him.

There is one odd circumstance, not creditable to magistrates, or even to judges in this country, which will be confirmed by the governor of any prison. It is the large proportion amongst them who have no knowledge of prison life. Many have never set foot within a prison or made more than a formal and perfunctory visit. Few indeed have troubled to know what the loss of liberty entails and the conditions under which a term of imprisonment is served, or to learn from those whose lives are spent as governors, chaplains, or prison officers, the practical wisdom that comes from long experience. Is it too extravagant to suggest that some initiation into the actualities of prison-life should be a preliminary to a seat upon any bench with criminal jurisdiction? From such a practice might spring a quicker realisation amongst

the judiciary of the profound truth underlying the epigram of a prison-governor that the population of his prison was made up of those who ought never to have been sent to prison, and of those who ought never to be released.

The wise administration of convict and local prisons is a problem of real difficulty, but one well worth trouble in its solution. The support of the general public for reforms of prison discipline and conditions is certain, if once it can be convinced that the proposals made are practicable, reasonable, and likely to produce results. A considerable disservice to the cause of reform is done by those emotional faddists whose violent attacks on the existing system, coupled with the fatuity of their alternative suggestions, disincline the level-headed public to believe in the necessity of any change at all. A Socialist pundit, for example, Mr D. N. Pritt, K.C., has recently, with complete seriousness, committed himself to the view that no criminal should be sentenced by a judge at all. Mr Pritt proposes that sentence should be passed instead by a 'corrective commission' which should consist of psychologists, educationalists, persons promoted from the probation service, ordinary citizens, and convicts. With almost equal silliness Messrs Hobhouse and Brockway, the joint authors of a titanic volume, 'English Prisons of To-day,' appear to have entered on their task with the fixed determination of believing the very worst of every official, from the governors and doctors down to the prison-warders, while naïvely accepting the truth of any statement if only it be made by a prisoner with the cachet of a criminal conviction as guarantee of his veracity. Thus they gravely record the censures of a prisoner (anonymous) upon the medical officers (unnamed) of six prisons (unspecified) in which their informant had had the misfortune to serve (no doubt wrongfully) sentences of hard labour. It is lamentable that to the earnestness of these good men a sense of proportion and a sense of humour have not been added. The shallow profundity of these theorists is as valueless at one end of the scale as, at the other, is the opinion of the diehard of the old school, to whom the mere mention of prison reform conjures up disquieting visions of pampered convicts lounging in undeserved luxury at

their daily concert-party. Truth, as is generally the case, is to be found half-way between the two extremes.

In the determination of a sentence upon a convicted person the Court has discretion to consider all the circumstances of a particular case, including the social status, previous record, education and upbringing of the defendant. It is indeed essential that the Court should do so. The practice is a recognition of the fact that men differ so radically from each other that a sentence which is, in one case, just, would be unduly harsh, or lenient, in another. As soon, however, as sentence is pronounced, the defendants become merely prisoners to be confined in the nearest prison. Broadly speaking, there are for the Prison Commissioners no facilities in the case of any individual prisoner of so planning his surroundings, his work, and his companions that the object of sending him to prison may most readily be attained. Conditions suitable for one man may, in another, breed nothing more than a dull resentment and despair. To reply that they alike are criminals and, therefore, must be treated indifferently, is to lose sight of the fundamental purpose of imprisonment. Men are imprisoned primarily for the protection of society. And society does not benefit if a man comes out of prison worse, spiritually and physically, than he went in. Imprisonment, while it should be indeed the last alternative of any Court, remains, as yet, a necessity. It is justified so long as its aim and conduct are alike preventive, deterrent, and, so far as possible, reformatory. A sentence is preventive by making it impossible for the burglar, for example, to burgle by shutting him up in a cell. It is deterrent by making, or by tending to make, him and others of his profession believe that the consequences of burglary are so disagreeable that it would be better to gain a living by honest labour. Disciplinary regulations and enforced labour and discomforts are inevitable, therefore, to point this moral. It is reformatory when the opportunity is taken, so far as possible, to improve a prisoner, or to teach him a trade during his confinement. But harshness and suffering which serve no useful purpose are unwarrantable and wrong. If these basic principles be once accepted, much that comes after will follow naturally and without dispute.

The variations of the régime of a prison—as to work,

discipline, or recreation—which are practical within the walls of a single building are severely limited. The smaller the prison the more strictly is this true. In a single prison you may find at the same moment, amongst 150 men, farm-labourers and clerks, army officers and tramps, debtors who have committed no crime, mechanics, clergymen, and men bordering upon mental deficiency. Under such circumstances a sentence of equal duration in the same prison may be a grievous severity to one man, almost a rest-cure to another. The degree of punishment is thus absurdly disproportionate, and the actual result of the sentence may be hurtful to both. To take a simple illustration, work which occupies the brain and can be done alone—such as work in the library—may, for perhaps a dozen of these men, be the only respite from deep pain of mind. But in a small prison there is work for only one librarian, and for the others there may be no alternative to the dreary monotony of mail-bags or wash-tub. It is a realisation of these facts that has set the Prison Commissioners, heavily handicapped by want of the appropriate funds, groping after a classification of prisons, as well as of prisoners, so that they may ultimately be enabled to send classes of prisoners to such types of prison as may be most likely to give them benefit. There is nothing new in the principle, which has, for example, been long recognised in the maintenance of Borstal institutions, that are but a specialised development of prison-life designed for the benefit of young prisoners. Nor are all Borstal institutions considered suitable for all young offenders. Of the five Borstal establishments, Feltham is used for the mentally-backward, Rochester for those not previously convicted, and Portland for those of the roughest class. In the same way, therefore, as lads of similar age are already classified and segregated at these Borstal institutions, so, with results similarly beneficial, would adult prisoners be graded and kept together. A beginning of this work has, in fact, been already made with satisfactory results. There is a special wing at Winchester for 'young prisoners' (under twenty-one years). Nottingham Prison is for young men (twenty-one years and over), while Wormwood Scrubs and Wakefield Prisons are more or less wholly given over to 'stars' (first offenders) and Second Division prisoners.

The full realisation of any such scheme would entail considerable expense. It would necessitate the re-opening of prisons now closed, their modernisation and equipment, and perhaps the erection of new buildings. One must, of course, guard against the common pitfall of imagining that those reforms in which one has a personal interest transcend all others in importance. Yet to oppose too rigid a barrier of economy would be an unwise saving, if it be believed that these innovations would result in substantially improved chances of reformation of character. The saving, direct and indirect, from the transformation into decent members of society of a dozen prisoners who would otherwise have developed into habitual professional criminals, would build a model prison. No money could be spent with wiser economy than that which makes the difference between reformation and recidivism. The cost to the community in money of a single expert burglar, for example, during his professional career is staggering.

It will be clear from the foregoing that the ideal prison-sentence aims at the provision, in however inadequate a fashion, of some training and improvement. It follows, therefore, that the short sentence beloved of justices is, by those who have the opportunity to judge, looked upon as almost invariably useless, and frequently harmful. Yet, in 1932, no fewer than 16,671 committals to prison were for periods of a month or less. The effect of these short sentences all too frequently is to familiarise the offenders with prison life, with the unhappy result that the deterrent fear of the unknown gaol is gone for ever. The present writer has come across a man who declared seriously that he was broken in to prison by a succession of easy sentences of fourteen days, and added that, had his first sentence been a stiff one of six months, he would never have come back. Lord Hewart, the Lord Chief Justice, has said, with wisdom and humanity, 'Think twice, and think three times before you send a person to prison for the first time,' to which we venture respectfully to add, 'but when you do decide that you must send him there, be careful not to impose so short a sentence that it can do no possible good whatsoever.' Only last year three boys, of whom the eldest was only seventeen, were committed to a local prison for seven days

for being a nuisance in the casual ward of a workhouse. Similarly, a boy of sixteen in the same prison had been committed to await trial at the Assizes on a charge of theft, and refused bail. He was ultimately discharged when he came up for sentence. The days these boys spent in prison were an absurd, and may well have proved since a tragic, error. It would be well if some of the mordant directions on the subject of bail which from time to time have fallen from the lips of Mr Justice Rigby Swift were printed and hung framed in the retiring-room of every bench of magistrates.

This question of familiarisation with prison leads to a practical suggestion. Prison life, even to-day, is not agreeable. Nobody with knowledge would suggest it. It has, however, become so humanised that to the great majority of prisoners it is no real hardship, as once it assuredly was. But the rough work of oakum-picking has followed the tedious treadmill into oblivion—'Hard labour' is now but a name—'honour parties,' in which prisoners work together without the supervision of an officer, make discipline less irksome: the silence rule is no longer rigidly enforced: men work in association, hardly at all in solitary confinement: there are gymnasia and educational facilities: the food, if not dainty, is more plentiful and wholesome than many a labourer enjoys in his home. There is here a real danger to men to whom imprisonment has no deterrent social stigma. They discover only too readily that a prison is by no means the nightmare they once had feared. Illogical as at first sight it may appear, it would be wise to make a first sentence so distasteful as to institute a dread of a second. No revival of the rack and thumbscrew, of course, is suggested; but merely that a first sentence should approximate to the conditions of a military prison, of which no offender wants a second experience. There is reason to believe that this proposal would be supported by more than one prison governor of experience. So humane a man as William Tallack, the secretary for many years of the Howard Association, spoke of the salutary effect for short periods of the treadmill, at the mere thought of which we turn up our eyes in pious horror in 1935. But it is surely kinder by a few months' harshness to shock a man for ever from the doors of a prison

than, by undue sentimentalism, to let him drift into an acclimatisation with its atmosphere.

It is a commonplace almost, if not wholly true, that 'if there were no receivers there would be no thieves.' The house-breaker disposes of jewellery, for example, of necessity through the clearing-house of a receiver. The latter is a man difficult to discover, more difficult to convict. Yet it is vital to the community that he who alone may make possible the pestilent activities of a score of burglars, should be himself unearthed. But a prisoner, before sentence, although perhaps already convicted a dozen times of larceny, is not invited to name this essential accomplice. He is given the short sentence which, in the revulsion against the savage penalties of a generation ago, it has become the general practice of the judges to administer. He is a model prisoner: earns the maximum remission marks, and, in a year or fifteen months, emerges to resume, by the proceeds of further burglaries, his old business connection with the same receiver. If it were not ruinous and cruel to his innocent and often poor and needy victims, the process would be amusing. In all such cases the prisoner should be given a lengthy sentence, and as of right, at his own option, a remission of one-half on his giving such evidence to the Court as shall lead to the conviction of the receiver. If this suggestion be considered unduly harsh, we may remember that, if he refuse to give such evidence, it is the clearest possible indication that he has no intention of abandoning his criminal activities on his release. Is it not wise, therefore, for society to defer that release longer than would be necessary in the case of a man who intended to go straight? The customary reply to this suggestion is that long sentences are not, in fact, deterrent, and were formerly the actual cause of crime, as is shown by the fact that to-day, with much shorter sentences, there is less crime than there was fifty years ago. This argument will not bear examination. A long sentence of penal servitude is, in fact, a most effective deterrent. We need not go far for proof. Burglars in this country do not carry firearms. This is not because they are a timid class, who abhor violence. It is because there is a salutary tradition amongst judges to double the normal sentence if a criminal is armed. Nor is it true that crime

has diminished because of the short sentence of to-day. This is an example of 'Post hoc, ergo propter hoc.' If it were, in fact, true, then, logically, the judges need do no more than still further reduce sentences to vanishing point, in order to stamp out crime altogether. The relevant fact is that, within the last fifty years, there have been such enormous improvements in education, housing, unemployment insurance, and the social services generally, as would have been looked on as impossible a generation or two ago. There is no longer the same drastic economic pressure when a man is out of work. The whole status of the people has been raised. It is to these facts that the decrease in crime is mainly due. Society has not, therefore, diminished crime by shortening sentences. It is only because crime has already diminished that society can afford the mercy of the short sentence.

The discipline of a prison is enforced by the governor, who has certain powers of punishment. Behind him stands the Visiting Committee, a body of magistrates appointed by Quarter Sessions. These justices have a dual rôle. They visit the prison regularly, and deal with all offences by prisoners who are brought before them by the governor, for adjudication and punishment, in such cases as call for more serious penalties than those he is competent to award. In addition, this committee stands as a bulwark between the prisoner and injustice. In the prison at which, for some years, the present writer has been a member of the Visiting Committee, every prisoner is seen individually and, if he so desire, alone, at least once a week, and given the opportunity for making any complaint as to his treatment by the governor or by a prison officer, with the certainty of careful inquiry and consideration of his allegations. It is of the utmost importance that the men should be justified in the belief that although they are prisoners they are not outcasts, but have the protection, against any harshness or injustice, of a body of magistrates at once impartial and without official connection with the Home Office. Vigilant against abuses as they may be their protection is rarely needed. Ill-paid, with long working hours under trying conditions, the English prison service has yet attracted officers of a stamp of which no service in the world need be anything but proud.

There is one further statutory duty laid upon the Visiting Committee. It is responsible for the proper administration of the funds of the Prisoners' Aid Society, which works in every prison. This society receives a small per capita grant from the State, but is almost entirely supported by voluntary subscriptions. A committee meets frequently in the prison and every man may, if he choose, prior to his discharge, appear personally before it and make what application he wish for help to make a fresh start on his release. The objection to this work of mercy, still sometimes heard, that with so many honest men out of employment it is unfair to give preferential assistance to ex-criminals should need little reply. There is the answer of humanity that, at the expiration of his sentence, a man has purged his offence towards society. To act in any other spirit is to make every sentence a life-sentence. To quote once more the late Mr Justice McCardie, 'the Law may be stern, but it is never so merciless as society itself. Ostracism, social ostracism, is a terrible weapon, and if that ostracism be unmitigated the natural result will be to turn many men coming out of prison into confirmed and habitual criminals.' There is, too, the answer of expediency that there can be no policy more shortsighted, no economy more false, than to leave at the mercy of circumstance the man who really desires to go straight on his release.

The problem that confronts the Prisoners' Aid Committee, therefore, is that of deciding which of the prisoners coming before it is deserving of help, and how best, with the means at their disposal, that help shall be given. It is obvious that some cases are hopeless. One has experience of prisoners with fifty, eighty, and even one hundred previous convictions, men who are hardly out of prison before they are back there again, by age and mentality alike undesirous of obtaining, and incapable of doing, work of any kind. A man will not be denied help, however, by reason alone of previous convictions, if once the committee can be persuaded—by the reports made upon him, by the governor, the chaplain, and his own 'visitor,' and, most of all, by the man's own story and demeanour—that, even at long last, he really means to try to live an honest life. It is only right that the committee should not spend without inquiry the funds put in their trust.

It is, after all, a facile generosity which springs from the indiscriminate use of other people's money. Nor are the irreclaimable cases always the sullen, lowering rogues one might expect. A genial, plausible old ruffian was committed for fourteen days' hard labour for a violent assault on a police officer while under the influence of methylated spirit. The members of the Visiting Committee were convinced of his sincere repentance and gave him, together with much excellent advice, a small sum of money with which to purchase a handcart. On the day of his release he bought a fresh supply of methylated spirit, assaulted another policeman, spent the night in a police cell, and returned the next day for a further fourteen days' hard labour. At the end of his second term the committee gave him no money but a new pair of shoes. He was hardly out of prison before he sold the shoes, purchased a further supply of methylated, found the inevitable policeman, and was in prison again next day, this time for one month with the usual hard labour. When, smiling and urbane as ever, he appeared at the end of his third term, he was presented with a railway ticket to London and carelessly seen into a non-stop train.

Another egregious blunder, made in the writer's experience, was in the case of a young man who told the most convincing story of work which was actually awaiting him at some distant place where he had relations. Gladly the railway ticket was provided, with a small sum in cash for food upon the journey. The rogue alighted at the first station. There he approached the booking-office with so moving and calamitous a tale that the clerk was persuaded, against all the regulations, to cancel the ticket and refund the fare for the remainder of the journey. And, with the small capital so acquired, he began a new chapter of the old story of his life, until once more the arm of the law gathered him safely in. These were typical mistakes. Indeed it is easy to believe that the money spent on at least half the men helped in such a fashion is thrown away. Some would put the proportion as higher. 'All men are liars,' said a wise man of long ago. He must, one is tempted to think, have served for a time upon the committee of a Prisoners' Aid Society.

But it is better to err on this side than on the other. It must be realised that too censorious an attitude, too

inquisitorial and austere an inquiry, effectually disheartens and repels those very men whom one is most anxious to help. And we hope that at least it is true to say that no genuine case ever asks of our committee in vain. It is the policy in every prison, except in the rarest cases, to give very little cash, but to help to restore a man's self-respect by providing him with decent clothes ; to assist him to get employment by giving him a ticket to the place where he thinks himself most likely to find it, together with board and lodging in rooms, or in a hostel, while he seeks for work. A visit to a man's home, and help with the rent for his wife while he is in prison, has kept many a home together and a man's courage high against the day of his release. That is routine work. More exceptionally, the provision of dentures has been found so to improve a man's appearance as to enable him to obtain a place as chauffeur : good glasses are a godsend to many : and the gift of an artificial arm altered the outlook on life of at least one maimed and repentant sinner. In this connection two proposals are made : the first is that the work is of such real importance that the State should greatly increase its grant in aid, and assume a share of the administration. The second is that, in all suitable cases, a man might be released, as it were, in stages ; that, during a period prior to his final discharge, he should be let out on licence to look for work, returning to prison to sleep. The idea might be developed into a really useful probationary system. It is not fantastic if we remember that, in a recent annual report of the Prison Commissioners, it is recorded that, on three occasions during the year, men were allowed out on parole to visit sick relatives and in all cases returned punctually, very proud at having been trusted.

The endeavour to find the best treatment of crime and criminals is a vast business, not unworthy of the efforts of the best minds. It offers immense potentialities for good in the salvage of human wreckage, in the saving not only of great sums of money, but also of human pain. There can be no one simple formula to solve a puzzle which offers the same baffling variations as does mankind itself. To give two examples. There is the problem of the persistent offender, convicted fifty, or, perhaps, a hundred times, though never of any grave

crime, who would work if he could, but, warped perhaps in body or mind, steals by reason rather of weakness than of wickedness. There, also, is the problem, wholly different, of the true professional, skilled perhaps in a trade, who refuses work and follows crime of set determination as the business of his life. No easy answer can be returned to cover these two cases, essentially dissimilar, and they are but two amongst a hundred. But some answer must be found if we wish to see ended that futile cycle, wasteful as well as cruel, of crime, imprisonment, release, fresh crime, and renewed imprisonment. And, in the search, a wise brain will be more useful than the most tender heart. If we approach these matters without kindness and patience we shall make no headway. That is true. But to the ultimate solution we shall one day be led not by sentiment or enthusiasm, but by those finer qualities of courage and humour, and that most uncommon virtue, common sense.

Art. 6.—RALEIGH : A SUPERMAN.

1. *Sir Walter Raleigh. The Last of the Elizabethans.* By Edward Thompson. Macmillan, 1935.
2. *Sir Walter Raleigh.* By Milton Waldman. (Golden Hind Series.) Lane, 1928.

SUCH a death as that, on May 19, of Lawrence of Arabia, so wasteful and trivial in its circumstances, has brought out this truth amongst its other effects, that the Supermen are not extinct; and as they have existed into these levelling times—Jack knowing himself nowadays to be fully as good as his master—they are likely in some measure to continue for so long as mankind is capable of being influenced by one of its brotherhood who has been blessed by nature with powers in some respects far superior to those of his fellows. This is not the occasion for paying a particular tribute to the great man who, recently killed in a paltry bicycle crash through his own passion for energy and speed and the swiftest accomplishment, became almost if not quite the pre-eminent figure in the World War, and is certainly the first of its *dramatis personæ* to have attained the legendary plane, from which, having once come to it, he can never be altogether dislodged. Great in spirit, in influence, and in deed during supremely critical years and in a most important chapter of the history of the Near East, while on the whole valuably constructive in his rapid achievements, Colonel T. E. Lawrence—to remember him rather so than as Mr T. E. Shaw the later aircraftsman—will live in the thoughts of his countrymen and others as an example of fineness of character linked with much personal charm, and as a reminder of the special place occupied on occasions in human life by the Supermen.

There was something, after all, in Carlyle's doctrine of history being the biography of great men. These times, with the growth of representative organisations, as Parliament and the other popular instruments through which the will of the majority in national and municipal affairs is worked, have certainly displaced the Hero from his position of somewhat strained predominance. Most of our leaders are only in advance of their fellows by at best a very small head, while others are in the foreground

of public life without any justification, whether by wisdom or wit ; they having achieved that prominence (as their critics have said) by wealth or bounce or the kindly accident of birth or through some or all of those conditions combined. That, however, is a point of subordinate concern at the moment. The governing truth is, that even now, when particular opportunity serves, as in a war or revolution, some man of outstanding merit and force of character often emerges to do the thing which his fellows and his followers have been groping to do. Such Supermen do not, however, mean the sort of sordid apparitions that may be thrown up in one of the frequent political eruptions of South America or, in rather earlier days, of the Balkans. Instead, they imply the appearance under the call of necessity of one—and but few in a century—whose presence is as outstanding to his fellows as a major planet in the summer sky ; whose reality extends beyond his own province and remains recorded on the popular imagination as well as in history and art ; as is illustrated by the Halley comet which in their respective times brought superstitious thoughts to Attila and to the protagonists of the English Conquest, influencing their actions. The fame of the Superman is as brightly enduring as that, challenging evanescence not less successfully. A sudden brilliance gleaming over mankind, influencing their fears, decisions, and fortunes ; until, the time of fulfilment come, he passes to the setting ; but the thought of his radiance continues as a stimulation to the future or as a moral to mark human fallibilities.

In the earliest days, whence Carlyle mainly absorbed his theory, the Hero outstanding, the Superman, was plainly evident in his leadership. Moses, Mohammed, St Paul, Alexander, and Cæsar were as mountains among foot-hills. Their super-ascendancy needs no discussion. The Norse sagas, as with those of the Cuchullain cycle, also contain examples of the kind ; though the kings, fighters, and vikings who figure in them generally have been swollen through fantasy and legends to extravagant dimensions, whereas if their reality could be precisely discerned those giants would probably dwindle to the shop-window sizes of mere swashbucklery. But from King Alfred to Cecil Rhodes, and now with Colonel

Lawrence included, British history has been punctuated with such examples as stand out prominently from the common run. As also is seen, of course, in the history of most other countries. Charlemagne, Napoleon, Tamburlane, Cromwell, William the Conqueror, Washington, Columbus, and Drake—and with that last of those names which leap to the mind in any consideration of original manly achievements and greatness we are reminded of the period of English history in which Supermen blossomed freely, to come not as single stars but in a galaxy; and out of that period of Elizabeth and royal James (but so little royal of personality was he) we take as a particular example of the Superman in his strengths and weaknesses—for every such pre-eminent mortal has been part steel, part gold, part clay—the tragical, picturesque figure who for years puzzled and baffled his contemporaries and to some degree still baffles historians—Sir Walter Raleigh.*

The clouds about Raleigh's character are clearing; the contradictions of which he was comprised are dissolving into a closer approach to consistency and coherence, though never can they be eliminated entirely. His was so rarely intricate a personality—'historian, poet, philosopher, writer on naval affairs, courtier, statesman, soldier, admiral, privateer, shipbuilder, patriot, chemist, coloniser, empire-planner, Member of Parliament, administrator, patron of authors and scientists and unpopular thinkers, intriguer, martyr.' Yet, says Mr Edward Thompson in commenting upon that wide range of versatility, which within more sober limits was a characteristic of the times, 'in every capacity his effort was flawed and disappointing'—or, let us say, nearly so, for as Raleigh's life, personality, and works are more sympathetically and reasonably studied, his achievements appear more steadfast and brilliant and the flaws are seen to be mainly the consequences of his many strange misfortunes and on the whole inevitable. For centuries his has been a perverse figure, alluring yet not altogether attractive. Throughout his life he was hated by some—rather to their discredit than to his—and in his earlier days was unpopular with most; until his readiness, wit,

* In the text of this article we are using the popular form of the name, although, according to Stebbing, Raleigh did not once sign in that form, whereas he did sign it in sixty-eight other ways.

cleverness, address, and courage during the intolerable trial at Winchester, in 1603, whose findings eventually were made the excuse for his death—his official deliberate murder by Spain and King James—converted the general community to a juster and an abiding appreciation of his spiritual and intellectual worth.

Why he was so generally unpopular in the earlier and successful years of his career his recent biographers have been at pains to discover; but still the causes seem rather to be written between the lines than discernible in the text. Evidently—or at least probably—he was taken as an unknown come to court; an upstart, a careerist, a climber, in the modern phrase; ambitious, self-seeking, pushful; showing the sort of cleverness which puts many backs up and easily rouses jealous dislike. He had the pride which those who dislike it may read as arrogance; and possibly also the airy heedlessness and carelessness which often accompany intellectual urgency, while showing himself unable to suffer fools or bores in any way gladly. He was reserved, probably shy, and it may be that he had not shed all his rural uncouthness; while he retained his Devonshire 'burr' to the end—characteristics whose effect was not lessened by the display that he put on; while that display, at times magnificent to extravagance, probably was enough in itself to stimulate the envies of the dull. His eager intellect, bold in its assumptions and flashing in its aptness, as his wit may have been, though his humour seems, when not ironical, to have been either wanting or coarse—of the coarseness of Shakespeare's unlighted clowns that tickled the ears of the groundlings—must have angered or irritated those whose mental workings were pedestrian and imperfectly following him. At the same time he also could be blind to tendencies and stupid, as Mr Thompson recognises and puts with point.

'Few men had crueller luck in life than Raleigh. But ill-luck is rarely *all* luck. His intellectual gifts went with stupidities which lesser men never fell to. He never readjusted himself to shifting times, but remained the magnificent Elizabethan when all but the name of that epoch was dead, and indeed, long after it *had* died. Europe was passing into its modern phase. He, the historian, living through this momentous change, could not see it when others could.'

He appears also in his younger years to have been bold in his voicing of philosophies and heedless as to how others received them, and that in an age when bitter and narrow partisanships made the religious cruel; so that it is easy to see how misunderstandings often occurred and were encouraged by the ill-natured, as well as the suspicions which fell on him as to his atheism, as also they fell upon Marlowe, who, like Raleigh, was of vigorous imagination, bold sharp phrases, and sudden judgments. Yet those suspicions were unjustified in the case of Raleigh, for as the troubles of his life continued, so he proved his spiritual nobility and religious faith in actions of deepening charity of heart and words, which, whereas the verbiage of old printed sermons almost invariably are of the dust dusty, remain as he wrote them—fresh, sincere, and showing confidence of immortality.

It is fortunate that the attention of scholars is being given to this remarkable man, whose life makes an epic, a drama of moving force and of bitter moral value; and the two works named at the head of this article, though different in treatment, are in quality almost equally first-rate. When Mr Waldman's volume was issued seven years ago it was felt to be as excellent a piece of work as could be produced on the subject, charming of style and in its study of Raleigh's rich diversity of achievement sympathetically revealing; but the greater fullness and particular detail of Mr Edward Thompson's 'Sir Walter Raleigh,' comprising a complete book, while it is expressed with no less felicity, entitles it now to the pride of place. It is possible that some of his judgments of men, incidents, and causes will not be acceptable to other historians (an obstinate race)—much as he belabours Dr Samuel Rawson Gardiner for his 'obtuse irrelevance' and obdurate misjudgments of Raleigh—but hardly will absolute agreement ever be reached on any of the persons and circumstances of those extraordinary days which, with all their 'spaciousness,' were as narrow, bitter, and clumsily brutal almost as any.

It is necessary to appreciate the character of the times in which Raleigh flourished and failed, because they gave him his opportunities. The calls to adventure, the urge to discovery, the lust for fighting, the joy of thrashing and robbing the Spaniards, whose cruelties and ill-gotten

plunder were excuses sufficient for almost equal cruelties and plunderings, with the immeasurable wonders and promises of the new world that had risen in the west beckoning, its allurements helped by tales of El Dorado, of the Golden City of Manoa, of anthropophagi and similar magical monsters, the cousins of Caliban, and such happy champagnes and forests as Raleigh's own Virginia, and all this enforced by a magnificent outrush of great poetic inspiration—made appeals irresistible to those with vision and courage and the spirit to dare and especially to endure. All this, of course, is an oft-told, over-told story, familiar in our mouths as household words; but requisite in briefest repetition here because Raleigh was the child, the man, a Superman of those times, and he played his part as a leader in every one of those departments of energy, inspiration, and enterprise.

But while the times gave him and his fellow-adventurers—explorers, shipmen, buccaneers, pirates—their opportunities, it was the monarch who in his or her absolutism 'disposed': and when one contemplates the variable characters of Elizabeth and James one recognises how the ideals and impulses which Englishmen then followed came to be altered and lowered. The queen, Gloriana, was difficult enough; but her successor, being morally worse, was in all ways much worse. Her perversities, apart from her inherited royal pride, were mainly due to abnormalities of sex; but what those were we cannot precisely know, as, like the feminine heart in all the ages, the truth of her love-affairs, whims, and obstinacies have baffled completely the scientific inquiries of historians. Raleigh's love and marriage with Elizabeth Throckmorton was one of his best impulses, for their mutual love was a poem lived and his unfailing sustenance under the heaviest trials for the rest of his life; but it was the first step to his misfortunes and ended his intimate association with the queen, who in her strange jealousies could not endure the fact of any of her handsome courtiers following a subordinate flame. He continued to serve Elizabeth dutifully thereafter, as he had done before, and received valuable privileges from her; but between them there was 'never glad, confident morning again.' Between Raleigh and James in his infinite meannesses and vileness—and nothing too severe can be said in

judgment of that most contemptible of crowned creatures—there could be nothing but discordances in spirit and ideas. The king disliked Raleigh and willingly made him the prey of the envies of others; and especially of Robert Cecil, whose record in this long, unhappy story is strangely discreditable in view of the honourable position that he occupies in the gallery of English statesmen. If Cecil had not been ambitious and fearful of the rivalry of Raleigh, while still paradoxically admiring and in a tepid way loving him, there probably would have been no trial in 1603, and therefore the legal motive for the execution in 1618 could not have been provided. Unhappily that age gave endless opportunities for the committal of all manners of wrong, and both Mr Thompson and Mr Waldman bring out clearly the ugliness of tempers and worse that darkened the glamour—the poor glamour—of James's reign and even the glory amid which the Virgin Queen was throned. Yet throughout the long-drawn period of cruel injustice suffered by Raleigh during—and before and after—his thirteen years' imprisonment in the Tower he maintained an unbroken loyalty to the monarch. For Elizabeth that had been easy. It was of the fashion of the period; men truly felt it, and she deserved it. Mean as she could be under stress, as also on occasions not stressful, and furious over small faults as she might become, after the manner of her stubborn father, she represented yet in brave reality the ideals and the greatness of England; but Raleigh's obstinate faith in James, taking his every word and act as due and to be faithfully followed because of the king's divine right and the especial sanctity of princes—a doctrine which in the next reign was to be smashed—is in itself cause for wonder, as well as a revelation of the disciplines the people then were accustomed to and cheerfully willing to accept.

It comes as a breath of sweetness in the fetid and poisoned atmosphere that surrounded the conduct of James—and not only in his treatment of Raleigh—to discover the simple kindness and helpfulness to the prisoner of the royal consort, Anne of Denmark, and her and James's first-born, the young Prince Henry, whose premature death was one of the tragedies which must have changed for the worse the courses of English history. She and the prince knew Raleigh well. They visited him

in the Tower, comforted him, and strove for his release: but the powers of darkness prevailed against them. 'No one but my father would keep such a bird in a cage,' declared the prince. The noblest incident in that protracted confinement, that was sometimes easy but at other times was harassed by deliberate restrictions and dangerous spyings, came, however, from Raleigh's own unsubduable spirit. His adventurousness checked, he spent the more pains in his experiments in chemistry, distilling a cordial in which many, including James's Queen herself, proved their faith by using it; and in beginning the 'History of the World,' which those who have read it acclaim for its dignity of style and very bold compass. Raleigh's earnestness of effort under such handicaps as he was put to was but a further mark of his remarkable powers of intellect and spirit, the sign of a Superman; making of imprisonment an opportunity for further achievement and brightening the corridors of the forbidding Tower with fragments of the pageantry of the ages.

Meanwhile Spain was relentless, concentrating her anger and hatred on that last of the harrying Elizabethans for his old activities against her. There had been the brilliant assault with Essex and Howard on Cadiz, an event really led by Raleigh, that was worthy of Drake and fulfilled after his pattern; and the more recent continuous thrustings in South America, costing her treasure and blood. Of Count Gondomar, the Spanish Ambassador, who plotted for Raleigh's destruction Mr Thompson paints a revealing portrait. In his own department Gondomar also was, if not a Superman, certainly supreme; and it is not only because he was on the 'other side' and the evil angel of Raleigh's destiny, tempting the king to the cruelties and treacheries which eventually destroyed him, that one sees in him the ideal villain of old-fashioned melodrama, the sinister don whom Kingsley and others used as a foil to the sparkling virtues of their Elizabethan seadog-heroes. Gondomar was cruel of purpose, calculating, and merciless. He set himself to bring down Raleigh as if he were the human epitome (as in a way he was) of all the causes that had humiliated and impoverished Spain, and unfortunately James, through his jealous dislike of his 'poor captive,' was his

willing tool and quick to respond to the crafty suggestions of the Spaniard who fooled him absolutely. It is a pity that Mr Thompson's description of the count is over-long for quotation, as it is a brilliant study of a man who was cleverly bad. Gondomar used James and abused him, flattered him and portrayed him unflatteringly to his master in Madrid; and all the time was pulling strings in the English court, the influential favourite, Buckingham, being in particular his puppet; while he kept the more sober ministers—Cecil of all people had been amongst them—quiet with pensions. So complete was James's meanness that he was never able to discern his own humiliation. Under that lead he fell to depths of shame.

In such conditions affairs continued until the king's necessities compelled him to find new sources of money; and Raleigh, eager for release from the Tower, raised again an old prospect of discovering gold in Guiana. After negotiations and conditions made, the negotiations and conditions being at once secretly revealed to Spain by the king, he was permitted to search for the hoped-for mine; and in giving that permission, releasing the bird from its cage on that desperate quest, the chances having been treacherously weighed against him, James made his fate more than probably sure, for

'Under orders, Raleigh handed over a list of his ships, their burthen and armament, places of call, and dates when he expected to reach them. This, "on the hand and word of a King," James promised to keep secret . . . and passed on to the Spanish Ambassador. James gave the latter a second solemn promise (which he meant to observe), that if Raleigh so much as dared to look on anything that belonged to the King of Spain, he would send him to be hanged in chains in the Plaza at Madrid. Two friendly nobles, the Earls of Pembroke and Arundel, had to stand as sureties for Raleigh's return. He was being sent out with permission to try to effect an impossibility, on terms that his life should pay for failure. No legend of fairy, of the princess's suitors condemned to weave straw into gold, demanded anything unfairer; and no pitying spirit came to him in the darkness to offer to spin his stubble for him. "All hands were loose, but mine bound," he said with strict truth afterwards.'

Raleigh sailed for that last desperate gamble. His small fleet generally was manned by 'croakers and

traitors.' The result was as pitiful as James and Gondomar could have hoped for. Everything went wrong. Raleigh fell ill, and was so weak that for many days he could hardly move although his mind still was resolute and governing. Kemys, who for years in the shadows and in better fortune had been at his right hand, eventually led the search for the gold-mine in his stead. Plans and methods went wrong; and driven by ill-fortune, though the action had some moral and legal justification, Kemys stormed and later burnt the town or settlement of San Thomé. That incident alone, in angering Spain and breaking the letter of her bond, was taken as a cause sufficient to bring Raleigh to the block, although he had not been near San Thomé and, indeed, had forbidden any such violence as occurred. Still more unhappily for him and the worst blow of his life so far, his elder son Wat, a youth after his own heart though wilder, for whom his love was a passion, was killed. Heavily bereaved, unwittingly betrayed by his friend, who added to his dangers by committing suicide in despair, so removing the best witness for his future defence, Raleigh had to return to England in a plight poorer than empty-handed. The enemies struck.

The intention of sending Raleigh to Spain for trial and punishment actually was considered by Philip and his counsellors in Madrid, James being willing to acquiesce in whatsoever they decided to do. It now perhaps is a pity that the Spanish did not insist on the full letter of that opportunity, as by leaving Raleigh for James to deal with he still went to his doom, whereas if they had tried him and brought him to execution he must have received an added glory of martyrdom and become an immediate, unquestionable hero of the British people. Gondomar reported to James that he was to do his own dirty work, and, slowly at first, but swiftly in the later stages, Raleigh was brought down. Falsehood and treachery all the time were closely about him. The last act of the tragedy began with the falsity of one of his own kinsmen. He was arrested with pretences of family friendship by Sir Lewis Stukeley, who, appropriately because of his duplicities then and immediately thereafter, earned the name of 'Sir Judas,' and came to such a death in loneliness, remorse, misery, and shame as is the due

portion for such betrayers. Raleigh might have escaped to France, but he seems never really to have wished for such manner of release; as he delayed his easy going, it seemed deliberately; and when he was induced to board a boat and was travelling up the Thames to a waiting ship, he returned suddenly—possibly because he still had faith in the mercy and justice of James; though that seems hardly credible in face of the evidence he possessed of the double-dealing of his royal master.

Imprisonment again, in Westminster; waiting for the final shrift with calm and a philosophy which belong to the highest traditions of human fortitude and faith. The clergyman who attended him in those closing days he rather helped than was helped by. He was a weary man. His hair was white through other causes than years, but it was no 'broken' man, as some have declared him to be, who confronted his end. While Raleigh waited the swift, sure legal processes of the execution he consoled himself by mending his affairs for the benefit of his 'dearest Bess' and their surviving son. Doubtless also in the darker hours of that loneliness old dreams and experiences recurred and he contemplated the fortunes and disasters of his crowded life: of the glistening days at court when he was Captain of the Queen's Guard; of the years in Ireland whose history makes very sad reading now; of the Armada, 'that morrice-dance upon the waters'; of Cadiz; of the slow drifting progress in his small comfortless labouring wooden ships over the Atlantic to discover realities and wonders that were only truly wonderful when they were exactly real; of the shipyards with his own designed vessels on the stocks; and then, in London, the streets and their laughing or quarrelsome crowds, with Essex in his violence and gaiety dashing through them; or at the Mermaid Tavern, his own happy invention, where wits and poets gathered to read the latest stanzas or discuss the most recent turn of the politics of that often intransigent time; or on Ariel wings to fly to Virginia and the American islands with their gracious red-men who trusted the kindly 'Anglees'; until again he was in that long incarceration in the Tower and glad of the peace of its sweet garden, where he might briefly rest—but not by the permission of Governor Waad—after his experimental

spells at the retorts or the laborious writing of his 'History.'

Unique was his life in the multitude and variegated richness of its moving incidents and adventures; and all that—mainly through man's inhumanity, the jealousies of rivals, and the unutterable degradations of the king—all that glamour and power was brought to the wooden limits of the scaffold of his glory. His was a great death-scene, the 'curtain' to a tremendous epical drama, and nothing in his life became him so nobly as his going-out of it. The crowds who watched were touched to pride by the scene and his cheerful dignity. 'It is my last mirth in this world,' he had declared to those who had called on him on his final evening to bid him good-bye.

'Great Heart! who taught thee so to die?
Death yielding thee the Victory!'

In that way died a Superman. . . . What is it that pre-eminently distinguishes the Supermen from those who, while they secure outstanding distinction and influence at a time, are yet not accepted as more than ordinary leaders of everyday events? It must be in the joy of the game; through the delicious madness and hazards of the great adventure. The Superman is never narrowly selfish and bound to commonplace ends. Dark, painful, cruel as were many of the chapters of Raleigh's career, he yet, it seems, faced every new difficulty with some gaiety of spirit renewed (unless at the time he was ill); and it was only in his hours of quiet and inaction that the melancholy essential to his being spread its grey influence over him and brought him to morbidness and sadness. Mr Thompson in the last words of his admirable book says that 'To remember Walter Raleigh is to remember valour, imagination, magnanimity. Fashion in heroes changes. But some names keep their brightness—like gold coins when the kingdom that minted them has long been dust and legend.' For years the brightness of Raleigh's name was blurred, but now its lustre is recaptured, never to fade again; for thanks to the researches of later, more sympathetic and truer historians, his character and record have taken on further greatness.

WHITWELL M. DODD.

Art. 7.—MUSSOLINI'S 'MASTERWORK' IN AFRICA.

'In that day shall messengers go forth from me in ships to make the careless Ethiopians afraid, and great pain shall come upon them.'—Ezekiel xxx. 9.

IN early October, when the deluge of the monsoon is over, we shall witness a war of wills, if not of weapons, between two Dictators of widely disparate gifts and resources. The Roman frets at all hindrance to this encounter: 'We have old and new accounts to settle,' he told his troops at Cagliari. 'And we shall settle them. It is Italy's supreme will to reject pressure from any quarter.' His imposing procession of ships through the Suez Canal has committed Il Duce to this reckoning beyond recall. Even the most casual reader of newspapers must know that the creator of New Italy will never bring back his Army over those 8000 kilometres of sea before fully gaining his end and capping his great career as a constructive statesman.

In those revealing talks with Emil Ludwig in the Sala del Mappamondo of the Palazzo Venezia, the German historian recalled to Mussolini certain aims 'often confessed in moments of your highest eloquence.' Two of these were: 'Io voglio drammatizzare la mia vita,' and 'Della mia vita voglio fare un capolavoro'! Now this 'masterwork' began with the dispatch of troops, labour-corps, and materials of war on a large scale. Its purpose is two-fold: to wipe out of Old Italy's record the lurid and abiding stain of Adua, and to secure for New Italy a fair meed of those economic riches which she surely lacks, and which Britain and France picked up—and that in millions of square miles—in the easy and 'open' Africa of our Victorian world. In this matter Mussolini's soul-state is understandable; the student of history can sympathise with it, whilst weighing the bristling difficulties that beset it. Il Duce grows hot and bitter with the Edens and Lavals who urge upon him those 'unhurried counsels' which Jocasta called 'the crown of wisdom' in the Euripidean drama. 'We shall imitate to the letter,' he assured the Sabauda Division as they sailed from Sardinia, 'those who presume to lecture us. Have they not shown that, when the creation or defence of an

empire was toward, they paid no heed whatever to the world's opinion?' It may be so. But the speaker forgot the abysmal difference between Queen Victoria's world and, say, Adolf Hitler's. All he can see is the Last Prize left in all Africa's eleven million square miles. This is the ancient Ethiopia, a strange, barbaric land, long since sapped and hemmed in on every side by the Powers; marooned and aloof, hugging treasures but dimly guessed at in her sunny highlands.

A quite savage domain until lately; a chaotic jumble of vari-coloured folks who professed Christ, Mohammed, or heathenry according to their castes and many climes. It is monstrous (or so goes the plaint) that the virile Power which is New Italy should be denied her civilising mission in those parts, where a lawless slave-State has run amok in murderous raids which France and Britain have had cause to rue these many years. So Mussolini sounds the irrevocable advance. That bloody clash at Ual-Ual in December last—as he told a cheering Chamber:

'rang the alarm-bell of a crisis now come to a head, one that imposes upon Fascist Italy duties she cannot escape. And in order to defend our two modest colonies of Eritrea and Somalia, we are obliged to face strategy of enormous complexity. But with pride and emotion do the whole Italian people follow events ahead, and none shall make of Ethiopia a pistol of compulsion against us in European fields. To protect those territories, and our soldiers' lives, we are ready to assume the supreme responsibility.'

At this, all the Deputies sprang up to cry 'Duce! Duce!' and chant the 'Giovinezza' with frantic fervour. Whether 'the whole Italian people' are behind this blind venture, only time can tell. Another 'Adua,' due to geo-political or military causes in a desert and mountain campaign, might well 'dramatise' Mussolini's career in unlooked for ways. But no one who was present at that ovation in the Chamber on May 25 could doubt the drift of things.

Once more—as in 1896—'L'Italia farà da sè.' She must take her own course—not in wary Cellini's way ('We should measure seven times to cut our cloth once'), but rather in Macchiavelli's, who is Il Duce's mentor and guide: 'Non è il mele senza le mosche' ('You can't

have the honey without the flies!') But there may be crippling stings in lurk during the noisy process of combing that wild mountain hive—as another Prime Minister was to find in a former attempt. Then as now the African tocsin rang. And Crispi's army rushed to ruin in the Abba Garima hills above Adua, just south of Eritrea's border. Few of them survived that merciless butchery by Ethiopian hordes under Menelik, King of Shoa, to whose 'national' banner all the war-lords rallied, with their own feuds at an end.

To-day a far larger move is planned against Menelik's grand-nephew, Ras Tafari Makonnen: he is an imperial statesman of astonishing skill and personal graces. Eleven years ago, as co-Regent with Menelik's harassed daughter, the reigning Empress Zauditu (Judith), young Ras Tafari managed to get Ethiopia accepted as a Member-State by the League of Nations. This was *his* shrewd 'masterwork.' Italy was taken aback at it, and her Geneva delegates did all they could to block so embarrassing a stroke. But the League's objection—the domestic and agrarian serf-system upon which the millennial Empire was based—Ras Tafari overcame. 'Give me time,' he pleaded, 'and I shall sweep it away.' His prompt Edicts and the setting up of fifty Slave-Courts were an earnest of this. In the following year the Regent set out on his European tour, taking a score of the kinglets with him for prudence's sake. They visited Paris and Brussels, the Scandinavian capitals, London and Rome. There I saw him driving through the streets with King Victor beside him. Ras Tafari greeted Mussolini too, and called upon the Pope in the private apartments of the Vatican. Not even a smart felt hat could make this delicate little Semite prince appear absurd. The grand manner is his by nature. A sagacious ruler who learned much abroad, he was soon intent upon the uplift of his peoples, with a passion for education and hygiene, such as every traveller in Addis Ababa has noted. His new Parliament is at least a token of progress. So is his zeal for roads and hospitals, and the creation of a strong central Government on modern lines (with its bureaux advised by Europeans), and a truly 'national' Army and police forces to replace the mediæval order of quite recent times.

Ras Tafari is to-day but forty-four years of age. He
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was with great Menelik when that rugged warrior died in 1913. He saw wild young Lij Eyassu enthroned, and the fierce civil war that raged when that foolish lad turned a Moslem and his father, Ras Mikael, raised an army to uphold a crazy régime. But the young renegade's cause ended in bloody ruin. In female garb he fled to the Gojam hills, where the Blue Nile is born in sacred springs before flowing into the lofty crater of Lake Tsana, and thence into a mysterious 300-mile gorge which no white explorer has ever followed. A virgin land is here, of dim fascination. Who knows what startling finds await the scholar (to say nothing of the miner or antiquary) in moated and mountain churches and convents of an Ethiopia that was already Christian in the fourth century?

Lij Eyassu's father was brought in chains to Addis. His son was solemnly deposed by the Coptic Abuna, and then Menelik's daughter, Zauditu, was put in his place. Her brief reign was a time of tumult. The various Rases again fell apart asserting 'States' Rights' against the central Government; raising forces of their own, refusing to pay taxes, and warring among themselves in the traditional way. It was then the Empress called to her aid Ras Tafari Makonnen, well knowing his integrity and strength. She made him joint ruler and heir to the Imperial Throne. But he had a hard time of it. Zauditu was swayed by reactionary elements, whilst her young cousin was all for civilising and unifying the State, so as to bring it up to modern standards, and make Ethiopia a good neighbour of the Powers whose possessions encircled it, cutting it off from the sea and the natural outlets of a necessarily feeble trade. Worried and worn out at last with a struggle for which she was temperamentally unfit, the Empress died in 1930.

Then came the Coronation of Ras Tafari, and a new era seemed to have dawned. To impress this upon foreign missions (with the Duke of Gloucester representing King George), as well as upon his own princes near and far, the new monarch spared no pains and spent nearly a million Maria Teresa thalers. Sprawling, untidy Addis Ababa—the world's queerest capital—was transformed with electric light, macadam roads, hotels and barracks, and stores. Mean lanes of African *tukuls*, or thatched

huts, were hidden with high stockades. Lepers and beggars were banished, camel caravans shut out, and triumphal arches spanned the main streets, all flowers and flags. Vast crowds flocked into town. Food rose to famine prices, yet everybody was happy in a land where life is care-free, and men's wants, high or low, are fewer and simpler than even Japan's. A great sight in Addis was the parade of provincial barons who were not yet tamed to do homage. With the King of Gojam (Wolda, Ras Hailu) came a vivid horde of 25,000 gunmen, with spears and shields as well. Never had the leisurely French metre-gauge line from Djibouti done such a roaring trade. Trains panted up to our high plateau—487 miles—in thirty-six hours, instead of the usual sixty—or even a whole week during the rainy season: this railway never works by night.

Diplomatic groups from France and Germany, Poland, Holland, Egypt, the United States and Japan, followed each other to that scenic stage at 8000 feet. I shall never forget the scurry and uproar at the one and only railway station in an empire which is four times Great Britain's area. Guards of honour pushed back sightseers, of whom the oddest were creditors and debtors chained together—for fear a living 'loan' should take to the hills or the eucalyptus woods! Out of these, by the way, the hyenas and wild dogs sneaked at night to clean up the markets and mazy lanes that were deep in dust and rubbish, offal and garbage and dead animals. Horrid feasts were these; they smote the dark with hellish din and made sleep impossible. But while the big *tamasha* was on, Addis showed a gay and cleanly face. Down to Djibouti went Sir Sidney Barton with his learned Amharic scribe, Mr Philip Zaphiro, C.M.G. There they received the Duke of Gloucester at the dock, then climbed back up again, halting the train at Diré Daoua for an Ethiop banquet in the Governor's *gibbeh*, or villa. His court was packed with smart police and troops in khaki and putties, though their feet were bare. The Belgian and Swedish officers whom Ras Tafari employs find first-rate material in these nimble, intelligent Ethiops: of course, the Amharas of the ruling race are not negroes at all, but a proud Semitic stock capable of development on high European levels.

The Coronation was an historic festival in these uplands, where anything grows, from cotton, coffee and sugar, to fruits and rice, and all the timbers. At our crowded station the Emperor-elect awaited the Duke and Lord Airlie. With H.I.M. was Ras Kassa of Shoa, who is now C-in-C. of the Imperial Army north of the Nile. Also in the royal party was Belathen Güeta Herouy Wolde Selassié, the Foreign Minister ('Betwadet') of Ethiopia; his other title is *Affa-Negus*, or 'Breath of the King.' This able, rotund little man has advised the Emperor throughout; and his conduct of affairs at Geneva, as well as the talent of his envoys in Rome, Paris, and London have been a revelation of Ethiop acumen to the European diplomats. The Foreign Minister's son (Giorgis), by the way, was educated at Cambridge, and he served on the staff of Sir John Maffey, Governor of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. Young men of his kind are now available for ministerial and administrative posts in a Government which earnestly desires to bring itself and its peoples into line with the social and political order of to-day. Meanwhile, the various Bureaux are well staffed, and have white advisers drawn from the lesser nations—or at any rate, from Powers like Japan and the United States—who have no territorial 'interests' in the Empire. Here let me say that Hailé Selassié I has a keen admiration for the Japanese; their throne-centric cult of loyalty, their military might and all-conquering efficiency in trade. We shall presently see the Tokyo and Osaka cartels raising raw cotton here on a great scale.

The Coronation of 1930 was thought to mark a renaissance; and it is deplorable that so serene and wise a monarch's plans should be checked by a threat of alien violence which it is hard to justify on any grounds. On Feb. 27 last the Emperor sent an identic letter to the King of Italy and Signor Mussolini. In this he declared: 'We shall never molest—nor have we ever thought of, nor shall we at any time entertain the idea, of interfering with the Italian colonies of Eritrea and Somaliland.' This is the simple truth, as any one knows who has the slightest acquaintance with the present King of Kings of Ethiopia and the internal problems to which he has vowed all his energy. A figure of austere dignity is here. I can see his frail form now, enthroned beside his spouse (a

courageous woman, the virtuous mother of five sons and daughters, and a sage counsellor to them all) in the octagonal Cathedral of St George in far-off Addis Ababa on that hot November morning. Silken canopies are over them both. Princes in attendance wear barbaric coronets and jewelled swords; their own officers have high head-dresses of gold braid, bedecked with rude gems and set off with bristling lions' manes. On the high altar lay the regalia: crown and orb, with the spears and spurs and sword. Uniforms of the foreign Missions (and the incongruous gowns of their ladies) struck a curious note amid slow pomp and pageantry that seemed unreal. The all-night dancing and psalms of the priests were now stilled: these last had sung in Ghiz, which in the churches here is taken up by the people without understanding it; for Amharic is the vulgar tongue. Not many women were present behind the thrones; such as were there were heavily cloaked and veiled, almost in the Moslem way.

Robed in white silk and silver at first, Ras Tafari followed the service, after the Coptic Patriarch entered in state with his prelates and deacons chanting to cymbals, triangles, and the fitful throb of drums. At long last the high crown of Ethiopia, studded with emeralds and rubies, was placed by the Abuna on the Emperor's head. . . . As I looked, the centuries slipped back. Surely that hieratic head and profile, the old-ivory tinted skin, great eyes and short curling beard, with this flowing vesture and static pose, marked no monarch of to-day, but rather some millennial Prince of Asia? One thought of young Sargon of Akkad, plucked from his ark of bulrushes in the Euphrates, to wear at last the Babylonian crown as the master of Syria and Palestine, as well as of his own realm. In seventy languages was Ras Tafari proclaimed as 'King of Kings' and 'God's Elect,' as well as the 'Conquering Lion of Judah' and Emperor of Ethiopia. The hill-set forts of Addis crashed out salutes, while the band of H.M.S. 'Effingham' played the national hymn. . . .

Now came the Empress and the Crown Prince—Mgorash Moered Atmatch Afsa Wusin—to pay homage to their lord with Mosaic rites. Next came the Rases, an Old Testament group; and how awed were some of these at the first motor-cars and flying-machines they beheld

on the review-ground two miles out of town, where imposing military displays took place! The Duke of Gloucester and Lord Airlie were escorted by ministers and lancers to the late Empress's *gibbeh* on the hill. That was a day to remember. In the cool dusk the Emperor read a message to his people. He was now Hailé Selassié I ('Power of the Holy Trinity'), and as such dedicated his life to the welfare of some fourteen million souls. A courtly and cultured little man (with science and shooting as his hobbies), the Emperor speaks perfect French, pretty good English, and Italian. To regal poise and gentle grace he adds a sense of humour. It is good to see him as host in his 'Paris' salon, with the portly Empress beside him and the young Crown Prince—who remembers his Sandringham lunch with King George and Queen Mary, his Foreign Office banquet and the many other honours and interests of his recent London visit. That reception-hall has a *gemüthlich* air of welcome. Amharic interpreters pass back and forth with greeting to polyglot guests from Their Majesties. The furniture is in the Empire style. Over the marble mantel hangs a portrait of Menelik: his very name is a legend in Ethiopia, as its saviour from General Baratieri's invasive Army in 1896, when that headlong Commander would not wait for Baldissera, his superior, but plunged into the fray with shocking results to Italy's pride and prestige. The Emperor's father, Ras Makonnen, was that day in command of Menelik's army.

On the opposite wall is a large study in oils of Napoleon's triumph; for these are a warrior people to whom independence is dearer than life. A good rifle is prized here above any possession; cartridges pass current as 'money' in country parts, as well as the long rock-salt bars so familiar (and so embarrassing!) to the foreign traveller on caravan-trails. On low tables in that palace room I saw portraits of the Prince of Wales and of the late King Albert of Belgium, both of them autographed and set in massive silver frames. At dinners here, or in the Imperial villa, the table-plate is of solid gold mined in Ethiopia. This, with other signs of potential riches, may account for the extravagant hopes one hears expressed in Italy to-day: of fuel oil and coal, metals both precious and base, and all the raw

products of modern industry. Certainly, foreign experts in the Department of Mines receive encouraging reports from their German and Anglo-Egyptian field staffs. But tales of new 'Rands,' of petroleum-strikes, and veins that range from platinum to iron, should be received with caution as so many mayhaps of an African 'Switzerland,' as yet largely unexplored. Peaks shoot up to 15,000 feet with profound gorges below, great rivers and un-failing rains which send down life-giving waters to the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, as well as to Egypt itself and her fast-growing and prosperous population.

Here I touch the crucial problem of the Blue Nile which rises in Ras Hailu's highlands. So far back as 1902, our Government was in treaty with Menelik II over the great dam which was to control and conserve this precious flood. Again and again was that project shelved. The priests feared the drowning out of their churches and pilgrim shrines, the farmers were told the dam would destroy their lands. Clear specifications—like those of Sir William Garstin—could not be shown to the Ministry in Addis; for this costly work hinged upon other irrigation schemes, present and future, on the two main affluents of the Nile which unite just below Khartoum. This seeming indecision aroused doubt, if not mistrust. And the Anglo-Italian Agreement of 1925 lent colour to it. We were to support Rome in pressing for a railway concession to link the two widely-sundered ports of Mogadiscio (Somalia) on the Indian Ocean and Massua (Eritrea) in the Red Sea. In return, Italy was to back us in settling the prickly question of the Blue Nile dam at Lake Tsana, in the Gojam hills. But no sooner did Ras Tafari hear of this bargain than he hurried with it to the League, and the matter was again dropped with apology and regrets.

It may be judged that Ethiopia, busy with home affairs, had little chance of delimiting her many frontiers with any degree of precision. Both Johannes, King of Tigré, and Menelik of Shoa had to stave off the Sudanese dervishes. After Menelik had crushed Italy's invasion in 1896, he fixed rough lines with Major Nerazzini between Somalia and the Ogaden—where Mussolini's 'alarm-bell' rang so fiercely on Dec. 6 of last year at those Ual-Ual wells in the limestone rock and mimosa-scrub of pastoral steppes which the nomad tribes have roamed over with

their flocks and herds for ages. The scene of that battle was at least a hundred kilometres on the Ethiopian side ; our own War Office maps and Italy's also, show this clearly. I need scarcely say that on the morrow of that affray—and Captain Roberto Cimmaruta's account of it—Italian maps were at once changed so as to conceal the 'gradual encroachment' which a watchful Emperor has laid before the League. That Ual-Ual affair is now *sub judice* at the Palace Hotel in Scheveningen. The evidence of the Ethiopian Boundary Commissioner, Ato Tessamā Banté, may haply be viewed as biassed ; but the letters of protest written by our own official, Lieut.-Col. E. H. Clifford, R.E., to the high-handed Italian inspector, may be left to speak for themselves. It was the Emperor's wish that these frontiers should now be fixed 'on the ground,' as provided for in pacts which go back to 1897—the year following Italy's *débâcle* at Adua. He strove also to restrain quasi-independent chieftains from raiding slaves, cattle, and ivory in Kenya, Uganda, and the Sudan ; hundreds of such cases have been debated in our own Parliament and published in Foreign Office White Books. To suppose that Hailé Selassié could stop these at once is unreasonable. But he did tackle those forays with a firm hand, as he did also the taming of great Rases nearer home (by means of aircraft !), together with the slave-trade and the peonage of land-holdings : this last is a delicate matter with the national Church, as well as with the territorial nobles.

So with internal reforms that amount to a revolution in the ancient order, it is preposterous to think of Hailé Selassié casting an evil eye upon Italy's two forlorn and remote colonies. 'The menace in East Africa,' Il Duce impressed upon the Chamber of Deputies, 'is not merely potential ; it is effective and real, and grows greater every day.' This is a gross travesty of the facts ; it may be coupled with Italy's press-attacks upon our own good faith, and the yarns about furtive British 'armaments' which were said to have been prepared close to Ethiopia's borders with a view to springing a sudden 'Protectorate' upon the Emperor. Those fairy-tales of Virginio Gayda in the 'Giornale,' of Arnaldo Cipolla in the 'Messaggero,' and the wild stuff published by the ultra-Fascist 'Ottobre,' were all fitly branded by Mr Eden in the Commons as 'fantastic' and 'mischievous.' 'What have we to gain,' the Minister

asked, 'by adding fuel to a fire which is as yet only smouldering?'

But Mussolini was angered at any League hindrance of his *capolavoro* in North-East Africa. His son-in-law, Conte di Ciano, holds the press in leash, and without at least tacit assent not an editor of them all would have dared to concoct those stories for the masses, whose zeal and interest in the great adventure it was desired to kindle and sustain as a national policy. 'The mass-credulity of to-day,' as the Duce notes, 'is beyond belief. And for the Strong Man the Crowd has a womanish love' ('La massa ama gli uomini forti: la massa è donna!') In pensive musings he has dwelt on his power to sway souls as he pleased. Yet when he knew them 'in his hands' ('nelle mie mani'), a vague dislike tingled in his success, such as the poet or sculptor often feels against the material he works in. Still—'Tutto dipende da ciò: dominare la massa come un artista!' Now as a moulder of forty-five million minds, Signor Mussolini may well be content with his work. As an orator he is supreme: 'I love Cæsar,' he said again in his reflective moments. 'For he alone united in himself the warrior will-to-power with the lonely genius of a sage.' One must know this leader if one is to foresee his drift. And he himself has carefully edited these remarks before they were published.

'It is easy to pick out Pride,' said a privileged student of this great man to his face, 'as the fundamental trait of your character. But how would *you* define Pride?' 'As the consciousness of One's Self,' was the prompt reply ('La consapevolezza di se stesso'). Inaction was to one of his nature intolerable. He could not rest, he owned—he must be up and doing: 'Io sono per il movimento. Io sono un marciatore!' This self-revelation is important in view of the immense hazard to which Mussolini has now set his hand. In soldiers about to embark he sees only 'force and ardour, virile faces and stout hearts.' Great things will be done by them 'because the Fascist will is of iron, determined to surmount every obstacle.' Dogs might indeed bark, but the Caravan would pass on its way unheeding. Or as Il Duce put it in Cagliari: 'Foreign opinion is but a ragged puppet to be burned in our Blackshirt flames!' Such unbridled language should prepare us for political surprises which are certainly

ahead. Most significant of all, is the homage that Mussolini pays to Niccolò Macchiavelli. A sumptuous edition of the famous 'Discorsi' and 'Il Principe' (that 'best seller' of the sixteenth century) was got out by the Fascist State printers and dedicated in ecstatic terms to their Duce. 'My father used to read Macchiavelli at night by the fire in the forge as he drank his peasant wine. I was deeply impressed. And at the age of forty, the Florentine appealed to me with equal force.'

All that frigid counsel, so amoral and malign, veins the centuries as the hook-or-crook *vade mecum* of State safety in many lands: 'It is necessary for a Prince who would achieve great matters, to learn to be a great deceiver, since the man who will profess honesty in his actions must needs go to ruin among so many that are dishonest.' And again, where the interest of the Fatherland is at stake: 'There should be no weighing of just or unjust, pitiful or cruel, the course of honour or dishonour . . .'

It is an unhappy fact that Ethiopia traces this 'Macchiavelli'-ethic in all her dealings with Italy: these range from the 'two-faced' Ucciali Treaty which was pressed upon Menelik (and which he denounced when he discovered a discrepancy between the Amharic and Italian texts), to the version of the Ual-Ual onslaught which Rome gave out to the world last December. In this account Fitaurari Shiffera Balcha, the Governor of Jijiga and Ogaden, was blamed for 'a sudden and unprovoked attack' upon Captain Cimmaruta's native troops. Swift apology and compensation were sought, besides a public salute of Italy's flag and the dismissal and punishment of all concerned. In Addis, Ernesto Mombelli, and later on Count Vinci, spoke as their Master would have them speak to the Foreign Minister. Next came Hailé Selassié's appeal to the League as a Member, with a consequent slowing up of war's chariot and the wrath of Signor Mussolini, expressed in every recent speech and action. He is in a hurry to begin. The past few months show every sign of that 'heedless impulse' which Tacitus has marked from the first vigour of its onset to the frittered feebleness of defeat: 'Omnia inconsulta impetus coepta initiis valida, spatio languescunt.' The Treaty of 1906 binds Italy to make no attempt upon Ethiopia's sovereignty without the assent

of Britain and France. But Mussolini hates the candid friend as Asa, the reformer of Judah, hated Hanani, the seer who pointed out the king's errors: 'Herein thou hast done foolishly, and henceforth thou shalt have wars!'

We know little of what is going on in Eritrea and Somalia—though the Arab *nokhadas*, or dhow-men in Djiddah across the Narrow Sea, report feverish activity in Massua and Mogadiscio. For a large white army, these two poor ports (especially the latter) are ill-provided in all ways, notably in housing and water supply. This accounts for the tens of thousands of workmen which Mussolini has sent out, and his further bidding for labour forces in Egypt, and even in the Dutch East Indies. Moreover, malaria is rampant; and no good port exists for the landing of stores along twelve hundred miles of Somalia's rock-bound coast in the Indian Ocean. So it may well be asked whether Il Duce has counted the cost of the *capolavoro* he intends? True, he has a great array of aircraft, and his pilots, trained in the new air-city of Guidonia, are skilful and daring men. But what large or vulnerable targets await them in the highland Empire they may assail? Addis itself is no 'city' in a European sense, but a huddle of tin-roofed shacks and stores and huts below hill-set 'palaces' and Ministries which would be no great loss if they were bombed. For the rest, what is there? Asa, of Judah, smote and spoiled these people ages ago, but the feat brought him scant profit. His accuser, Hanani, twitted the 'man of perfect heart' over that campaign: 'Were not the Ethiopians a huge host, with very many chariots and horsemen?' Whereupon the irritated King threw his counsellor into gaol!

The Ethiopians of to-day, who await Italy's onset, whether this be in territorial and cash or economic claims, or in arms, may have ugly *coups* in store for the two veterans whom Il Duce has picked for this formidable task: for the 'imponderables' which wise old Bismarck used to weigh are always present in human affairs. General Emilio de Bono will act as administrative chief, General Rodolfo Graziani is to be the battle-thinker. And to him De Bono (as Minister of the Colonies) could wire: 'It is due to your valour and military skill that Tripolitana was reconquered and the rebellion in Cyrenaica quelled;

while to your profound and practical knowledge of colonial affairs must be ascribed the settlement of the latter domain.' Rodolfo Graziani passed thirteen stormy years in Libya. It fell to him to tackle the brave and crafty Senussi 'Mahdi,' Omar el Mukhtar; and his use of barbed wire by the hundred miles—at a cost of 20,000,000 lire—was at last an effective check.

But battling in these elusive wastes is like beating the air, and 'L'Italia ultramarina' has been a profitless game from the first, to her intense and continuous dismay. Her early historian (and Macchiavelli's friend)—Guicciardini—points out that: 'We wage war to great disadvantage against an enemy who has nothing to lose.' In the present case the enemy's strength is to sit still, and let the 'geo-political' elements fight awhile for him. His military *terrain* is one to appal a Clausewitz. Distances are immense, and thinly populated. Towns are few and poor, and to Ethiops of all shades fighting is a fierce delight. What foreign leaders they may employ remains to be seen: one even hears of Turkish and Japanese officers, as one heard of the French (and their munitions) assisting Menelik in 1896. Just now all the Ethiop castes draw together as never before under coercive menace which may presage armed invasion. Sundered as they are in caste and creed and colour, there is yet in this ancient people a sense of Japan's 'family' feeling. Menelik demonstrated this when he raised the 'national' flag against 'Feringhees' of whose bad faith he had ample proof in the ill-fated Ucciali Treaty. Ever since then Italy's moves have been eyed askance, her purpose of ultimate conquest known, and the peculiar code of it.

More ominous still is the Ethiopians' contempt for Italy's skill in war and the fighting spirit of her soldiers. In Addis Ababa you will only hear of two Italian campaigns: those of Adua—and Caporetto! The Emperor has his own envoys on watch in Cairo and Khartoum. In Paris he has powerful friends; and the only hitch in our long friendship concerns the Blue Nile waters and the all-important Tsana Dam, which was to impound and conserve them for lean seasons in the Sudan and Egypt. In 1927 Ras Tafari made over this contract to a 'safe and neutral' New York concern. It was to cost \$20,000,000 at first. This money the J. G. White Engineering Corporation

was to find, selling the water to the Sudan for fifty years and paying royalties to the Ethiopian Government—which, in turn, was to retain the title and control of a vast work which has never yet been properly planned in relation to present and future needs. A motor highway was surveyed to carry the machinery. This was to be used by Italy also for her railway construction; and the cost of the road alone was figured at 1,600,000*l.* If little in this project has thus far been done, it is solely because Ethiopia dreads any shadow, howsoever slight, upon her ancient sovereignty.

Lastly, the League of Nations has interposed between Mussolini and his prize—again thanks to the foresight of the present Emperor and his patient and strenuous battle for membership in 1923. Il Duce's scorn for the League is well known. Last year he felt 'the only thing it can do is to register its own death!' Then his henchmen took up this dirge. 'China only adheres to it,' wrote Forges Davanzati, a member of the Fascist Grand Council, 'in order to favour the League's impotence in the Far Eastern struggle.' To Signor Gayda, of the 'Giornale,' the League was just 'a docile instrument of the Versailles Treaty.' In Milan the influential 'Corriere' called it 'the League of *some* Nations': the 'Gazetta' of Turin saw in it only 'the *longa manus* of England and France.' In his own National Council the Duce himself read the epitaph of a windy and toothless body which 'has lost all that could give it a political significance or historical bearing.' Finally, he himself gave it a forlorn chance in an article he wrote for the 'Börsen-Courier' of Berlin: 'The Fascist Grand Council has spoken clearly. The existence of the League is threatened; either it must be reformed or it will collapse.' After all this, Italy's defection from Geneva can surprise no one as the wilful and impetuous Ethiopian drama runs its course.

It is the greatest of pities that the war-Dictator in Rome will not give the peace-Dictator in Addis Ababa a chance to make good the promises he made to the League in 1923. Then Ras Tafari asked for a couple of decades in which to end the slave-system of a thousand years. His Edicts and his fifty Courts were a speedy sign of sincerity. With a strong hand he put down rebel lords like Guksah of Amhara and Hailu of Gojam.

These and others set their 'State's Rights' against the Nation—an odd parallel with the collapse of President Roosevelt's own New Deal for exactly the same reason. But Hailé Selassié's Constitution of 1931 is far more timely than that of the American Fathers of 1787. He has made great headway in the brief space since he became master in his own loose house. One by one the die-hards have disappeared. A grim figure passed away in 1927—the patriarchal War Minister, Hopta Giorgis. That hater of the 'Feringhees' (foreigners) fought under Menelik at Adua; and he egged on the Empress Judith to resist the reforms which her over-eager cousin and co-Regent set afoot.

To-day the Governors may no longer farm out taxes nor maintain armies of their own. All these are now under the national flag. They vow allegiance to the Emperor alone, and show a keenness in discipline and drill, and in the use of modern weapons, which is a joy to their Belgian and Swedish instructors. I saw lion-maned Amhara chiefs squatting at machine-guns in the big Addis market, sighting them and studying their parts with concentrate zeal. Trained recruits are coming into the Civil Service. Example, not coercion, begins to leaven the lump of Ethiop ignorance. Something like a public opinion is shaping. A Parliament is there, too; a new desire for higher standards of life is manifest—schools and hospitals, water-supplies, electric light in the little towns, roads and bridges, telegraphs and motors. Even agriculture, in that perfect climate of every known crop, now looks for better tools and better guidance than can be had with a crooked branch and a Galla serf driving a brace of oxen through the richest soil on earth.

Give Hailé Selassié time, and he will entirely transform this old highland realm of a myriad churches and many races, whom their Arab conquerors despised as 'Habashis,' or mixed breeds. Where are those Moslem invaders now? The Emperor's heir follows in his father's way; he is a proven administrator in the Dessye province. So the succession is assured, the people, high and low, awake and aware of the modern world that presses in on them from all sides. Concessions are to be obtained—say, in cotton-growing and mines. There are valuable future commercial markets here. In short every problem, internal or

external, is capable of solution by sane means and equity. For fourteen centuries—as Menelik pointed out to the Powers in his plea for fair play in 1891—this antique Empire 'has stood proud and free upon her mountains.' She might serve us all, and herself as well, as a new member of the comity of nations. Consider Japan's millennial feudalism, even in early Victorian days. But this fair prospect is threatened with ruin by Italy's headlong haste, or rather by the *hubris* of her sole Dictator. Unhappily, he has cynical precedents for his action and for broken Treaties too (and League impotence) in Far Eastern power-politics of the past four years. At home there is none to question that imperious Roman will, much less to gainsay it. Il Duce remains so absolute, that his famous '*orgoglio*' may be better rendered by another Italian word—'*alterigia*.' And *that* form of pride can court a fall!

Seated alone at that huge black-oak desk in the old Palazzo which he calls 'the Heart of Italy,' Benito Mussolini exclaims: 'Io amo Cesare!' He will do well to pause—if he can—before bidding his eager General take the plunge to settle those 'old and new accounts' with a wholly inoffensive and striving Ethiopia. Both Emilio Graziani and his master are prone to use the quick stroke which Tacitus thought unwise: 'Delay is nearer to firm courage.' And both men are great readers of the classic authors. Is it too late, then, to suggest to them a glance at Cicero's '*De Officiis*'? I mean, where he sums up Cæsar's blunder: '*Omnia jura divina atque humana pervertit propter eum quem sibi ipse opinionis errore finxerat principatum*'—'He disregarded all laws, human and divine, in pursuit of the dominion which, by an error of judgment, he had allotted to himself!'

IGNATIUS PHAYRE.

Art. 8.—PRE-CELTIC ELEMENTS IN ENGLISH.

1. *Ireland in Pre-Celtic Times*. By R. A. S. Macalister. Dublin : Talbot Press, 1922.
2. *The Welsh People*. By John Rhys and D. Brynmor-Jones. Unwin, 1923.
3. *The Races of Britain*. By John Beddoe. Bristol : Arrowsmith, 1885.
4. *Das nicht-indogermanische Substrat im Irischen*. By Julius Pokorny. *Zeitschrift für Celtische Philologie*, XVI. London : Williams and Norgate, 1926-7 ; Halle : Verlag Max Niemeyer.
5. *Metrische Studien*. By Ed. Sievers. Teil II. Leipzig : Teubner, 1901.

THE beginning of civilisation in the British Isles has remained until quite modern times an insoluble mystery. While historians and grammarians began their investigations with the Anglo-Saxon invasion, with only a passing word for even the Roman occupation, it was known that something had gone before. The primitive inhabitants of non-Saxon race in pre-Saxon times were included in the designation 'Celts' and usually defined as an Aryan people coming originally from the Caucasus region. They were supposed to have mixed on their way across the Continent with a dark race allied to the 'Iberians' of Western Europe, who were assumed to be from the same stock as the Mediterranean Europeans.

It is only the most advanced of philologists who have ventured to dispute the convenient generalisations and vague hypotheses contained in this theory. Students of the Celtic languages found themselves confronted with puzzling anomalies, especially in Irish, which they could not relate to any European language or dialect. As early as 1914 Professor Rudolf Thurneysen * commented on the word-order of the Irish sentence, for which no parallel is to be found in any Indo-Germanic language, though it is similar to that of Hebrew. John Rhys and Heinrich Zimmer have listed non-Aryan names and linguistic peculiarities in the Celtic dialects.

Archæologists, who are enabled to penetrate farther

* 'Die Kelten in ihrer Sprache und Literatur,' R. Thurneysen, 1914.

back into the dumb past than philologists, have found a clue to much that was formerly obscure in the neolithic and Bronze Age remains unearthed in the British Isles. The dolmens and megalithic graves have been connected with the monuments of Egypt. More primitive (Bushman) rock-paintings, contemporary with the European Bronze Age, have been discovered in Spain, indicating an African-Negroid incursion at a later date. Professor Menghin * traces the cultural line of advance along the northern coast of Africa into Spain and the west of France, whence it passed into Britain. Traces of megalithic building are found all over Eurasia, but nowhere did the style take a stronger hold than in the British Isles. Anthropologists, following in the footsteps of the archaeologists, have established conclusively that there is a large non-Aryan element in the so-called 'Celtic' race. Beddoe's analysis in 'The Races of Britain' sets the proportion of dark types in the population of Ireland at 23 per cent., that of the so-called 'Celtic type,' with blue eyes and dark hair, at 29 per cent. The existence of people of marked Mediterranean appearance in the west of the British Isles has long been a matter of common knowledge, giving rise to legends of a Phœnician colony in Cornwall and the settlement of survivors from the Spanish Armada on the coast of Ireland. It is much more probable that these people are the descendants of pre-Celtic invaders in the neolithic period, who no doubt brought with them a more advanced civilisation than that of the earlier inhabitants. (Pigmy, Eskimo, and primitive Central European factors are thought to have contributed to the make-up of these.)

The more exact knowledge recently gained about the neolithic period has led to a revision of chronology, the date of the earliest Celtic invasion being now placed at about 300 B.C., and the theory of a former Celtic wave more than 1000 years earlier having been abandoned. The population of the islands previous to that time was the mixed 'Iberian,' the dominant culture of which was of African-Mediterranean origin. This people, though pressed farther and farther to the west and north by successive waves of invasion, never died out in southern England, and traces of it are to be found at the present

* 'Weltgeschichte der Steinzeit,' Oswald Menghin, Vienna, 1931.

day all over the United Kingdom. Its spirit still breathes through the English language, no less than through the English race. Not only are the non-Indo-Germanic elements in 'Celtic' to be attributed to this submerged substratum, but its influence on English itself is not to be gainsaid. The older generation of philologists, who ruled out everything previous to the Anglo-Saxon invasion, discounting even the Roman occupation, based their claim of a Germanic character for the language on vocabulary and grammar. But the dry bones of word-lists and grammatical rules must be covered before speech becomes a living instrument. Every one knows that there is a wide gulf between the speech of Britons and that of Germans. Every European foreigner who tries to learn English complains of almost insurmountable difficulties in pronunciation, intonation, syntactical construction, and idiom. The divergence of the language from other Indo-Germanic tongues is not to be satisfactorily explained by local differences in development. But up to a few years ago no scholar would seriously consider the possibility of even a Celtic strain in the language. The number of Celtic words in English is negligible, said the Victorian grammarians, dismissing the subject with a gesture of finality. It has been reopened by the succeeding generation, who are going back beyond Celtic to pre-Celtic in the quest for the hidden springs of culture.

It may seem a bold jump from pre-Celtic to modern English. To establish a connection between the two one must go by way of Celtic, preferably the oldest Celtic language of which we have any knowledge—that is, Old Irish. The first to undertake a study of the subject on these lines was J. Morris-Jones.* His work has been continued in a more thorough and scholarly manner by Professor Julius Pokorny,† who tries to prove a relationship on archæological, anthropological, and ethnological as well as philological grounds between the ancient Britons and the inhabitants of northern and central Africa and the primitive inhabitants of India. He quotes G. L. Gomme ('Ethnology in Folklore,' London, 1892), who enumerates as non-Indo-Germanic customs of which we have evidence

* Rhys and Brynmor-Jones, 'The Welsh People,' Appendix.

† 'Das nicht-indogermanische Substrat im Irischen,' *Realexikon* II, 1925, and 'Zeitschrift für Celt. Phil.,' xvi.

in the Old Irish sagas and even in modern Ireland and England: the sacramental consumption of the bodies of dead relations, traces of mother-law (especially amongst the Picts), the belief in an after-life in animal form (this is, however, also Indo-Germanic), the blood-ritual for the warding-off of evil spirits, rain magic by means of fetish stones, ritual nakedness (cf. the Godiva legend and frequent allusions to the nakedness of women in the Irish sagas), also certain Whitsun folk-customs in Devonshire. Elton, in 'Origins of English History,' gives a number of non-Indo-Germanic features in Celtic popular customs, and Alexander Carmichael has made a collection of Scottish superstitious beliefs, in part of non-Indo-Germanic origin ('Carmina Gadelica'). Amongst so-called 'Celtic' customs demonstrably not of Indo-Germanic origin may be mentioned the veneration of local gods (rivers, springs, trees, etc.), totemism and the animal cult, and the sex ethics of ancient Ireland. The non-Indo-Germanic nature of Druidism has been established by Professor Pokorny, who brings forward the startling theory of an Arctic origin for it (see also F. G. Crookshank, 'The Mongol in our Midst'), while Professor Thurneysen relates the Irish custom of fasting to enforce payment of debts to an Indian custom dating back certainly to non-Aryan times. Gomme further draws parallels between the 'rude and fantastic, sometimes savage customs of English villages' and similar customs in Indian villages, 'where they were observed distinctly and solely as the rights and privileges of non-Aryan outcast tribes, which were doubtless wrung from their Aryan overlords through the ever-present fears arising out of the powers of an antagonistic race who were in communion with the gods of nature.' Points of striking resemblance between Irish and Semitic-Hamitic civilisation are the special standing of the priests and poets (who form distinct social castes), and the honour in which the chariot-driver was held in Egypt and Ancient Ireland. The Irish female headdress is identical with that worn by the women of the African Orient. The cherished tradition of the Scottish national dress may be reminiscent of the Egyptian kilt—but perhaps this is pushing analogies too far.

We cannot do more than touch on the fascinating

subject of folk-lore as an introduction to that of lingual evolution. The evidence available is sufficient to convince us of the existence of a substratum which has undoubtedly left its mark on the language. It is true that the non-Indo-Germanic elements present in Irish are more apparent in the written monuments of the later than of the earlier period. This fact has been taken by Professor Jespersen (in 'Language,' p. 200) as an argument against the theory of the persistence of these elements. It must be admitted, however, that the written language is one thing, the spoken language another, and that the literary, cultured vehicle is a traditional, often archaic convention by no means identical with the popular speech. This is in particular the case after a conquest. The conquerors impose their language on the court and on literature, which in primitive times is in the hands of court-poets, but the conquered subjects continue to talk amongst themselves in their own dialect. Although they have perforce to learn to communicate with their masters in the official language, it remains to them a foreign tongue, of which they never acquire a perfect knowledge, but which they speak with strong dialectic peculiarities. One needs only to think of the English spoken by American negroes or Indian coolies. In course of time a levelling process takes place during which on the one hand the lower classes become more proficient in the use of the educated language, and on the other vernacular expressions find their way into the speech of the upper classes. Supposing a fresh conquest then to take place, the process of amalgamation will be greatly accelerated, the 'high' and 'low' forms of the language being welded into one, as all classes of the race or nation are depressed into a position of inferiority. But even leaving this possibility out of the question, the spread of education and democratisation of social conditions will inevitably result in an accompanying democratisation of speech. We do not need to go far from home to find examples of the process—it is clearly enough illustrated by the transformation which is taking place in the King's English at the present day. Words and idioms regarded by the last generation as slang or vulgarisms have established themselves firmly in educated talk, eventually becoming canonised in literature as standard English.

Considering in detail the points in which Irish (and to a lesser degree English) differs from the Indo-Germanic language group, we see that the most striking of these is the manner of building the sentence—a loose stringing together of ideas, without any attempt at the compact, interdependent structure of Indo-Germanic syntax. Modern philologists have already on several occasions compared this characteristic to similar tendencies in various African languages. In the words of J. Byrne :

'The great peculiarity of the mental constitution of the true African races is the readiness with which they are affected by an impression and with which the affection produced in them by an impression passes away . . . an elasticity of spirit, which is easily moved and from which depression quickly passes. Of all mankind, the genuine African races have the most quickness of excitability. There are two characteristics which belong to all purely African languages; a tendency to break speech into small fragments, and a readiness of the parts into which it is analysed to enter into combination with one another.'

This dependence upon feeling and immediate perception, inseparable in particular from the Bantu languages of Africa, finds expression in many peculiarities of modern Irish—as the post-position of the attribute, prolepsis of the object, and general rapidity of enunciation (Josef Baudis, 'Z.C.P.' ix). Professor Pokorný has placed together a highly interesting collection of quotations from Old and Modern Irish for the purpose of comparing them with similar passages from various African languages. We have, for instance, the following, roughly translated from Old Irish :

'The man went on his journey. He found a noble pair before him in the elf-hill of —. They offered rich welcome to the messenger of Mongan. This was his right. He went farther. He found another pair in the hill of —. They made him the same welcome.' *

And again :

'A tall dark man in the first chariot—brown, bushy hair on him. A purple mantle round him. A gold pin in it. A linen cloak with hood with red fabric round him. A hollowed shield with engraved border on it of silver bronze.' †

* K. Meyer and Alfred Nutt, 'The Voyage of Bran,' p. 53.

† Strachan, 'Stories from the Tain,' p. 34.

In the 'Winter Song' (middle of ninth century) the impressionistic style is even more marked :

'New things with me for you. There moans the stag. There lets snow the winter. Past is the summer.

'The wind high, cold. Low the sun. Short his course. Billowy the sea.

'Deep-red the fern, its beauty departed. The wild goose has raised her wonted call.

'The cold has struck the wings of the birds. Time of the ice. This my news.' *

The following is from Modern Irish :

'At noon on the following day were the two at the door of the King's house. The steward came out. He saw Cormac. "Where is she?" said he. "Here she is" said Cormac courteously. "Come with me, daughter" said the steward. She went with him. She went in through a door. She went through a long passage. She went through a second door and a second passage. She went through a third door. . . . ' †

Also :

'He cast his cloak from him. He cast his hat from him. He cast his scarf from him. He cared not where they fell. Then he took three jumps. He let out a shriek. He grasped a large stone and threw it against the door. . . . ' ‡

Now compare the construction of Egyptian, in :

'Mounted is King Ppjj to Heaven. He has found Re, as he stands. He hears him. He seats himself at his side. Re allows not (that) he lays himself upon the earth, (for) he knows (that) he (is) great, more than he (himself).' §

Or of Berber, in :

'A man, after the death of his wife, had a little boy. He married another wife. He left his little boy with her. He travelled. The wife wished, that the child might die. One day she saw a snake creep. She seated herself near the snake. She wished that it would bite him. The child took it and put it to his mouth. She said "Why did you not bite him?" It said "I do not bite, unless one bites me." ' ||

* Pokorný, 'Historical Reader of Old Irish,' p. 16.

† 'Peadar Ó Laoghaire, Séadna,' Part II, p. 28, Dublin, 1898.

‡ 'An Seabhac, An baile seo 'gainne,' Dublin, 1916, p. 13.

§ Eрман, 'Die Hieroglyphen,' p. 64.

|| Masqueray, 'Observations Grammaticales sur la Grammaire Touareg, p. 161.

Or of a negro language (the Gola, in Liberia) :

'A man takes his bush-knife. He goes into the swamp-land. He climbs a raffia-palm. He hews the fan away. He splits it. He takes the split raffia-ribs. He scrapes them. He binds the ribs into a bundle. He lays them in the loft.'*

It should be mentioned that the Hamitic (Egyptian and Berber) languages have developed out of a more primitive form, closely connected with the Soudan negro languages, Bantu being a mixed Soudan-Hamitic form. The Hamitic languages, further, belong to the same family as the Semitic, the Mediterranean type forming the main element in both the Hamitic and Semitic races.

While the characteristics under discussion exist in other primitive speech forms, they are much more marked in Irish than in any other European language. Moreover, the extent of the Hamitic-Semitic-Bantu influence on primitive European speech in general cannot be precisely determined, though it seems certain that such influences existed, causing a tendency to concrete, expressionistic constructions and simplification of syntax. This tendency, overcome by the Indo-Germanic genius for structural unity in other parts of the Continent, survived in Ireland, no doubt reinforced by African immigration in comparatively late prehistoric times.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the similarities between the examples given. Obviously the passages quoted consist almost exclusively of principal clauses, either entirely detached or joined by co-ordinate conjunctions, there being a marked absence of subordinate clauses and the participial construction. When the latter is used in Modern Irish it is frequently preceded by the conjunction *and*, while in this whole group of languages a simple phrase with a noun or pronoun in the absolute case, preceded by *and*, is even made to take the place of a subordinate relative or adverbial clause. 'He built this grave for his son, and he a child' (Ermann, *Ägypt. Gramm.*, and Sethe, 'Der ägypt. Nominalsatz'). In Welsh and Irish constructions like 'He went outside and it was cold' are common (Strachan, 'Introduction to Early Welsh,' sect. 198; for Modern Welsh, examples are

* Westermann's translation, 'Die Sprache der Gola,' p. 73.

given in R. S. Rogers' 'Llyfr Gloywi Cymraeg,' p. 111; for Irish see MacDonagh, 'Literature in Ireland,' p. 43).

Note also the use of the infinitive in Irish. 'From the fact that Irish creates new infinitives and the old infinitive-like datives of the verbal noun in *ti* have become restricted to the purely predicative function, but not as completion of the statement, it must be concluded that the early Irish sentence at a certain period must have been very simple; the filling-out was done probably by adding an appositional word or independent clause' (Josef Baudis, 'Z.C.P.'). The vernacular English forms 'come and see me,' 'try and do it' are no doubt a survival of this usage, while the frequent dropping of the relative pronoun and subordinate conjunction in modern English is another instance of a preference for principal clauses—in fact, to take a typical sentence, 'A man I know' is more likely to have originated as a contraction of 'A man. I know him' than of 'A man whom I know.' 'He says he knows her' (= 'He says, "I know her"') stands nearer to direct than to indirect speech.

The Celtic languages, in common with the Semitic-Hamitic and all African languages, especially Ancient Egyptian, are distinguished by a marked preference for the noun over the verb. (This explains the instinctive stressing of nouns in spoken English.) Also a non-Indo-Germanic feature is the repetition of articles, possessive adjectives, prepositions, and conjunctions before every noun in an enumeration, and the repetition of the vocative particle before a noun in apposition (in Modern as well as Old Irish), e.g. '*a phopo a F(h)ergais*' ('O Father Fergus') and '*Ó a Pheig a Pheig a bhuid-heannách*' ('O Peggy, Peggy darling').

Amongst other primitive tendencies in Irish may be mentioned the use of a whole sentence, clause or phrase as a unit. This is in sharp contrast to the elaborate synthetic construction of highly developed Indo-Germanic languages, in which each word has its individual function to perform. The formation of proper nouns (names) by prefixing the syllable *Macc* (son) is an example. Again, in Modern Irish there are no words for *yes* and *no*. The answer to a question must be given in the form of a sentence. It is noteworthy that in Old Irish the words *tó* (yes) and *naicc* (no) were in existence, though not always

used in replies, the more primitive idiom having subsequently reasserted itself. Further, Irish possesses, in common with African languages, a preference for concrete to abstract terms. The numbers one to ten are used adjectivally, the word *one* being often omitted and the partitive substituted for the indefinite article. The excessive use of possessive pronouns is another primitive feature. In this last connection Sayce remarks, in his 'Introduction to the Science of Language':

'All over the world, indeed, wherever we come across a savage race, or an individual who has been unaffected by the civilisation surrounding him, we find the primitive inability to separate the particular from the universal by isolating the individual world and extracting it, as it were, from the ideas habitually associated with it. Thus the Hottentot cannot use a noun without a pronominal suffix indicating not only gender and case, but also person as well, except as a predicate; in several of the South American dialects the words which denote "head," "body," "eye," or other parts of the person *cannot be named without personal relation being denoted by a prefixed possessive pronoun* or denied by a negative or privative prefix, etc.'

The use of the possessive pronoun before parts of the body, clothes, etc., found in Irish, is much more frequent in Welsh, and the English constructions, as 'I put on my hat,' 'He has broken his arm' (instead of 'the arm' as in other Indo-Germanic languages), 'Have your sleep out,' etc., are undoubtedly derived from the Celtic, or rather the pre-Celtic substratum in the language. In the Scots dialect and Gaelic the words for meals are also prefixed by possessive pronouns.

Professor Pokorny further brings forward as instances of pre-Indo-Germanic idiom: (1) the turning of the indefinite pronoun *some* by a separate clause, e.g. 'Some people would despise wealth' is translated: *Tá daoine, agus ní chuirfidís suim i saidhbhreas* (lit. 'There are people, and they . . .'); (2) a similar circumlocution for the interrogative pronoun, e.g. *cia lémus?*, 'Who will dare?' (lit. 'Who is he who . . .'), and for the interrogative adverb *where*: *c-aírm, cia dú*, 'at which place' (lit. 'which is the place, in which'); *how*: *c-indas* 'in which kind' or *cia chruth* 'in which manner'; *how much*: *cia féu* 'which quality'; *how many*: *cia méit* 'which quantity'.

The word for *what* in Modern Irish is *céard* (from *cía réit*, lit. 'which thing'). The usage in Modern Irish of expressing the indefinite idea 'something' by the concrete words *cuid* (share), *roinn* (part) or *rud* (thing), *braon*, *deór* (drop), *dornán* (handful), *gráinín* (grain), *greim* (bite) is similar to the rendering of the idea of quantity 'much,' 'more,' 'enough,' by substantive forms meaning literally 'a bit,' 'a lot,' etc. (an idiomatic peculiarity found also in modern English).

Another significant feature of Irish is the occasional use of substitutes for the adjective, genitive nouns, and verbal (participial or relative forms) being frequent as attributes. Instances of this are also found in English, e.g. 'A gold ring' (= a ring of gold) instead of 'A golden ring'; or the attribute may actually be employed as the main substantive, followed by a genitive, e.g. 'That fool of a boy' instead of 'That foolish boy'; 'A love of a dress' instead of 'A lovely dress.' Further, is to be noted the inability of the comparative and superlative adjectival form to be employed as attribute, e.g. *is tú laech as dech fil i n-Érinn*: 'It is you the hero, who is the best, which exists in Ireland' instead of 'You are the best hero in Ireland.' To express the idea 'there is no more renowned warrior' the circumlocution 'there is no warrior, who would be more renowned' is used. In Mid-Irish the comparative comes to be used instead of the superlative, which form has entirely disappeared in Modern Irish, the comparative being invariably employed to express the sense of the superlative. Again, note the use of the preposition *de* after the comparative form. In Irish *dí(i)b* (of them) is very frequent after the original superlative (become comparative), with a relative construction, e.g. *in ingen ba sine díb* ('the daughter who was the elder of them' = the eldest daughter). (Compare the English 'most of them' in contrast to the German 'die meisten.') *De* used after a comparative may be translated 'for it,' 'thereby,' but according to modern usage often seems quite superfluous, e.g. *Ní truimide* (= *truime de*) *an loch an lacha* ('Not heavier (for it) was the lake [through] the duck'). The *de* is used merely proleptically. In the example '*armbat irlamu de ind fir*' ('that the men may be the readier') it is superfluous (like Eng. *the*), and it may be observed

that the placing of the *de* after the comparative is a Hamitic construction. The adjective is often paraphrased by a relative construction: not, as in the Indo-Germanic languages, for the sake of emphasis, but as a normal construction. This is taken as evidence of the original verbal nature of adjectives. We even find attributive adjectives in the positive used predicatively, i.e. verbally, after a noun preceded by a demonstrative adjective, e.g. 'What is the age of this fellow, who is renowned?' instead of 'What is the age of this renowned fellow?'

Nouns are divided into classes by the use of prefixes, such as *fer* (man), *macc* (son), e.g. *fer dāna* (poet = man of art), *macc alla* (echo = son of the rock), Cym. *mab lygad* and Bret. *map lagard* (pupil = son of the eye), *ben mebla* (wanton = woman of shame), a usage in accordance with the 'prefix' nature which the language shares with the Hamitic-Semitic-Bantu group.

Not only is the outer form of such nouns typically non-Indo-Germanic but, as Rhys has pointed out in 'The Welsh People,' the Irish custom of giving names has much affinity to the Semitic usage, the child taking the name not only from the parents, but frequently also from a druid, teacher, or foster-father, or even from a place or in memory of an event. Professor Pokorny points out the resemblance of Irish name forms to the Semitic 'status constructus' (corresponding to the compound noun in Indo-Germanic languages).

Instances of word-formation by means of prefixes and dislike of suffixes are frequent in Irish, their significance lying in the fact that this is an outstanding feature of the Bantu dialects. For example, feminines are formed by prefixing the word *ban* (the compound form of *ben*, woman). Professor Pokorny rejects the theory of an affinity between the Irish usage and that of English in words such as 'maid-servant,' 'woman-councillor,' which he claims to be real Indo-Germanic compound nouns, meaning 'a maid who is employed as a servant,' 'a woman who acts as a councillor,' but he has passed over other examples in English, as 'she-wolf,' 'my girl cousin,' 'I have no woman friend,' which cannot be regarded otherwise than as genuine feminine forms. Again, the idea of the agent, if equivalent to 'member of a professional class' is expressed in Irish by a noun prefixed to a genitive

construction: *fer cétail* (man of song = singer). In English, the adoption of the French manner of comparison (with *more* and *most*, equivalent to *plus*, *le plus*) in place of the German inflexions *er*, *est*, is another instance of the aversion from suffixes and preference for prefixes.

The use of the absolute nominative in Irish, interrupting the logical construction of the sentence, is typically non-Indo-Germanic. Even nouns in apposition are placed in the nominative, with a complete disregard for the case of the preceding word. One cannot but connect this with the omission in modern English to repeat prepositions (the indicators of case) before nouns in apposition, e.g. 'I went to him, my best friend,' 'the buildings of London, the capital of England.' Such forms point back to the uninflected Bantu, the tendency in Irish to replace the dative by a construction with a preposition (become the rule in English) being also a non-Indo-Germanic characteristic. The throwing overboard of inflexions in modern English, in contrast to the tenacity with which they are retained in German, is undoubtedly due to the non-Aryan substratum in the population, which is also responsible for the discarding of the complex, involved sentence. The occurrence of so-called 'romantic' and 'classical' periods of literature may be accounted for by the alternating emergence and suppression of this element,* culminating in the twentieth century 'movements' (in other words primitive atavisms) following obviously upon the democratising tendencies of the age. One is even led to question whether 'jazz' culture originated in mere imitation of the American negro, or at least whether this imitation would have met with an instant response amongst Western Europeans did it not coincide with a spontaneous urge back to the first stammerings of language and art. However that may be, exact parallels to all the lingual peculiarities enumerated above are to be found in some African speech or other—Semitic-Hamitic or Bantu.

The evidence afforded by non-Indo-Germanic idiom is strengthened by a study of no less essential language components—pronunciation, intonation, word order, and

* Cf. Gustav Hübener, 'Theorie der Romantik,' 'Deutsche Vierteljahrsschrift für Literatur, Wissenschaft u. Geistesgeschichte,' ed. by Kluckhohn and Rothacker, x, 1932, Verlag Niemeyer, Halle.

poetic rhythm. In 'Keltoromanisches' (1884) Professor Thurneysen points out the fondness of the 'Celts' for diphthongs, which has affected the pronunciation of the Romance languages, as well as of English. In the latter, not only are diphthongs favoured, but the long vowels written as simple are usually pronounced as diphthongs—e.g. *o* [o : ũ], *i* [aĩ], *a* [e : ĭ], *e* [i : j], *u* [uw]—in contrast to the purity of German sounds. This lengthening of vowel sounds is connected with the 'Celtic' tendency to stress long vowels even when not diphthongs, such vowels in Old Irish being often written doubled, e.g. *láam* or *laám* (hand).

The inclination to stress the first syllable or a syllable early in the word, in contrast to the even intonation of all syllables in all Continental languages, is a characteristic of 'Celtic' dialects which has been handed on to English. Elision is another peculiarity of pronunciation that should be mentioned here, as originating with the non-Indo-Germanic substratum, and no doubt a predisposition inherited from non-Aryan ancestors who uttered the sentence as one articulate idea. A frequent phenomenon in modern French and English, it is in marked contrast to the precision of Teutonic enunciation. But whereas in French elision is subject to strictly defined rules, the English habit of running all words together renders the spoken language very difficult of comprehension to the foreigner. This must be related to the 'Celtic' tendency to regard all clauses as indivisible—a tendency which reveals itself in Irish by the remarkable disappearance of words, retained merely as a modification of the following word, upon which Professor Pedersen comments as a phonetic-psychological phenomenon (e.g. in Old Irish *ní cell* means 'he hides not,' *ní cheill*, 'he hides it not').

J. Byrne also remarks on the use of particles in Irish :

'The Celtic race is distinguished amongst the Indo-Germanic races by quickness of thought, and accordingly their language shows a tendency to break thought into smaller parts than any Indo-Germanic language. This appears in the fragments of the pronouns which are so much used, and which need to be strengthened by each other more than in any kindred languages. It appears also in the lightness with which some nouns are thought, so as to be used like pronouns (*des*, *lin*, *lucht*, "*ii*, *qui*," *céile*, "*alius*," etc.).

It appears most distinctly in the tendency to reduce the root to such a fragment of thought that it has to be compounded with one or two particles to express what in other languages is a simple idea. The lightness of the parts into which Celtic speech is broken is doubtless connected with that intonation, as of singing, which may be observed in the speaking of French or Irish. This kind of intonation is to be observed also in the quick languages of Africa.'

Again, the word-order in the Celtic dialects is fundamentally different from that of all other Indo-Germanic languages. In Irish the verb stands first (the normal order in the Semitic-Hamitic speech group). In Welsh the transition to the order in modern English is seen. The Irish say 'Cries the child' and the Welsh 'It is the child that cries,' the next stage in the evolution being 'The child cries.' But although the subject stands first in the English sentence, the verb retains its priority to the object—it is never pushed to the end of the clause, a not unusual position in both Latin and German.

In conclusion, one may make a suggestion which, in the absence of positive data, can amount to nothing more. In all languages the spirit of the long-forgotten past lives on in the spontaneous forms of rhythmic utterance—particularly in popular poetry. How wide is the gulf between popular song and cultured versification—between the free, spontaneously lyrical outpouring of emotion and the formal, deliberate adaptation of borrowed forms! English has carried as far as any language the conventionalising of verse metres, away from which the so-called 'modern' anarchical movement is a natural reaction. The impulse and aim of the reform after which it strives is, however, but dimly perceived by the reformers themselves, who seem to regard it as a mere scrapping of rhyme and metre, even of rhythm—that is, a paradoxical negation of the essence of poetry. It may be more justly regarded as an instinctive revolt against the borrowed and artificial, a groping after long-lost native rhythms. The whole question of primitive song-forms is, and must probably remain, obscure, at least pending more exact research. The surviving forms in the Indo-Germanic languages—even the American nigger-songs—have been so modified by foreign conventions as to have lost much of their significance. One may,

however, get on the track of something by studying the one native verse-form in English literature—the ballad, undoubtedly derived from the fourteen-syllabled couplet, the typical form of Celtic poetry.

To trace it further back into the past would seem at the present moment to be an impossibility. Interesting comparisons may, however, be arrived at by investigating the one body of ancient non-Indo-Germanic verse of which our knowledge goes beyond conjecture. The late Professor Eduard Sievers, in '*Metrische Studien*,' has made an exhaustive study of Hebrew poetry, the main conclusions of which may be briefly noted here, as opening up interesting avenues which may at some future time be explored in detail. He brings out the variability and flexibility of the Hebrew verse-lines, which may be classified into symmetrical (lines of 2, 3, 4, or 6 feet) and unsymmetrical (lines of 5 (3 + 2, or rarely, 2 + 3) and 7 (4 + 3 or 3 + 4) feet). The unsymmetrical lines are the more frequent. Sievers also claims to have established the division into feet, which are not of uniform length, but likely to be broken up by the insertion of unaccented syllables. Stanzas in the strict sense are unknown, the nearest approach to the stanza being the two-line period. There is often a mixture of metres within long poetic passages (probably a primitive popular usage, metre not being mixed in the later, more cultivated period). Hebrew verse is accentual rather than quantitative, i.e. the stress follows the natural intonation in speaking (the system also found with the Egyptians and Assyrians). The form of the foot is the iamb or anapæst, though apparently four-syllabled feet may occur through the breaking-up of the long syllable. Every really spoken vowel counts as a syllable. Long lines are divided by a cæsure, sometimes further by a secondary cæsure. Truncated feet are found, equivalent to a lengthening of the accented syllable rather than a cutting-off of the unaccented syllable. Spondees are avoided, the long-drawn-out single syllable being preferred. Two-syllabled feet seem to have been spoken more slowly than three-syllabled. Words of minor accentual value are sometimes accented if the sense requires it, and sometimes merely to avoid the monotony of several equally stressed syllables following one another

(i.e. for rhythmic reasons). Genuine proclitic words (prepositions, conjunctions, etc.) receive least accentual weight, especially if one-syllabled, and if in close connection with the following word. A finite verb may lose its accent before a noun related to it or a fully accented pronoun.

Obviously this system of versification, in its accentual character and its preference for irregular rhythms with an odd number of beats in the line, presents an analogy to the poetic forms that have taken deepest root in English literature (as blank verse and the ballad stanza). It is true that Professor Thurneysen and other leading Celtic scholars derive the 'rhymeless, unrhythmic' poetry of Old Irish from the old Church sequences (based on borrowed Semitic forms) and the later rhymed schemes on rhymed Latin hymn-poetry, but even if this hypothesis is accepted it does not dispose of the problem, for the forms in question may have come, both in Latin and in English, from a common (Semitic) source, their ready acceptance going far to prove a racial and lingual affinity. Italy, like the British Isles, was inhabited, before the inroads of the Aryans, by a Mediterranean race, which remained as a non-Indo-Germanic substratum, and the resurgence of which is to be noted even during the classical period, e.g. in the popular 'Saturnian,' an accentual, non-quantitative, pentameter line. Here we have another instance of a love for the line containing an odd number of feet, at variance not only with the formally symmetrical Greek hexameter but with the earliest Teutonic poetry known to us. Further, the Semitic rules contrast with the true Celtic, which betray a strong tendency to reduce poetry to symmetrical, artificial schemes. It is of the utmost importance to avoid confusion between this true Indo-Germanic Celtic culture and the Iberian (wrongly called 'Celtic'), which is made up mainly of non-Indo-Germanic elements.

E. M. FRY.

[The Celtic examples given have been kindly revised by Dr. Rudolf Hertz, Lecturer in Celtic Philology at the University of Bonn.]

Art. 9.—BARRISTERS AS LEGISLATORS.

THE past two years have been characterised by a great outburst of reforming energy on the part of the Government in legal matters. It started with a resolution of the House of Commons passed in December 1932 after a short discussion, 'that it is desirable that steps be taken to inquire into the defects in the system of law and legal procedure in England and Wales and into the measures for removing these defects.' This resolution, it will be observed, points to reforms in two directions: (1) in the law courts, including such subjects as the number of Judges, the division between them of judicial work, the steps to be taken in an action from the issue of the writ through the interlocutory proceedings to the final judgment, and the provisions for appeals; (2) reforms in the law itself, by which is apparently intended the conversion of our Judge-made or case-law, the chaotic nature of which constantly evokes shocked exclamations, even in legal circles, into clear-cut and simple enactments by the process of codification. While inquiries into legal procedure have been frequently made in the past, and have resulted in many changes, the proposal to bring the ancient legal maxims of the Common law up to date is a novel one, and may be fraught with momentous results. The Lord Chancellor has recognised this division by appointing separate Standing Committees to deal with the two subjects, both under the chairmanship of the Master of the Rolls, one on the subject of procedure, the other called the Law Revision Committee.

The object of this paper is to consider the task entrusted to the Law Revision Committee, but we may pause for a moment to consider the relative importance of the two inquiries. The object of both is of course to attract back to the Courts the public who have been driven away by the expense, uncertainty and delay of litigation. The tendency has been to attribute these ills to defects in procedure and to the Judges and lawyers themselves. But as attempted reforms in procedure continue to have but little effect, the more thoughtful investigator will be inclined to seek the solution in a less obvious direction, viz. in the complexity of the law itself. The proceedings therefore of the Law Revision Committee are likely to

prove in the long run more important than those of the other.

The instructions to the Committee, which was appointed in January 1934 were 'to consider how far, having regard to the Statute law and to judicial decisions, such legal maxims and doctrines as the Lord Chancellor may from time to time refer to them require revision in modern conditions.' The Committee consists of members of the legal profession only, and includes five Judges, including the President, six barristers, two of whom are legal professors, and two solicitors. Their task is somewhat faintly outlined, but the intention seems to be to submit to them the ancient maxims of the Common law, mostly dating from the time of Coke (Queen Elizabeth), on which our law is founded : having first ascertained the modifications which three centuries of decisions have introduced into these, they are to ask themselves whether, as so amended, they are fitted for modern conditions ; if not, they are to propose new laws which will make them so. Thus the Committee are to exercise the function of legislators.

Four doctrines were submitted to the Committee in January, including the old maxim '*actio personalis moritur cum persona*,' a maxim which the motor car accidents of the present day have brought into prominence. The Committee reported on two of the four subjects in March, including the '*actio personalis*,' suggesting certain reforms in general terms. On May 2 the Lord Chancellor introduced in the Lords a Bill framed in accordance with these reports. In his speech he laid especial stress on the fact that the Committee had been unanimous in their recommendations, and said that this would be an essential condition of future Acts. The Bill was rapidly passed through both Houses and became law on July 25, under the name of the 'Law Reform (Miscellaneous Provisions) Act, 1934.' The amount of interest displayed by Parliament in the Bill may be gauged from the fact that in the two Houses together only about half a dozen members took part in the debate.*

* The other two doctrines were reported upon in July 1934 and December 1934 respectively, and a bill has been introduced in the House of Lords, called 'The Law Reform (Miscellaneous Provisions) Bill,' to carry the reports into effect, which received a second reading on June 5.

The doctrines submitted in January dealt with civil injuries or 'torts,' all the subject of case-law. They were followed in November by three chapters of law dealing with contract, which are largely contained in Statute law. While the torts of January only affect the public generally, the contract law of November definitely affects the mercantile community. The three subjects include the Statute of Frauds of 1677. This statute took the first step in a legislative policy which has been very frequently followed since, viz. to subject certain important business transactions to special formalities, with the view of preventing them from being improvidently entered into. Thus, *inter alia*, contracts for tenancies in land, for the sale of goods worth more than 10*l.*, or guaranteeing the debt of another, were to be unenforceable unless made in writing.

Now that the Committee has passed its first Act through Parliament, it is possible to take stock of the procedure which appears to be intended. In the first place, it will be noted that no man of general attainments and experience has been appointed to the Committee. Asked in the course of the debate why no business man had been appointed, as had been originally proposed, the Solicitor-General in effect replied that this would cause too much delay. 'The engine,' he said, 'is running hot. Instead of setting up a committee composed of passengers or even of guards or of signalmen, we shall do better to refer the matter entirely to the engineers to see how to deal with it.' This, incidentally, indicates that much new law is to be rushed on to the Statute book. It is probably the first time in history that the functions of the advocate have been likened to those of the working engineer. Another noticeable feature is that it is apparently intended not to take any evidence from the outside public, not even from the commercial community. The Committee who were instructed in January and reported in March can hardly have had time to take any evidence; the two Houses of Parliament took none.

This proposal to entrust the codification of our private law to a body of barristers alone, shows a very great misconception of the magnitude and difficulty of the law, and of the different functions exercised by the lawyer and the legislator. The business of the lawyer is

to know what the law is, and, owing to the extent of the law, no lawyer can claim to know thoroughly more than one or two departments, or generally to do more than indicate where the law on the particular subject may be found. Again, so vast is the law that the Judge has constantly to deal with new departments, and can only declare it after it has been exhaustively argued before him by counsel on both sides. But this knowledge of what the law is will not carry the *legislator* very far, whose function, in this scientific age, is to study the circumstances and mentality of the class to be legislated for and find out what laws will suit them, what laws they are likely to obey. He must be a social scientist or sociologist. While the lawyer spends his time delving in his law books, the legislator will spend much of his in mixing with his special public and finding out their wants. The academic training of the barrister is especially unfitted for teaching him the effect of law on the community, for he misses the knowledge of business practices and of the attitude of the client to the law, which the solicitor obtains.

The setting up of a committee thus constituted to deal with matters of mercantile law marks a great change of attitude, for, before the war, Parliament took the greatest care that no laws should be passed for the commercial community without their understanding and concurrence. As examples we may take the Acts dealing with companies, bankruptcy and bills of sale. These were generally introduced into the House of Commons by private members, themselves distinguished representatives of the business class affected. The Bill did not reach the Statute book until it had been thoroughly threshed out with all parties interested. If it had not been originally recommended by a Royal Commission, it was referred to a Select Committee of the Commons or a Departmental Committee, who invited criticism from all comers.

I shall now give a brief description of case-law, and suggest the procedure which must be followed if it is to be scientifically codified. The case-law on any subject is contained in the reported decisions upon it, from which the Judge, in dealing with a new case, seeks to deduce the proper principle of decision. Case-law thus has its origin in the rule that the Judge is to follow precedent.

Now it is important to observe that this is not the only possible method of decision, for he might decide by his natural sense of justice. He would indeed certainly follow this method if he had the necessary acquaintance with the circumstances; thus a Head set over a small body of men, say the workers in a factory or the boys in a school, would soon get to understand their conditions and temptations, and would decide their disputes on his own responsibility. But the position of the Judge is that he is called upon at any time to decide a dispute arising out of some one of hundreds of human relationships or businesses, with few (or none) of which can he possibly be intimately acquainted. Unable adequately to appreciate the mentality and circumstances of the parties before him, he falls back on precedent.

In the early stages of our law the Judge was thrown on his own resources much more than at present. The Court of Chancery avowedly based its judgments on natural equity, and claimed to override on these grounds the decisions of the Courts of Common Law, which were bound by rigid rules. When, however, in the course of the eighteenth century, reliable law reports came into existence, precedent received a stimulus, and towards its end the rule was evolved that precedent was to be followed. This rule, however, does not in practice prevent the Judges from putting forward new principles. If no precedent can be found, or if none happens to be brought before him, the Judge must decide by his sense of justice. At the present time the Supreme Tribunal, though constantly disclaiming the power of making new law, as constantly does so.

The dossier of decisions on a particular subject, though dignified with the name of case-law, does not deserve the name of *law*, for it has none of the certainty of real law. You may watch for a century an initial principle, which was conceived in too general terms, being gradually whittled down; but though on each new decision the old principle becomes more unreliable, the stage will never be reached when it can be treated as superseded, for case-law cannot possibly issue an imperative command. Though the new decision does better justice in the particular case, the general body of the surrounding law is rendered more uncertain. Let us suppose that a Judge

starts a new principle. There is no method by which its merits may be summarily tried out, and henceforth, if it happens to survive, the law will be complicated by the existence side by side of two conflicting principles, each with its following of cases. In a recent book, entitled 'The Victims of Fraud ; a plea for a new law' (Oxford University Press), I have anticipated the work of the Law Revision Committee by endeavouring to codify the case-law on one subject, the contest between the two innocent victims of a fraud, as to which is to bear the loss. After examining the principles by which it is at present decided, I discard them all and propound a new method. In the book I give many examples of the working of case-law, one of which may be repeated here by way of illustration. In deciding the contest between the supposed signatory of an instrument whose name has been forged and the innocent purchaser of the instrument, say, between the supposed signatory of a cheque and the bank who pay it, the Court has been bound by a hard-and-fast rule that no title can be derived under a forged signature. This rule has led to a great deal of injustice, it being open to an employer to give his fraudulent clerk every possible facility to forge his cheques, and then recover the amount from the bank, who had no means of detecting the forgery. In 1827, a Court, in a case where a cheque had been fraudulently raised in amount, ignoring the old rule and following its natural sense of justice, gave judgment for the bank, and after this decision had been reprobated for nearly one hundred years, the House of Lords, in 1917, resuscitated it, declaring that there is an implied contract between banker and customer that the latter will draw his cheques so carefully that they cannot be altered.* Now this decision marks a most important advance in the law, but it is obtained at the expense of unsettling all the surrounding law. As the new principle cannot logically be denied to ordinary forged cheques, bills of exchange and all other instruments, the law of all these is immediately unsettled. Indeed, unless there is some body authorised to take up the embryo principle suggested by the Lords, work it out and apply it to all the law that it affects, the ultimate

* Young v. Grote ; MacMillan v. London Joint Stock Bank.

gain may not exceed the loss. In making these remarks I have postulated that the infant principle manages to survive, but as a fact in this case it did not receive any special notice from the profession, and is not unlikely to be submerged by future decisions. Case-law resembles the ever-fluctuating tides of the ocean, which now and again throw up banks of valuable matter, but if this is not gathered in time it is soon swept away.

Besides its general futility, case-law has other disadvantages, viz. (1) that it tends to accumulate in such quantities as to render the task of the Judge excessively burdensome; (2) that the Judge, who is compelled to follow ancient precedent, cannot give effect to the current sentiment of the time. Moreover, ever following precedent has a bad effect on the mentality of the Judge, for it tends to make him, not a jurist, who keeps his eyes on the existing world and endeavours to base the law upon reason, but an antiquarian, with his eyes ever turned to the past. Those who advise further research as the cure for our present ills, unless they mean sociological research, will only accentuate this defect.

To convert case-law into sound statute-law, the process of codification is required. In the legislative mill the Judges occupy the outer chambers, and produce the coarse grain in great quantities; but provision is needed for passing this into the interior, where stands the refining machinery of the Legislature, where the pure grain can be sifted out and the product perfected by being exposed to the free winds of public criticism. Codification in this country has as yet hardly started its career. At present only three bodies of case-law have been codified, viz. the laws of bills of exchange, sale of goods and partnership. Codification must not be confused with the process of consolidating the statute-law—the conversion of all the statute-law on a particular subject into one statute, a process which, as it can be effected by Government Departments without public inquiry, is being effected apace.

The task of codification consists in sifting the cases to find the true principle, putting it, when found, into concise terms and making it statute-law. But the institutors of the Law Revision Committee and the legal profession generally have not quite realised the nature of the pro-

cess. In entrusting the task to barrister-draftsmen alone, they seem to have imagined that the cases could be trusted by themselves to disclose the true principle, the elucidation of which would be a merely clerical task, and they make no provision for the emergence of conflicting principles, for it is hardly to be expected that the committee should decide these without having the two sides argued before them. Now the case-law on any subject will never alone provide the material for extracting, with certainty, the true principle. If the cases brought before the Courts had been specially selected so as to show all the possible aspects of the problem, this might be the case, but they have been determined by pure chance, the deciding factor being whether the litigant was sufficiently interested or well-off to start an action. As codifiers have told us, on some aspects of the particular problem there will be conflicting decisions, while on others, perhaps the most important, there will be no decisions at all. It follows that the task of codification will have to be divided between two classes of workers; the lawyer will first digest the existing cases, i.e. he will sort and compare them and eliminate those which have been overruled, thus producing a concise statement of the principle or principles which have been evolved; conflicting principles he will leave side by side. Having thus summed up the past law, he will hand it over to the scientific legislator, whose function it is to turn it into present law. The jurist who is entrusted with this task will form a committee of members of the class affected, to whom he will report the particular cases which have arisen in the Courts, and will obtain from them further cases which have occurred in their experience or which they conceive might occur. By all these cases the principles of the Court will be tested. The committee will have to decide between conflicting principles, and may even suggest new principles themselves. The jurist will also, of course, consult any publicist who may have written on the subject. As a result, he should be able to draft simple enactments which the class affected will be able to understand.

The experiment of turning barristers into legislators is now being made for the second time, the example having first been set in the Law of Property Act, 1922, commonly known as 'Lord Birkenhead's Act.' This Act repre-

sented an abnormal and monstrous growth in the legislative organism, engendered by war mentality and by the great congestion that the war had caused in normal bureaucratic legislation, and one which, it is to be hoped, will never occur again. I made a careful examination of the genesis and characteristics of the Act in a book entitled 'The Law of Property Act, 1922; how will it work?' and predicted for it disastrous results. Before, however, saying more about it now, mention may be made, by way of contrast, of a piece of legislation in which the barrister-draftsman performed his normal function of servant and assistant of the legislator. I refer to the Bills of Exchange Act, 1882, the most successful instance of a codifying Act as yet effected. The Bill was promoted by the Institute of Bankers and the Associated Chambers of Commerce, acting together. Sir Mackenzie Chalmers, who had made a digest of the case-law affecting bills of exchange, classifying some 2500 cases, the product of three centuries, was instructed by the two promoting bodies to turn his digest into a parliamentary Bill. In his capacity of their legal adviser, his object seems to have been to obtain the utmost criticism and assistance from commercial men. Committees of the two bodies went through the Bill at all stages with him. In both Houses it was committed to select committees containing bankers, merchants and solicitors. But the most remarkable feature of the Act was that, as Parliament made it a condition of accepting it that it should be non-contentious, it merely summarised the existing law in clearer and more precise terms, making very few alterations. Thus the Act, as the draftsman admitted, contains many defects, and it is not really a codifying Act at all, for codification means that the defects or gaps which the case-law discloses are properly filled in and amended, and the law turned out in a finished form. The fact seems to have been that the promoters were generally satisfied with the existing law, and only wished it to be made more clear and certain. At any rate, this half-measure of codification seems to have met the wants of its promoters, for there has been very little litigation upon it and no proposals for amendment.

In the Law of Property Act, 1922, a little body of conveyancing barristers were allowed to recast, at their

pleasure, the whole law of real property and conveyancing. These barristers drew out of their pigeon-holes a set of Bills on various subjects prepared by themselves, of which subjects only one had been submitted to public inquiry. These they incorporated into the longest and most complex Bill ever submitted to Parliament. Three at least of the subjects could not be adequately dealt with without the assistance of the publicist and the man of affairs. The Act was far too long for Parliament to be able really to examine it, and it was passed after a merely formal perusal. No outside evidence was taken upon it save that of certain large bodies, who do not in any way represent the individual landowner. Few conveyancers would now claim that the Act has achieved the avowed object of its promoters, to simplify the law; indeed, a short examination of the six Property Acts of 1925, in which the Act of 1922 was merged, will show that the law has become three or four times its previous length and is expressed in much more difficult language. The draftsmen of course, as barristers, had no experience of the business side of land transfer, and the absence of the practical spirit is shown by two main characteristics of this legislation. In the first place, the results aimed at are quite out of proportion to the expense and labour involved. The most ambitious scheme, the 'Curtain' scheme, revolutionised the old conveyancing practice by calling into existence new sets of trustees, prescribing new methods for drawing deeds and setting up a new register of charges, all to achieve the tiniest result, a shortened abstract of title on a sale. In the second place, there is a complete indifference to the factor of expense. Many examples of this might be drawn from the part of the legislation dealing with intestacy, examples which have injuriously affected the small property owner.

On the third reading of the Law of Property Bill the Solicitor-General, who, in introducing it, had congratulated the House that he knew of more than one member who had read every word of it, took occasion to thank the conveyancers of Lincoln's Inn, 'to whose brains the Bill was due,' and called attention to the fact that there had only been one division on a Bill of three hundred pages. To some observers this unanimity seemed the most tragic element in the whole business. The after-history of the

Property Acts of 1925 has been very different from that of the Bills of Exchange Act. The Acts were amended on forty-five points the very year they came into operation; and the Lord Chancellor had to intimate that further applications for amendment would not be entertained. Notwithstanding this, the Acts were further amended in 1929 and 1932, and it is to be expected that many generations will have elapsed before Parliament has, by successive measures, finally undone this hasty and superficial legislation.

To return to the Law Revision Committee—the danger is lest their legislation should come to exhibit the same characteristics as the Law of Property Act. The main crux is the question of unanimity. If the Committee probe deeply into their subject, they will certainly come across numerous conflicts of principle in the old law and many alternative ways of amendment. Thus, in dealing with the Statute of Frauds, they will be at once confronted with the fact that, in the opinion of many lawyers, the whole policy of the Act has been a mistake, and that it has promoted, rather than prevented, fraud. Will the Committee take the responsibility of deciding these conflicts without reference to the class of the community who have had practical experience of the old law and will have to bear the brunt of the new, or will they glaze over the differences and cause the new statutes, like the Law of Property Act, to become loaded with vague enactments and trivial points, while the real problems are left untouched?

The new committee is merely an enlarged Court of Justice, and it is not unlikely that its working will resemble that of the present Supreme Tribunal. Now the decisions of the House of Lords during the last thirty years have been distinguished by the surprise and consternation they have caused to the classes affected. They have scattered bombshells on practices and institutions which were believed to be securely established. As an instance, we may take the decision upsetting the supposed exemption of Trade Union funds from liability for damage done by a strike.* In their views on this subject the Lords were supported, it is believed, by educated opinion generally.

* *Taff Vale Railway v. Amalgamated Society of Engineers* (1901).

But they were found to be directly opposed to the views of Trade Unionists, and Parliament found it necessary to pass an Act making the latter prevail. (Trades Disputes Act, 1906.) Is it not likely that legislation promoted by the new committee for a class whom they have not consulted will be found to alienate the opinions of that class ?

Experience seems by now to have proved that Parliament will never be able to spare sufficient time to undertake the revision of the general law. This was the case in 1882, when the Bills of Exchange Act could only be passed in a non-contentious form, and fifty years later Parliament is still as engrossed as ever with pressing current legislation. The time, then, seems to have arrived for adopting Mill's proposal for setting up a permanent Commission to codify the law, to which each department of case-law, as it reaches maturity, can be sent. The main object of the Commission will be to ensure that its legislation is fitted to the needs of the legislature. It is to be hoped, then, that the Government will now make good the omission in their programme and, returning to the sound pre-war principle that no laws must be passed for the mercantile community without their intelligent assent, will either appoint a permanent lay committee to sit side by side with the present one, or appoint lay members to the present one. This Commission might in due time codify the whole law, but it is much to be hoped that the codifiers will bear in mind that only perfect work is worthy of the Statute book, and will go slowly, realising what experienced critics have said, that premature codification is worse than none at all.

EUSTACE J. HARVEY.

Art. 10.—THE AUSTRIAN INTERREGNUM.

1. *Dollfuss and his Times*. By J. D. Gregory. Hutchinson, 1935.
2. *The Death of Dollfuss. An Official History of the Nazi Revolt of July, 1934*. Translated by Johann Messinger. Denis Archer, 1935.
3. *Dollfuss*. By Dr Johannes Messner. Innsbruck : Tyrolia Verlag, 1934.
4. *Engelbert Dollfuss*. By Professor Dietrich von Hildebrand. Salzburg : Verlag Anton Pustet, 1934.
5. *Beiträge zu Vorgeschichte und Geschichte der Julirevolte*. Vienna : Bundeskommissariat für Heimatsdienst, 1934.
6. *Bundeskanzler Dr Engelbert Dollfuss*. By Otto Seiffert. Vienna : Neuigkeits Weltblatt, 1933.
7. *Von Seipel zu Dollfuss*. By Dr August Knoll. Vienna : Manz'sche Verlag, 1934.
8. *L'Austria non si tocca*. By Count Antonio Alberti-Poja. Brescia : Giulio Vannini, 1934.

BEFORE America was invaded by white men from Europe or brown men from Egypt, the stretch of country from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico was a vast natural pasture where wild bisons roamed. Desiring quick riches, the invaders drained and desiccated the soil for an abundance of wheat and maize, with the eventual consequence that myriads of little furrows formed rivulets to carry the vegetable mould off to the seas ; long droughts followed, hurricanes pulverised the waterless remains, and vast regions are visited with visions of plagues of Egypt. Tons of volatile earth fill the air like sandstorms ; mid-day and midnight are scarcely distinguishable ; trains are six or more hours late, for it is impossible to recognise signals ; schools are closed ; streets, mouths, eyes, lungs, bronchial tubes are charged and choked ; men and women struggle about in gas-masks ; birds are struck down and lie in helpless heaps ; and, when the winds abate, the dust-storms continue to hang and drop silently to dust for days in a continent's funeral. Entire harvests have been destroyed ; the population of whole districts takes to desperate flight as at the approach of invading Huns. Kansas, which produced 250 million bushels of corn in 1931, is not expected to yield more than a quarter thereof

this year ; and according to scientific prophets another half century of present conditions will reduce a great part of the United States to a Sahara. It is consequently being recognised that man must bow to laws of nature and he is frantically seeking to revert to the wisdom of old times, restore pastures, import plants from as far as Turkestan, and try to atone for the selfish ignorance of conquerors who prepared an artificial desert.

The ignorance and selfishness of other conquerors, it is thought by critics of peace-terms, condemned Austria to similar agonies, if not to eventual extinction, by the relentless treaty imposed at Saint Germain. Let us consider what Austria was, is, and may be once again. Too much pity has been lavished upon the death-throes of a transient Prussian Empire that arose from an obscure, half-savage sept on the confines of Asia, profited by an easy defeat of unprepared French to aim at a European hegemony, and brought about the universal sandstorms which darken the world to-day. The sentence for provoking a long and painful war was tempered with bungling generosity ; but instead of making patient amends, this aggressive and universally hated realm has filled the airs again with clouds of horror and fear.

It must not be forgotten that Austria was for centuries the Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation, the beneficent ruler of most of Europe from the borders of Russia and Turkey to the Netherlands, Sicily, Burgundy, and Spain, director of the civilised world's politics and culture. Frederick 'the Great' tried treacherously to oust her and Bismarck followed in his footsteps. During the World War Prussian generals claimed the credit of every Austrian victory and openly rejoiced whenever circumstances compelled an Austrian withdrawal. The Emperor William actually proposed to the Emperor Charles that Austria should content herself with a position similar to that of Bavaria in complete dependence on Berlin. If Prussian Germany had won the war, Austria no less than the rest of the world would have been enslaved.

War responsibilities are still hotly disputed, but few sober observers now disagree over peace-guilt. In 1903 a savage crime occurred in the Balkans, Serbian gangsters murdering their sovereigns with incredible barbarism

and not merely escaping justice but establishing themselves as apparently permanent dictators of their country. As Pashić, their premier, cynically remarked to King Nicholas of Montenegro, assassination had become 'recognised as a weapon of practical politics.' And with diabolical foresight, Serbia went on to prepare the discomfiture of Austria by organising another assassination at Serajevo. That led to a punitive expedition and the world went to war on various pretexts of democracy and self-determination. But no one suggests that Austria was aiming at conquests or places in the sun. If punishment had to follow defeat as a consequence of an apocalyptic upheaval, elementary justice surely required that some account should be taken of responsibilities.

That, however, was not the attitude of the peace-makers. Two of them are dead and the third is politically discredited, so the sooner they are forgotten the better. They probably meant well; Clemenceau at least for France. He succeeded, and his successors have continued, in percolating Eastern Europe with vassal states enlisted to celebrate the triumphs of his timid and bellicose people. President Wilson and Mr Lloyd George acted with an appearance of political righteousness. They knew no language but their own. Maps were strange to them. The only Galicia that Mr Lloyd George had heard of was in Spain. President Wilson dogmatised and domineered mysteriously without finding support even among his own compatriots. What wonder, then, that the result should prove a farcical tragedy, that roads should be macadamised to facilitate the advent of Bolsheviki and mountebanks!

If the ethnic races of Eastern Europe were grouped in definite areas, it might have been possible, perhaps desirable, to set them up as comfortable states. But they are all intermingled to a bewildering degree. During generations they have been interdependent for prosperity, even for existence. The new dispensations have not only exposed minorities to harsh persecutions but divorced hinterlands from their ports, agricultural districts from their markets, cities from their rivers, in some cases even farms from their fields and barns. As Dr Frank Simonds has pointed out in his instructive book 'Can Europe Keep the Peace?' transport systems are dislocated, water

communications neglected, great railways abandoned, necessitating expensive and futile reconstructions to take their place. True self-determination could have been accomplished without so disastrous an upheaval if the Emperor Charles had been permitted to remain in Austria to carry out his plans of a federal empire with each nationality controlling its own affairs.

This I found extravagantly confirmed when I visited a farm at the bridgehead of the Danube four miles from Bratislava, alias Pressburg, alias Pozsóny. In the middle of the fields, once the undivided property of Count Battyanyi, stands a huge obelisk of Moravian granite weighing the best part of a ton, demonstrating the partition of the farm between three countries. There was an imposing commission in 1920 with red-tabbed officers surrounded by the expensive experts and camp-followers usual on such occasions. Eventually, it was decided that sheds and stables should remain Hungarian, dwellings become Czechoslovak, and fields be divided *pro rata* between the three countries. The actual new frontier is an artificial strip, invisible to the naked eye, bisecting fields with no regard for old boundaries. To the right grows Hungarian corn, to the left Czechoslovak corn. The Hungarian is worth 10 pengös per meterzentner, say 5s. ; the Czechoslovak 130 crowns, or 16s. ; though they were sowed and grown from similar seed and are of the same value for all practical purposes. But on no account must they be mixed or go untaxed from country to country. For ploughing there is one motor-plough in Czechoslovakia and another in Hungary, with the wire crossing three frontiers ; but the Austrian fields have to be content with a plough drawn by oxen. In this same farm you may see Austrian, Hungarian, and Czechoslovak oxen, all of the same breed, and, as they have to cross frontiers several times a day, they need fresh endorsements. Oxen who stray a few yards across frontiers without passports are challenged and shot by sentries, and there is no compensation. At the time of my visit, the boar in the pigsties of the Czechs was incapacitated by catarrh, and his sows could no longer be served, though there was a perfectly capable boar in the Hungarian part of the farm. Labourers, drovers, cowboys, even school-children must show their passports

every time they cross a frontier. Every small child now knows all about frontier permits, provisional passes, and similar formalities. The clash of holidays also wastes valuable time. Hungary celebrates March 15 and August 20; Czechoslovakia May 1 and October 28; while until Dollfuss' state-stroke November 12 was an Austrian national festival. Many labourers seize the opportunity of idling on all of them. One result of the confusion is to make smuggling very profitable, with the great variation of prices in the different countries. A large and heterogeneous population is accordingly to be found in the neighbouring woods—circus-folk, Arabs who swallow swords, deserters from various armies, professional thieves, purveyors of forged passports, people waiting to cross without papers, especially smugglers of saccharine, Hungarian sausages, and paprika from Szegedin, eggs, game, lard, fish, and cheap shoes. No doubt farms have often been situated near frontiers and have suffered inconveniences from the fact; but here are unnecessary hardships in an aggravated but by no means isolated form, evidence of peace-treaties in practice.

In his lucid and luminous book, 'Dollfuss and his Times,' Mr Gregory observes that, 'of all the peace treaties, that of St Germain must go down to history as the most ill-conceived, unwise, and unjust of them all.' Bonaparte would certainly not have been so lenient. Yet the favoured Prussians have indulged in constant screams ever since, though their Emperor was allowed to become one of the richest men in Europe while they were left with a fairly free hand for the accomplishment of their own regeneration. Sixty millions, we were told, could not be held in everlasting bondage, and propaganda postcards were universally circulated 'to show what big armies are massed on our frontiers, while we are allowed little more than a police force. . . . If Lithuania chose to invade us to-morrow, she could occupy the whole of Germany with her military aircraft.' And the internal conditions were far from encouraging. The Weimar constitution, democratic though it seemed, afforded scant satisfaction to democrats. Most citizens constantly fought among themselves. There were conspicuous inclinations towards Russian bolshevism, including a short-lived Red régime at Munich. Arms were secretly made

and imported in brazen defiance of treaties. Finance was so contrived that marks were worth precisely what the authorities chose to make them in complete disregard of bank-reserves at home or horse-sense in other countries.

But for the sobering effects of Hindenburg's rule, his Germany seemed on the verge of complete madness, and when he grew very old he made the mistake of trying to be too clever and thereby facilitated the installation of Herr Hitler, who is responsible for as much trouble in Austria as in the Reich. According to Mr Gregory, that agitator's real name is Schücklgruber and, though born at the frontier town of Braunau in Upper Austria, he is in stock more Bavarian than Austrian ; his native air

'had not that limpid, unadulterated Austrian flavour that wafts gently through the rest of the old Habsburg dominions. This is the only way of accounting for his un-Austrian character, his mentality, methods, appearance, and raucous voice. So that, when this house-decorator subsequently deserted from the Austrian army and joined a regiment of the Reich, he was merely returning to his spiritual home.'

There his idea was to play the part of Frederick 'the Great' and Bismarck, glorifying himself by subjugating all German people, especially Austrians, to the Prussian yoke. I found his supporters specially disturbed by an Austrophil article in 'The Times' of July 15, 1932 :

'Austria, that unhappy little land. . . . Something must be done and done quickly to avert the disaster that threatens to have incalculable results for all Central Europe . . . The World War only interrupted and did not permanently injure the feelings of sympathy and admiration with which the majority of Austrians regarded this country. Any one who has lived in Austria since 1919 can testify to the universal kindness shown to him by a people which has suffered more heavily than most peoples from a catastrophe that entailed loss upon all. . . . In pre-war days it was often stated that bureaucracy was the disease gnawing at the vitals of the Habsburg Monarchy and gradually sapping its strength. Unfortunately Republican Austria inherited the disease with the homelands of the Habsburgs and allowed it to pursue its deadly work without applying any remedial measures. . . . A feeling of helplessness seems to have become widespread throughout the masses of the population. Successive loans have served only to increase Austria's load of indebtedness

and to give her a sense of being absolutely dependent for all time upon the financial assistance of her more powerful neighbours.'

'The Times,' Hitlerite agents then asserted, was inspired by the Foreign Office, which was 'notoriously under the thumb of France.'

To estimate Prussian hopes, it is necessary to glance at the nature of modern Austria, the conditions there, and the character of her people. She could comfortably have carried out a punitive expedition against a small criminal neighbour; but all her wisest statesmen must have known that she was unfit to see a World War through. The old Emperor hated the idea of war. Memories of 1859 and 1866 disposed him to avoid it at all costs. But public opinion clamoured loudly for a fight, and was supported by Count Berchtold, the Foreign Minister. Even the Hungarian Tisza, who had clung to peace all along, was now eager for action. Indeed, the future Emperor Charles was almost the only prominent man to insist upon peace, and he was overruled. When he found himself caught in his nation's quarrel, he proved himself a great captain, worthy of his namesake of Aspern, but when matters went from bad to worse, he strove hard for a peace in 1917, that would have saved a million lives and most of the subsequent disasters of the world. But his proposals were rejected, partly through Prussian follies and chiefly through the political intrigues of Entente leaders. As Anatole France summed up

'the Emperor Charles offered peace. There is the only honest man who occupied an important position during the War, but he was not listened to. The Emperor Charles has a sincere desire for peace, so everybody hates him. Ribot is an old scoundrel (*une vieille canaille*) to have neglected such an opportunity. A King of France, yes a King would have taken pity on our poor people, bled white, extenuated, at the end of their strength. But democracy has no heart and no bowels. A slave of the powers of money, it is pitiless and inhuman.'

So Austria was swallowed up in the disaster of the Central Powers. Bulgaria laid down her arms and denounced her alliance; Turkey suffered a disastrous defeat; the Prussians were forced home and saturated with socialism, their Sovereign abdicating and fleeing to

Holland in fear of his own soldiers. Austria could not resist the world alone. The Emperor Charles was forsaken and betrayed by his counsellors, revolution spread like wildfire, inspired by Russian agents and members of subject nationalities, whose misguided aspirations were confirmed by the dictators of the Treaty of St Germain. Now the Austrians may be very charming 'baroque' people, as their fervent admirers protest, but that does not qualify a remnant to defend what was once a great Empire, physical sanctions being needed for the survival even of a sort of League of Nations in miniature. Thanks to the inefficiency, cowardice, or at least confusion of military and political egotists, a band of Red socialists seized power and proclaimed a republic after the collapse of the imperial troops. The genuine Austrians had no hankering for a republic. Even the 'Arbeiter Zeitung,' official organ of the revolutionists, described the new dispensation as 'a republic without republicans.'

Mr Gregory quotes the poet Uhland in 1848, 'Austria is not only the Lantern of the East, she is also the artery at the heart of the German people'; and Pirandello in 1934, 'She is indisputably more than ever *the* cultural centre of Europe . . . the reservoir of the creative forces of Germanism.' Perhaps, but as Mr Gregory frequently emphasises, the Austrians have a 'general, easy-going temperament, a good deal of mistaken humanitarianism, a constitutional mildness of character.' The peace-makers, he tells us, constrained within a narrow space not merely eight millions of people, but a tradition and culture of far greater importance.

'To the peace-makers Austria was just a country like any other, and, if she were truncated, it was a matter of small political moment which would soon be forgotten. She would soon sink to a Balkan level, become part of the general dust-heap, and there would be an end of it. It was congenial to them also that Austria fell forthwith into the hands of the socialists.'

And in their hands she fell very low. What money could be collected was squandered on all sorts of needless luxuries for the undeserving poor. Huge fortress-palaces were erected not only to accommodate workers but to provide them with facilities for fighting and for escape in the event of civil war. Bela Kun and other com-

munists were welcomed from Russia and assisted in their disguises and furtive conspiracies. Deflation of currency gave 20,000 crowns and more for a pound; sumptuous suites of rooms were available at the best hotels for tenpence a day in 1921. Public debts mounted up in a way that might have shocked even Poplar. The Imperial family was robbed and harassed, the Emperor pronounced *vogelfrei*—free as a bird to be shot by the first miscreant with an eye for crime; and though he steadfastly refused to abdicate, it seemed better that he should withdraw to Switzerland and await better times.

Then a strange fact was revealed. If advocates of a republic were non-existent, almost every Austrian was found to desire an *Anschluss*—immediate union with discredited Prussia. To please the masses, the new republic was styled 'German Austria, a component part of the German republic,' and it was argued that, the non-German provinces having lapsed, the rump-state should acknowledge itself German. To quote the apologetic Mr Gregory,

'Vienna was old and hoary before Berlin was born or even conceived: and yet endowed with eternal youth, if not always with eternal wisdom. It is mellow where Berlin is harsh; detached where Berlin is frankly materialist; tolerant where Berlin can mostly think only in terms of iron uniformity. Thus the gulf between the Austrian and the Prussian mentalities is so immense that it might be thought to be unbridgeable. Nevertheless the Austrian and the Prussian are both Germans and have remained so despite the divergent evolution, both in their culture and in their policy. . . . The idea "Reich" is one thing: the concrete "Reich" is another; and to the idealistic German, the German of the great culture of the past, it is the former that he cherishes as his inalienable possession. The Austrian is essentially that idealistic German who dreams of an abstract Reich, for he is above all a dreamer. . . . The dream of the majority was doubtless that they should all be gathered into a single fold and share a common fate, made more tolerable by racial unity that could defend itself with some chance of success. But the Powers decreed otherwise—mercifully as it turned out—and Austria was left a small province of 8,000,000 souls. The disappointment was one of the hardest it had to bear, and not all its people were prepared to bear it. The Tyrol and Salzburg pronounced overwhelmingly in favour of union with the Reich (the

Vorarlberg, curiously, with Switzerland), but revised their opinion later and declared for inclusion in a Greater Bavaria, though they subsequently thought better of this too. But in general public feeling was in favour of the *Anschluss*, each section having its own reasons: Catholics enamoured of the freedom granted to the Church under the Weimar constitution, socialists glad to join hands with the dominant party in the Reich, and German Nationals by profession.'

And Weimar was eager to suffer fools gladly to come unto her.

The rise of Austrian Nazism is well summarised in the official history entitled 'The Death of Dollfuss.' The National Socialist Party of Austria was the successor of the National Association of German Workers in Austria, but its activities passed almost unheeded for five years after the revolution, concerning itself only with the *Anschluss*, the hostility against East European Jews, and the housing problem. Karl Schulz became leader in 1924, when the Austrian faction was receiving financial support from Germany and communist opposition was making itself felt. In 1925 increased attention was aroused by an angry agitation against the presence of a Zionist Congress in Vienna, and street demonstrations were multiplied by members of the Party. Keener conflicts occurred in 1926, when the followers of Schulz would have accepted German money and Hitler's spiritual direction, whereas a meeting at Munich insisted on complete absorption of the Austrian organisation to fight all who opposed Hitler. From 1926 to 1928 a national organisation was set up throughout Austria, comprising 7000 members who were in financial difficulties and quarrelled much among themselves. No recruits joined in 1929 owing to the progress of the *Heimwehr* with Fascist proclivities; but in January 1930 increased activity set in, membership amounted to about 110,000, Frauenfeld was appointed leader for Vienna, and money was received regularly from Munich. In July 1931 the notorious Habicht was appointed Provincial Inspector for Austria and propagandist activity was immediately increased. Three hundred meetings were held in 1932, Nazi groups of peasants were formed, many unemployed were enrolled, and great vigour was observable everywhere, directed from a 'Brown House' in Vienna, which

had cost 4300l. It soon became clear that the German leaders were making every effort to secure absolute control of the Austrian Nazis, and a campaign of outrages was inaugurated, mainly to assist in a parliamentary campaign. In 1933 the chief Nazi slogan was that the Austrian Government had proved incapable of resisting the Bolshevik menace, and after the suspension of parliament, the Nazi campaign was concentrated against the Government and its adherents. Builders, distributors, and bill-stickers crept about at night to cover buildings, hoardings, even mountains with the clumsy pagan cross of their party; then, finding that a mere irritant, the agitators proceeded to daggers and bombs in public places, eventually to the shooting of Chancellor Dollfuss at the Ballhausplatz.

The republican constitution had prescribed two chambers at Vienna, a *Nationalrat* elected by the rump of Austria and a *Bundesrat* or union of Diets of the various provinces. The *Nationalrat* was a disorderly House that indulged in much noise and vulgar abuse, threw inkpots about at times of excitement, and specialised in obstruction to increase the difficulties of the Government. In 1932 it consisted of 80 Red Communist Socialists and 81 supporters of Dollfuss's uneasy Ministry. It had three speakers or chairmen—Renner, an uncouth Marxist, who had been a ringleader in the overthrow of the Empire, and his deputies, a Hitlerite and a Bolshevised Jew. There had been a railway strike and the Government proposed mild punishments. The Reds and the Nazis, who were chronically hostile to one another but who both desired a general election, patched up a truce and defeated the Government; but Dollfuss decided to take no notice of that until formally censured by the House. Thereupon Renner resigned his speakership and the two deputy-chairmen also resigned, fancying that, as the House could not sit without a chairman, it would have to go to the country at once. Dollfuss, however, decided to govern without a parliament, at least until 1934, when another general election was due in the ordinary course. The Nazi chairman countered by summoning the House for March 15, but police were sent down to prevent members from assembling and they made no resistance.

Everybody began to talk at once all over Austria about popular rights and constitutional liberties and the illegality of using force against what, after all, was at best an illegal assembly. Nothing occurred, however, anywhere in Austria except a flight of wild rumours: how the Emperor Otto was on his way from Stuttgart, Hitler had torn up frontier-posts and might be expected to invade at any moment, the Reds were about to set up a reign of terror. Meanwhile, no one seemed to object when the Government promulgated new laws, prohibited publications and public meetings. Parliament, we heard, had taken forty weeks to pass one law; now Dollfuss decreed forty new laws in less than a week. He suppressed communists quite as effectively as Hitler did, and without so much fuss, forbade their uniforms and processions, dug their arms and munitions out of cemeteries and other hiding-places, then proceeded to tackle Hitlerites in the same way with a vigour that cost two days' mild rioting but was justified by success. It is interesting to remember that each of his two sets of opponents outnumbered his supporters, who in their turn were of doubtful fidelity. It was only after seventeen months of absolute government that the Nazis contrived a revolution that failed in a few days and a plot that cost the Chancellor his life. All civilised people, all who reject the opinion of Pashić that 'assassination is a legitimate weapon of practical politics,' are united in lamenting the untimely end of Dr Dollfuss and condemning the man who inspired it. On the historical effects of the crime and upon the future of Austria time alone can pronounce. But for immediate interest and intelligent understanding, historical students are strongly advised to study the calm official volume of Austria and the passionate hagiology of Mr Gregory. Couched in the sort of language we expect from a blue-book, 'The Death of Dollfuss' presents so full and vivid a murder-story that it should appeal to readers of 'The Crime Book Magazine,' while its telegraphic code and facsimiles of instructions for assassins will be invaluable to future conspirators, a guide to treason compiled by a public prosecutor.

'Dollfuss and his Times' is no less attractive, but in a different way. The author, with all his experience at the Foreign Office and in the diplomatic service, exhibits an

intimate knowledge of philosophy, literature, and history, and most of the enthusiasms of a poet. He never wearies in his emphasis of the popular sentiments of the day.

'The object of this book,' he winds up, 'has been to prove a fact: that in the centre of Europe there persists an idea, which, for lack of a better name, is called Austria; and that this idea was embodied in a single little man called Dollfuss, as before him it had been embodied in a single dynasty. It did not set out to prove the indeflectibility of this idea, still less that it was not destined to undergo another eclipse. Nobody can prophesy that it has not still to go through a catacomb existence before it can finally emerge triumphant. The two great dangers that threatened to submerge Dollfuss are still there, assuming new forms and growing ever more insidious. They are dangers which concern us all as much as they concerned Dollfuss and Austria, and the submerging of Austria will be the first step to the ultimate submerging of ourselves. In reality, there are not two dangers, but one; though, for political purposes, it has been convenient to give them two separate labels in the narrative. They can be summed up under the generic name Bolshevism.'

By which Mr Gregory means that what he calls 'the vapourings of the painter-decorator at Berlin,' while nominally fighting against 'the crude, in some ways more honest creed of Stalin,' are really of the same character and complexion. Mr Gregory adds a criticism of 'the elegant but corrosive metabiology' of the 'drawing-room bolshevism' of a Mr Middleton Murry, whose name and fame are probably as unknown to most of us as metabiology itself. Mr Gregory's book, in spite of his chryselephantine vocabulary, is so eminently readable and convincing that I hesitate to seem to depreciate, and it is with some hesitation that I suggest he would have been still more persuasive in his Dollfussolatry if he had been a little more reticent in the altiloquence of his sensibility.

It is, doubtless, a small matter, but does not persistent emphasis of his hero's diminutive size tend to suggest that it constitutes an almost exclusive claim on our sentimental devotion? I remember a brilliant author and lecturer who laid constant, semi-humorous stress upon the Johnsonian proportions of his anatomy, and it seemed

to me that he thereby led his audiences away from the cogency of his wit. Similarly, it might have been appropriate to call for sympathy for excessive shortness of stature if Dr Dollfuss had been earning his living at the National Sporting Club or entered for a baby-show, but it is not satisfactory evidence of patriotism or parliamentary sagacity. We are not concerned with the history of David and Goliath, nor do we need reminders that our statesman 'was in no sense a dwarf' and that we must not 'run away to the dwarfs of Callot, Carracci, Tiepolo, or Hogarth, still less to Dickens' Quilp or Sir Rupert in Arnold Bennett's "Lord Raingo."' Mere jokes are more tolerable in a biography, and we may still smile over the mouse-trap set by enemies to catch Dollfuss in his office; the Pope bidding him rise after genuflection and being told, 'But, Holy Father, I am already standing'; and the announcement of his life-size portraits on new postage-stamps. We are assured that he thoroughly enjoyed such forms of humour, but I remember reports in Vienna newspapers that he prosecuted somebody for repeating the nickname 'Millimetternich,' which was subtle as well as complimentary.

Perhaps we are also told too much about the modesty and simplicity of Dollfuss, how large-hearted and light-hearted he was, how irresistible a *persona gratissima* wherever he went, legal even in his illegalities, for all that is sufficiently expressed in the phrase 'idol of Austria' if we take that to mean idol of Mr Gregory. But 'genius' is too strong and provocative a word to apply to a man who soared to stratospheres where he could not breathe and exposed others to misfortunes through his own shortcomings. About these his biographer is almost painfully fair, admitting that ruthlessness is essential to a successful dictator, whereas Dollfuss was 'the most tolerant of men,' desired compromise even in the tightest corners, made frequent overtures both to Socialists and Nazis.

The extent of those overtures has not yet been made known by anybody, but we do know that he was long a supporter of the *Anschluss*, that even after repudiating and detesting the prospect of such a calamity, he retained a fixed idea of 'common German interests' (*gesamt-deutsche Interessen*), which he thought it was Austria's

duty to further, and he actually referred to Austria as 'the second German State,' which seems strange from a man glorified as 'the incarnation of Austria.' At any rate he failed to realise Austria as the remnant of the Holy Roman Empire and her future as bound up in the restoration of the House of Habsburg. His much-vaunted policy seems to have been content with the mere existence of a Balkanised State, small like himself and with as few ambitions to recover its transcendent rôle. In proof of his own modesty, we are told that he desired to remain Chancellor for as short a time as possible, preferably with the co-operation of Socialists and Nazis in his cabinet, and that he would have liked to secure a post on the staff of some newspaper. As he was (like Hitler) admitted to be 'not highly educated,' he can scarcely have expected to find much success there, unless perhaps in securing advertisements by his 'charm.' Such admissions, however, all illustrate the frankness of the biographer in seeking a true picture, warts and all, of his hero, saint, and martyr.

In connection with the childhood of Dollfuss, it is worth mentioning the excellent account given by Mr Gregory of the peculiar, semi-aristocratic conditions of the Austrian peasantry among whom Dollfuss lived and found his inspirations, districts where this 'backbone of the nation' has dwelt with pride and dignity for generations and centuries with coats of arms on house-fronts and names in a Golden Book. Peasantry and agriculture were the natural inspirations of Dollfuss from the outset and throughout. That, however, did not deter him from volunteering for the army so soon as war broke out, and in spite of difficulties on account of his stature, he obtained a cadetship in a sort of Austrian Reserve, where he took the oath of allegiance to the Emperor and his heirs.

He 'was the life and soul of every party' and 'led the rousing drinking songs' at Bozen's Peacock Hotel. Presently he was instructed in machine-gun practice and, being the hero of a book, rapidly excelled, was magically fortunate in the imminent deadly breach (for 'the impossible happened, strange things which the incredulous call coincidence'), and 'during this nerve-racking period of holding a difficult front against overwhelming forces,

Dollfuss so distinguished himself by personal prowess that a certain rocky "fort" in the Dolomites has gone down to history bearing his name . . . in our own army he would have won the V.C.'

When revolution came, Dollfuss was on leave, but he contrived to return to his studies at Vienna University, where he depended on charity and giving private lessons for a livelihood, finally obtaining a small job on a pensions commission. In 1919 he secured the secretaryship of a society called the Bauernbund, which strove for the interests of the peasantry and resisted communism. In 1922 he became managing director of a Chamber of Agriculture with similar objects.

Austrian government became more conservative under the chancellorships of the policeman Schober and Mgr Seipel, though they accomplished little. In 1932 Seipel wanted to make Dollfuss Minister of Agriculture, but Seipel's death intervened and Dollfuss became Chancellor with results that are now well-known. Since his murder, his successor, Dr Schuschnigg, an Innsbruck solicitor, is endeavouring to continue his rôle with what Austrians call 'iron weakness' (*mit eiserner Schwäche*), running about Europe to fashionable conferences, making noisy speeches, tolerating Nazis in the police, bureaucracy, hotels, and universities at home, holding out a hand of compromise to them everywhere, even in the land which inspired the murder of Dollfuss. He affects in private to desire a Habsburg restoration, but declares publicly that it is 'not actual,' and he has made no sort of move for the repeal of the iniquitous laws which confiscated the private property of Their Majesties. He is far from satisfying champions of the independence of Austria, though he alludes frequently to that because it is a popular cry and pleasing to Mussolini. At the same time he is parrotlike in his repetitions of the 'German character' of his country and the solidarity of Austrian and German interests, phrases which are as music in the ears of the untiring Nazis. But if he hopes in such ways to propitiate the ogres who desire to eat up Austria, he is quite mistaken, especially since their appetites have been whetted in the Saar. Considering how sharp a censorship his government exercises everywhere, down to minutiae like the translation of foreign books, it is at least regrettable that he

should have tolerated big meetings of the *Vaterländische Front* at Vienna and Linz to rejoice over the Saar plébiscite. What concern was that of Austria and how can such demonstrations react except as expressions of the craving for an *Anschluss*, which would mean war?

Perhaps the wisest thing in Mr Gregory's book is his insistence upon the tremendous dangers overhanging the future of Austria under the leadership of iron-veneered weaklings who cling to the compromises of Dollfuss and recall the verdict passed on the Emperor Joseph, who 'meant most and did least.' Schuschnigg will not escape assassination by alighting at suburban stations; nor will President Miklas recall the conditions of the Holy Roman Empire by employing powdered funkeys to purvey ham sandwiches to foreign journalists at Schönbrunn Palace. For the Holy Roman Empire a Holy Roman Emperor is needed, and all who are acquainted with Otto of Habsburg acclaim him as qualified by character, education, and statesmanship to carry through his traditional task. Austrian sympathies are widespread, as has been proved by the hundreds of townships who acclaim him as their honorary citizen, while the majority of the *Ostmärkische Sturmschären* and *Heimwehr* and *Vaterländische Front* await his restoration with loyal desires. His House has not been banned by any of the Great Powers or even by the stupid Treaty of St Germain, and it is known that his coming is prevented only by the selfish obstruction of Serbian regicides, Bohemian deserters, and Moldo-Wallachian libertines. Liberty as well as authority would return with the dynasty, the end of a painful interregnum be signalled by the revival of prosperity, national understandings, and the long-sought promise of perpetual peace.

HERBERT VIVIAN.

Art. 11.—THE RECONSTRUCTION OF BUSINESS HISTORY.

1. *Transactions of the Royal Historical Society*, 4th Ser. Vol. xvii. 1933.
2. *Descriptive Catalogue of Sheffield Manorial Records*. Vol. III. By T. Walter Hall. Sheffield: J. W. Northend, 1934.
3. *Journal of a Lady of Quality, 1774-1776*. By E. A. Andrews and C. M. Andrews. New Edition. Yale Press, 1934.
4. *Bulletin of the Huntington Library*, Nos. 1 and 2. Harvard Press, 1931-32.
5. *Repertory of British Archives (England)*. Royal Historical Society, 1920.
6. *Guide Internationale des Archives (Royaume Uni)*. By H. Jenkinson. Institut International de Co-opération Intellectuelle, Rome, 1934.

THE story of a nation's birth and growth in territory, population, wealth, and reputation with its economic, social, religious, and political development will need all the materials which, for convenience, have been brought together under several conventional branches of historical study. This will be a work of national importance, and its successful performance will demand an adequate equipment. After all, facts are more impressive than suggestions. The facts, indeed, may have to be discovered, but the process of discovery can be greatly assisted by a keen discrimination between the potential sources. It is still a common practice to ignore outlying or unfamiliar archives in our eager quest for more and still more documents or texts for the elucidation of some immediate problem.

Many scholars might object to the theory that historiography, whether it be akin to science or to philosophy, is not only a high art of writing, but involves also the examination and consideration of *all* the existing materials for the subject. Though such a consummation might seem unattainable, the formula may be accepted as an ideal. There was a time, not very remote, when our own historians would have been content with the minimum of their requirements and now, thanks to the

organisation and co-operation of Governments, learned institutions and individual benefactors or workers, the ideal of our studies is almost in view. In the present article, however, we are concerned immediately with the sources of economic and social history only, a practical object of our inquiry being to define the once super-abundant but now fast dwindling documentary sources available for the study of the above subjects. As the demand for these sources may be expected to increase, the problem of their supply must be regarded as urgent ; but in the first place it may be desirable to note a few obvious causes of the mischief before considering the prospects of certain remedies that have been suggested.

During the last fifteen years some of the most acute and original scholars in this and other countries have been in quest of economic and social statistics in connection especially with the production and distribution of commodities in the various systems of the estate, household, and market. These researches would reveal the reactions of the nation towards the regulation of industry and commerce and the social condition of producers, traders, and consumers by land or sea, at home or abroad. Since the World War the anxiety of the searchers has increased with the continued diminution of the post-medieval sources, in spite of their organised endeavours, until something like a panic has resulted. The discovery of documents, which was once a personal joy, has now become a public duty. The pioneer researches of Thorold Rogers had received some indirect assistance from official sources, while the more elaborate and conclusive statistics in course of deduction by Sir William Beveridge in the University of London and by Professors Gay and Gross at Harvard, among others, have been materially assisted by American grants in aid. To this assistance must be added facilities received from the Record Office, where the statesmanlike activities of the Master of the Rolls have brought about a marked change in the attitude of the custodians of local records. The need for fresh precautions and further information had been suggested in the three notable reports of the Royal Commission on Public Records (1910-19) with the agreement and support of the record Officers and of the Royal Historical Society. The latter had afforded

hospitality to the Commission during the last years of the War, and had published a 'Repertory of British Records' (1920) which may be regarded as a key to the reports of successive Record Commissions and Committees since 1800, and also as the keystone of more recent constructive work for the bettering of our archives by the enterprise of the Public Record Office itself.

The publication of the results of these unprecedented inquiries will help to explain the mysterious disappearance of many, if not most, of the statistical documents previously referred to. In view of those revelations we might be surprised that so many statistical records have survived. Unfortunately they consist largely of isolated pieces, casually preserved, or set apart as specimens of documents suppressed. It is often forgotten that between the Crimean War and the World War the official records of this country had lain undisturbed in depots which were mostly of a temporary nature, while private archives have been transformed unfavourably during the War period and the inevitable but disastrous period of reconstruction that has followed. The results of the gleeful destruction of any old documents denounced by amateur anti-waste committees during the latter part of the War has never been computed, while family papers relating to great estates have been deprived of their last refuge as the result of legal innovations and fiscal exactions. Some day historians and archivists will have to face the fact that there can be no satisfactory list of sources and literature unless a skeleton key can be constructed indicating the missing subjects and dates in italic type. For practical purposes, too, this reconstruction might be serviceable. The ancient Irish public records were burnt by the reckless action of revolutionary forces in 1922, and Ireland has lost one of its chief national insignia: but thanks to assiduous reconstructions, many useful versions have been supplied.

From time to time 'discovery' is made of hitherto unknown documents of actual or potential value which are published without much interest being taken in the source from which they were derived. Far less has any systematic search been made in the archives of Government departments or national institutions, though it is only by following up the classification and description

of the existing archives that we can hope to make any real progress in our quest. A nation's bibliographical equipment is an index to the state of its historical studies. We cannot escape the reflection that until the beginning of the present century we possessed no scholarly and systematic bibliography of our national history, nothing that enabled us to co-ordinate a rapidly increasing output of revised texts and auxiliary studies with the sources and literature provided by the learning and industry of earlier historiographers and antiquaries. At last the protests of a few earnest scholars encouraged the publication of a new and original bibliography of English mediæval history by an American scholar, which became at once the sheet anchor of our historical studies.

This good beginning has been followed up by a 'Bibliography of Modern British History' under the auspices of an Anglo-American committee before the war, though, after thirty years, bibliographies of recent and contemporary history have still to be provided, the latter preferably by a permanent endowment. Anyhow our bibliographical equipment for historical studies, in hand or in sight, represents a great advance. Our bibliographical problem should be solved, and with it a closely related problem which we have only quite lately grasped. But it must be obvious that the publication of a modern historical bibliography presupposes the survival of at least the unprinted sources. If, however, the preservation of the sources for our Economic and Social history since the middle of the seventeenth century is indeed precarious, then our bibliographies would seem to be equally affected. Moreover, we have no assurance that the danger to the sources is at an end. The titles of the printed works prefixed to this article refer to a few of the more remarkable and significant discoveries published in recent times and to works in which the attitude of archivists towards the requirements of historical researches in this matter has been explained.

It is not often that an ancient manuscript can be continuously associated with its former custody, nor is such an association necessarily important. A worshipful, reverent, and masterful steward in the thirteenth century has not left us even the certainty of his name or style, familiar in his own day and famous in our own. A new

edition of his work has been recently advocated on the occasion of the discovery of a valuable manuscript of Husbandry, acquired by the grantee of a dissolved monastery and forthwith buried among his title deeds. On the other hand, Sir Walter of Henley's younger contemporary Henry of Bray, whose unique 'Estate Book' was discovered for the Royal Historical Society by Mary Bateson, seemed to tell us too much about the 'new work' on his manor hall at Harleston, for his book and the hall in which it was once kept were still in evidence some forty years ago. Again, the accounts of the Croyland Abbey Sheep Farm were continuously preserved among the archives of a Cambridge college, or of its patrons, until they were utilised for a recent post-graduate study. In the last two cases the abeyance of 'discovery' can be explained by the technical nature of the manuscripts. But this would not explain the oversight of 'Josselin's Diary,' published in 1908, which seems to have been cherished like a family Bible, for its economic, social, and human interest were apparent.

Yet this neglect is trifling compared with that suffered by the remarkable 'Journal of a Lady of Quality,' describing the notable features of Colonial industries and trade in Carolina and the West Indies, an engaging log-book of adventures and observations kept by this vivacious lady and her escort. A perusal of this delightful work may dispose us to agree with the greatest living authority on the colonial trade that 'One can only wonder how such a treasure should have lain so long unproclaimed.' By a curious coincidence the edition of this discovery among the British Museum MSS. has appeared shortly before a new edition of another 'find' in the same collection, a 'Brief Survey of the Counties of England,' in 1634-5. The second part of this curious work was left unpublished and forgotten, but it will shortly appear in the 'Camden Miscellany.'

The Huntington Library Bulletins describe the economic value of some English family collections referred to elsewhere in the present article. Their migration may be contrasted with the salvage of thousands of local deeds, illustrating the topography and trade of Sheffield, by a cultured graduate of the University who discovered these documents, transcribed, edited, and published their

contents during the last twenty years, in nearly as many volumes, and finally presented the originals of most of them to the public library for arrangement and reference. A guide to English archives with the old title of 'Repertory,' previously mentioned, was actually an up-to-date compilation, and a scholarly contribution to an 'International Guide' to British archives is another work that could not have been attempted by an earlier generation of archivists. The belated recovery of these miscellaneous manuscripts suggests a contrast between the eager quest of a younger generation of research students and the indifference of their predecessors. This contrast, however, does not explain the destruction of uncared-for or unwanted records which may be due to a conservative method of research.

We have seen that history has its discoveries as well as science, and the results are attained, or at least assisted, by scientific methods. Antiquarians, it is true, are in these days somewhat impatient of later manuscript research, and more concerned in exploring the beginnings of our civilisation. To some workers again, it may seem more important to realise the conditions and objects of the daily lives of their own immediate ancestors. The importance of the discoveries of science has usually been measured by a physical or political rather than by a moral or intellectual standard, and we can scarcely wonder that, during an early period of our civilisation, the learning of the friar and the skill of the craftsman or the navigator should have been overshadowed by the crude experiments of the alchemist or the ruffianism of the piratical mariner. Ignorance of scientific principles made the epidemics of the later mediæval and post mediæval periods more deadly, but modern scientists who make this obvious reflection forget that pestilence was only one of 'God's three arrows' and that the others can still find their mark.

We know to-day that the discoveries of science may prepare the victories of war or divert the incidence of famine. Far too little attention has been given to the reactions of science upon our commercial activities. Even as late as the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries predatory native races were supplied with deadly munitions or drugs. This greed of economic gain sent

thousands of captives to the torture of a Moorish galley or an Indian stake, or to the infamies of the slave market, and the greed still persists in a more subtle guise. Recent commentaries on the long neglected sources and literature of the law merchant have reminded us that our prisons and asylums are still largely filled with the captives of trade creditors and the slaves of their own desires, whose salvation could only be procured by the sacrifice of a tempting profit. But writers concerned with later problems of commercial ethics or statistics may find their researches hindered also by the destruction of documents many of which came into official custody from the counting-houses of bankrupt debtors.

Although this country is commonly supposed to have escaped the havoc of Continental warfare, it bears the traces of many insular struggles in which, from one cause or another, it was engaged. Incidentally these have helped to mould the framework of the English constitution and form the title-deeds of a United Kingdom and a British Empire. Even the most peace-loving subjects of a modern democratic state would admit the necessity of preserving national records, by means of which not only leagues of war but also covenants of peace are certified, for the historiographer must take wars in his stride as well as revolutions. So history is made, but it would have been better made if national records had not been destroyed by insurgent or thoughtless citizens.

It comes to this, that the culture which bespeaks a nation's moral welfare may promote reverence for its historical traditions and a respect for international insignia, records or memorials. An insular contempt for the formalities of civil codes and the 'Science of Archives' has cost us dearly in the past, even though a 'Scrap of Paper' has been honoured. To search the Records or State Papers was formerly a privilege reserved for their keepers while, until the end of the last century, documents which would have been treasured by historians were destroyed because archivists claimed a prescriptive knowledge of their value. This official procedure may be partly due to the assertion of the royal prerogative in connection with treasure, travel, inventions and other subjects of discovery. Such reservations have been excused by the increasing competition of the nations for

the occupation or redistribution of the habitable surface of the globe. International rivalries have been the chief cause of the production of treaty papers and of their destruction, though international amenities have also led to the migration of national collections.

A glance at the 'Repertory of British Archives' will show that, apart from made or family collections the local records that have survived would probably form a small proportion of the number which once existed, though many manuscripts and documents may be traced to some public or private receptacle. To these should be added, in the present day, the evidence of the relics preserved in museums, or *in situ*. The importance of this class of evidence is likely to be increased when Mother Earth is compelled to give up her secrets, though countless industrial or domestic implements that were never buried under the earth have been allowed to perish for want of village museums, since the old barns have been converted into pavilions. In some parts of the country interest has been taken in these archaic survivals, but every county authority and local trade should long ago have had a special organisation and fund for this purpose.

As for our economic literature, it is generally admitted that a more lucid exposition of the technical features of the official chronology, currency, and weights and measures of the United Kingdom and its dominions overseas, with their international or trade equivalents, remains to be attempted. It is only since the War that histories of the English corn market and of the English coalfield have been written, again by foreign scholars. Among many incomplete or derelict texts the series of parliamentary proceedings are still incomplete, at both ends; and though the earliest fragments are now being prepared for publication, the later Parliamentary Papers need fuller indexing. Finally there is another aspect of these economic documents which has been generally neglected. There is much to be learnt about the nature and values of household diets and atmospheres in earlier times and the subject is of continuous interest from an æsthetic if not a practical point of view. It embraces the complex and perhaps obscure connection between the great hall and its network of offices whereby supplies

of local flesh, fish, game, and fowl with scanty vegetables and fruit, but a profusion of herbs, were ensured. It reminds us also of the modified uses of the 'sop,' the 'souse,' the 'porridge,' the 'posset,' and of the decreasing need for herb-strewn floors, charcoal braziers or warming-pans, and perfumed clothing or drinks. These seeming trivial items of the household ménage play a not unimportant part in an earlier scheme of our domestic economy.

It is characteristic of the trend of modern historical research that the learned and patriotic activities of the Venerable Bede, which we have recently commemorated, may remind us of the discovery or description of new materials for the history of the evangelisation of Greater Britain. The civil and ecclesiastical records of the old Northumbrian Kingdom may be largely lost or widely scattered, but this does not apply to the later records of the Pastoral, Evangelical and other lay or spiritual organisations for the welfare of the British Islands and Plantations; for if trade followed a national flag, the Gospel sometimes went before both. Thanks to the intelligent and courageous recommendations of a Royal Commission and departmental committee in the early years of the present century the value of these and other outlying and neglected documents is becoming widely understood; but there are others which have not yet been effectually salvaged.

A commercial atmosphere may seem inconsistent with either evangelical or classical traditions, but the conception of a society in which all from highest to lowest should 'live of their own' was increasingly insistent. The early administration of the estate office and the counting-house is associated with the art of computation as well as with surveying, mensuration, medicine and even magic. Under a still more enlightened system the Carolingian court and Anglo-Norman chancery and exchequer made a special study of the methods available for facilitating the smooth assessment and collection of the taxes. As time went on, the ancient clerical apparatus of the King's court and household was supplemented by fresh establishments and new devices. Officers of the chancery, exchequer, courts of justice, household, wardrobe, hall, were supplemented everywhere by depart-

mental clerks, serjeants, bailiffs, stewards, or keepers of manors, castles, bishoprics, abbeys, towns, ports, and markets. Everywhere the making of charters, surveys, accounts, and precedent books was multiplied, while 'Tract and Table Book' or 'Book of Husbandry' became as conventional as the modern diary.

The intensive organisation of historical studies has smoothed the path of conventional historical study with an almost embarrassing wealth of texts and treatises, for which all students must be grateful. Many of us would be grateful also for classified lists of supplementary archives which might furnish new material for economic surveys of the post-mediæval period. In fact, however, such material may be regarded as precious, merely because of its rarity, for though the existing mass may seem to be of vast bulk, it represents only a place or person here and a type or subject there in its relations with economic and social history alone. This position is remarkable, because the subject of the domestic economy has had an unfailing interest for more than one generation of authors, artists, publishers, and readers. Indeed, the reproduction of surviving documents is actually augmented by the publication of numerous incidents, imaginary adventures or 'faked' diaries. Unfortunately the historical significance of the whole subject has been missed because the nature and use of the documents cannot always be inferred from existing lists of archives, and this complacent method has facilitated the authorised or unauthorised destruction of at least 90 per cent. of the documents relating to the economic and social aspects of official establishments before the latter part of the eighteenth century. As for private or semi-public archives, a retrospective view is scarcely possible since, unlike the archives of the Crown, such muniments are liable to perish with every lapse of ownership or change of habitation, or to be utilised for various purposes. There is, however, some reason to believe that an immense number of such documents perished during the 'anti-waste' crusade of the latter part of the World War. There was indeed a time within the memory of many of us when only a few 'fussy' owners or devoted archivists would have troubled to arrange and describe these statistical records or might have hesitated to destroy

them as a proper alternative. Now that the choice has passed from us, the use of these documents has become a fascination. New societies have been formed for the exploration of economic and social history. Old societies have revised their proceedings with an eye to the dissemination of a New Learning, which has found favour also with national academies and international committees, while the museum is at last taking its proper place as an annexe to the archives and the library, for now a long awaited reaction seems to have begun.

It was recently suggested by a university professor that 'English historians have paid comparatively little attention to research into the history of commerce,' even in connection with a period 'when commercial matters were playing such a vitally important part in promoting the national fortunes.' The reason is, he supposes, 'that the exploration of ledgers and Treasury minutes is less exciting than drum and trumpet history' and lends itself less readily 'to a rhetorical style.' It has been suggested above that the prevailing interest in practical research may actually be due to the realistic element in records of human activities, among which the commercial and domestic are closely related. This interest is very real, but it is usually displayed in a desultory manner. It is not enough to sample fragments of these household archives, for every department of the household may have had its appropriate establishment and corresponding records, and even the simple constitution of the mediæval seignorial household has recently received a complete revision.

We have seen from the instances given on a previous page that the only edition of the famous treatise of Walter of Henley was recently found to be out of print, if not also out of date, and another early estate roll is buried in a volume of the Rolls Series of Chronicles; and so we come to a possibly unique treasure in the manuscript farm journal of an early Puritan Berkshire yeoman described in some detail in the 'Quarterly Review' for July 1930, and now in course of publication by a learned society. Apart, however, from the value of such documents as these for illustrating the domestic economy, they may have a further interest which has hitherto escaped notice. It is well known that there has been some difficulty in accounting for the number of

the rather miscellaneous mediæval 'literate' class; but besides the sons of landowners of various degrees there were potential 'literates' among bailiffs, reeves, serjeants, wardens, and other members of the normal establishment. Here then, without reckoning promotions of copy-holders or craftsmen, we have a large and increasing advance-guard of a gentry whose position and prospects seem to have been overlooked. Another interesting point is the co-existence of household establishments and regulations for either sex. It is true that the more important might be filled by men, but the chatelaine or abbess, as 'domina,' could control her own household as completely as any lord abbot or manor lord.

In a notable article recently contributed by a correspondent to 'The Times' on the subject of 'Planning,' we are told that the term is there applied to a method which 'seeks to satisfy an ancient human need—the need for security against dangers and the unknown.' The general definition also of such 'planning' as the 'reconstruction of backward activities' might cover a betterment of the national archives, seeing that the 'backward condition' of some of them has been for centuries a subject of vague anxiety. We gather from 'The Times' article that though 'in practice' such planning must be partial, it may 'aim more or less nearly at completion.' This might mean that historians as a body should take a long view of the situation, which may be determined by certain conditions that are not always appreciated. In fact as a preliminary to any plan for the reconstruction of archives it would be desirable to obtain a knowledge of their distribution. There may have been interchange as well as devolution of an archive, for the prerogative of the Crown enabled it to intercept or confiscate the muniments of a feudal tenantry. Again, the lavish deposits of vouchers or evidence by accountants or suitors before the King's Justices or auditors include a mass of varied documents. Then, in their turn, the King's ministers and officers removed many of the official documents to which they had access, while toll was also taken of them by professional antiquaries. But the Crown did not foresee that the descendants of those ministers would attempt to meet a crushing estate duty by auctioning family papers of international interest.

In former days the array of official 'skeletons' of ancient diplomatic secrets threatened to convert departmental cupboards into catacombs. The combined common sense of later archivists and modern students have exorcised these bogies. Now the tendency is rather in an opposite direction, and we are favoured with the historical musings of descendants of ministers of State who withdrew State Papers from official custody; but we do not live in the reign of a Tudor sovereign who would send a pursuivant to search a minister's country house or town lodging for Papers of State, and a general distinction between official and private correspondence is not easily made, even by officials. The moral would seem to be that some general definition of documents of public interest, and therefore of a public nature, should be devised. Many years ago, in a letter to me, Lord Bryce expressed the view that all confidential documents of a public nature in private hands should be placed in a special repository for a definite term. Lord Bryce seemed to regard a public trust of this sort as a relief to conscientious owners as well as a refuge for documents of a potential historical value, and a provision of this sort is now occasionally made. On the other hand, Sir John Fortescue assured the Record Commission in 1911 that any restraint of trade in respect of private archives must impede their eventual deposit in some public collection, and his opinion might seem to have been well founded. Documents in which we are now interested may be found in public or private archives now in use, but still more might be found in other archives which are not yet known or accessible to students. Perhaps it may be nearer the truth to say that these archives are unknown only because they are not yet accessible, and this is a proposition that invites our close attention. Many years ago, when the discovery of documents was beginning to be recognised as an essential process of research, the exploration of private archives was facilitated by the authority of a Royal Commission and an equipment out of public funds. Advantage was not taken of this opportunity of compiling a summary list of private archives, although an immense sum of public money and a period of more than sixty years have been devoted to preparing texts or abstracts of the more important of

them. Naturally, these novel and scholarly reports have proved a copious source of information to more than one generation of international students, but there were some inevitable drawbacks. The sweet reasonableness of private owners of MSS. could not insure the sanctity of heirlooms and title-deeds, nor their immunity from the risks of modernised repositories. Few of these collections were in charge of a librarian, and fewer still of an archivist, while an altruistic owner might become a danger to his charge.

Some years ago a cultured but conscientious duke, moved by the remonstrances of his faithful solicitor, handed over the key of his muniment room with the injunction that neither the owner nor his friends should have access thereto unescorted. Even this precaution might not prove effectual in all cases. A true story (though it may sound like the adventure of an Arabian night) is told of the astonishment of an experienced antiquary, making for the Record Office by way of the Thames Embankment, at the sight of a labourer trundling a barrow filled with old manuscripts in the opposite direction. Inquiry revealed that these were 'waste papers' from the muniment room of a nobleman's town house in course of demolition to make room for an hotel. The barrow was halted whilst the antiquary sampled its contents. One sample was enough. A long missing Jacobean record changed hands (on the modern principle of new silver for old books), and within an hour or two the authorities interested had been informed, the owner's representatives had been warned, and the iconoclastic activities of a youthful solicitor's clerk were firmly checked.

It might be thought that the fact that many owners of historical manuscripts are unequal to the requirements of their custody would have been considered in drafting the provisions of the Royal Commission of 1869, nor has the custody of uninterested officials proved more effective. In the earliest official memory the exhibits connected with suits before Chancery Masters were scattered among other records of the Court, but their vicissitudes are not recorded. The papers relating to the families of Cely, Stonor and other staplers in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were described in 1883 by the present writer,

who arranged for their publication. They were said to have been found in a lumber room over the old Rolls Chapel with Darrell papers which were communicated to Canon J. E. Jackson. These now famous collections appear to be linked with other Chancery exhibits still practically unknown. They recall some personal associations with those days of long ago—the gables and ghosts of Littlecote and the ‘great trout,’ like those sent to ‘Wild’ Darrell’s lodging in Warwick Lane. Then we pass to a manor in the Cotswolds with its stone walls and stone slates and oak panels, featuring Staple merchants in Tudor bonnets, and so back to the cramped quarters of Chancery clerks and lawyers in ‘the Lane’ and Lincoln’s Inn. Here Sir Thomas Egerton, who served as law officer, Master of the Rolls, and Chancellor successively during nearly forty years, collected an abundant supply of drafts and other precedents, besides family title-deeds. His sons and son’s sons followed in his footsteps, but the unique archives of Bridgewater House are now in a great American library.

As things are, it may be easier to find sufficient information for the pre-Restoration period, than for later times, in the opinion of a well-organised ‘Council for the Preservation of Business Records’ presided over by the Master of the Rolls. But the reports of the last Record Commission published in 1919 supply much information for discovering what documents have survived, and also for recovering the titles of such as have disappeared. It has not needed a reference to the Reports of this Commission for present-day students to avail themselves of the amazing discovery of the Coast Bonds and Port Books which had been salvaged from the House of Commons and dumped on the Record Office in a state of decay with a view to their official destruction. Their great value was, however, established from the evidence of a Harvard research student (now professor of Business History), and they were forthwith skilfully repaired and helpfully described by the Record Office for the use of its readers.

There were other occasions on which the Commissioners or their witnesses were able to make suggestions that met with the approval of Sir Henry Maxwell Lyte or the departments concerned, and one of these would seem to

promise substantial help for the new 'Council.' For the notorious 'boxes' of the old Chancery Masters were crammed not only with title-deeds but also with trade or household accounts, establishments, and inventories. These might relate to matters in litigation, trust, or bankruptcy, and they might include whole sequences of estate or business accounts, with journals and correspondence (in many languages) describing the operations of whalers, codfishers, or fur traders, or the detailed economy of a sugar plantation, a coal mine, a hop garden or a vestry grazing farm—even of the lonely industry of the woodman which is slowly passing away.

The Record Commission reported, in 1912, that 'documents of the Chancery Masters, which after remaining at the Public Record Office in an utterly neglected state for nearly fifty years, because there was no lawful way of dealing with them to the public advantage, have (since permission was given to the Commission to inspect them) been put in hand for thorough weeding and arrangement.' It will be evident that the Commissioners assumed, on the strength of official information received more than twenty years ago, that these 'derelict documents' would be dealt with in the same manner as the Port Books, but this expectation does not seem to have been yet fulfilled, possibly because there was 'no lawful means of dealing with them to the public advantage.' This may be true, but it has been urged that we may, 'to do a great right, do a little wrong.'

A very venerable and wise dean used to tell the story of his journey from Eton to Exeter, some eighty years before, outside the coach, with no underwear or overcoat allowed. Nevertheless a sensible matron left night-shirts unpacked, to be worn under day shirts, and someone else saw to it that a bowl of 'bishop' was shared on the road. The moral, in the dean's view, was that in official matters 'where there is a will there is a way,' and to a layman seeking information as to the state of his cathedral archives, he would reply that he had noticed, in a long experience, that the results of any efforts to increase the facilities for their inspection largely depended on the personality of those who made them. There is probably a good deal of truth in this shrewd observation, which might seem to justify the dictum that the makers

of records should not have charge of the resulting archives. Perhaps Lord Hanworth, in his wisdom, would be inclined to attach more weight to another truism, previously referred to here, to the effect that while most of our best-known manuscripts have been well preserved, those less conspicuous or less accessible have been relatively neglected. In any case Lord Hanworth has shown us by his great example that the best hope of preserving or restoring documentary evidences is to bring the State, private owners, archivists and historical scholars into a common agreement.

HUBERT HALL.

Art. 12.—THE RELIGION OF LIBERTY.

1. *History of Europe in the Nineteenth Century.* By Benedetto Croce. Translated from the Italian by Henry Furst. Allen & Unwin, 1934.
2. *The Defence of Freedom.* By M. Alderton Pink. Macmillan, 1935.

IN lectures delivered in 1932 before the Accademia di Scienze Morali e Politiche of Naples, Professor Croce made a bold attempt to comprehend within one series the whole of the social and political progress of Europe during the nineteenth century; and although that extraordinary period, full of wonders, growth, vicissitudes, and morals worth taking to heart, as it proved, was too vast and complicated really to be herded into the compass of a single book, he has evolved from its teachings and elaborated certain political principles, the proper application of which must be of value now, considering the point of development to which the civilised world has come. To-morrow and the day thereafter! Whereto, as free individuals and as corporate nations, shall we then be drifting? Upwards or downwards? That must be left to the foresight and resolution of the statesmen and thinkers of Europe whose interest and concern it is to weigh the truths of the prospects that often appear threatening to all of us.

But we must pause in its study for one moment. This article was about to be put into pages when Mr Alderton Pink's volume, 'The Defence of Freedom,' came to us. It was too late then to combine its consideration with that of Dr Croce's book, and the following tribute is all that can be given to it now. It is at once complementary to, and yet distinct in its appeal from, the foregoing work, as it carries on from after the War and is especially concerned with the progress and limitations of Democracy in our own country; with sidelines, as it were, on governmental developments abroad. Mr Pink sees in the foundation of the British National Government a direct move towards that autocratic spirit which in Germany and Italy have found expression as dictatorships, and ascribes its incomplete success in absolutism rather to lack of will and of policy than to lack of power. There may be something in

that; but surely its success, comparative or otherwise, also is due to the inherited faith in moderation, compromise and the middle-way which every one of our three political parties has grown-up with and has maintained whenever it was in power. At no time really has the National Government inclined towards a dictatorship on the continental models. Mr Pink also sees a similar tendency towards absolutism in Mr Roosevelt's free hand in the United States of America; but there again his conclusion is a little spoilt through the recent decision of the courts, which appears—for the present at least—to have blunted the weapon of the New Deal and added to the uncertainties confronting the President. This is a thoughtful and timely book; but we must leave it with this incorporated note and return to the main theme.

Dr Croce's century comprised the hundred years which ran from the final downfall of Napoleon to the outbreak of the World War; and so aptly do Waterloo and the events of 1914 frame them that no mere century could more conveniently have been clipped from the dusky robes of Time. It began in exhaustion and a general unsettlement consequent on the destructive excursions of Napoleon over Europe, and ended in a far worse exhaustion and an unsettlement world-wide. Every country in civilisation, however aloof it had been from the conflict, has suffered the penance of social and economic depression because of those four-and-a-quarter years of colossal slaughter, havoc, waste, and hate. And what, from the lessons to be derived from the century so framed, does History particularly teach, for that is the only reason why we are recalling here the very bad business of the War? We get a foretaste of the answer in a declaration by Hegel which is suggestive, fruitful, and true.

'History,' he says, 'in its beginning as in its end, is the spectacle of liberty, the protest of the human race against anyone who would lay shackles on it, the enfranchisement of the spirit, the reign of the soul; and the day when liberty ceased in the world would be that in which history would stop.'

In those words, pre-eminently, the moral is proclaimed of much of the political discords and advances, strengths

and weaknesses of the nineteenth century and should prove more helpful in being set down at the beginning of our brief study of this significant volume than if relegated to the end. Over Europe there have been wholesale breaches of the rights of freedom, while at home state-organisation has gradually encroached on the liberties of the individual. That tendency, even although in a measure inevitable because of the character of the times, is injurious, and the more the question is examined the more necessary is it, as will be seen, to preserve and sustain the spirit of Liberty in the world to-day. Indeed, the main, if not the only hope for the large majority of mankind amid the greeds, animosities, and troubles of our elaborately industrialised world is in the maintenance of that liberty; seeing that the first purpose of the jealously competing governments has come to be the assumption of a narrow military and economic security, closing frontiers, re-arming and over-arming dangerously, with insistence on securing fresh markets abroad while keeping rival countries so far as possible out of the home-market. Often those governments are a dictatorship which is the absolute negation of freedom.

Such, in epitome, is the general condition of the more powerful nations on the continent of Europe at the present day; while the immediate future has its rapid and continuous problems, human, commercial, and industrial, which are difficult enough to prompt the wisest to despair of reaching an acceptable solution to them before new problems of an equal concern and difficulty occur. But it was not always so. There have been glimpses in which the prospects looked happier and the difficulties seemed likely to be smoothed out. At the beginning of the Crocean century, for instance, Europe, recently so agonised and antagonised by the Napoleonic wars and exhausted of treasure and blood, rejoiced in expectations that in many of their aspects were nearer to Paradise even than to Utopia. In the words of Wordsworth,

‘Europe at that time was thrilled with joy,
France standing on the top of golden hours,
And human nature seeming born again,’

and many poets, as he, Byron, and Shelley in England, and Goethe with other like spirits abroad, were greeting with hopes bordering on ecstasy the future of mankind,

seeing their shackles broken, the tyrannies destroyed, and an enlightened democracy, like the Eagle of the Miltonic vision, 'mewing her mighty youth and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam.' Apparently the fact did not occur to anybody then that mankind in those resurgent years was not yet ready for the earthly elysium the poets and political idealists were promising. It was enough that the thunder-clouds which long had brooded over Europe were blown away and the stars and sun were visible again, bringing a relief so compelling in its emotional force that right having triumphed after long struggle, there surely could not again be any return to the miseries suffered for centuries, especially on the continent of Europe that was supreme in possessing the arts and benefits of civilisation. We had something of the same hopefulness in November 1918.

At this point, almost enviously it seems, Professor Croce appears to notice the good fortune of England in having got through her birth-pangs of liberty comparatively easily and long before any of the European countries could do so. He recognises the advantages of our insular position, our slow but sure development in institutional government and our firm establishment as a free community, a limited monarchy, a 'crowned republic.' For nearly two hundred years the people of these islands had been able to put their national house into order and to build up gradually and strongly, though with occasional perverse faults and lapses, a constitution the principles of which, based on the Religion of Liberty, have spread over the globe to be practised wherever the English language is the common speech—though it seems hardly to have been imitated effectively elsewhere. Such a condition is natural to the Professor who, although a cosmopolitan and philosopher, happens also to be Italian and an heir to traditions and historical memories jealously retained by the sons and daughters of his proud and cultured race. He also includes in his spiritual composition an evident bias against the Church of Rome and certain of its earthly offices; aspects which it is unnecessary for us to enter upon here, for the reason that the Vatican is not politically the force in Britain that it is and has been in Italy. In any case he makes manifest

the truth that while Britain, since the Great Rebellion, has had opportunities to grow in wealth and security while steadily absorbing and developing the principles of liberty for all her citizens, Italy, until less than a hundred years ago, was a diverse mass of states generally antagonistic to one another; in their mutual rivalries and dissensions out-doing even the Balkans; and being generally still lost in the Dark Ages, as shown in the ignorance and abjectness of their peoples and the oppressiveness of certain of their rulers.

Something of the same ill state, but modified according to the necessities and character of the inhabitants, was true of almost every other country in Europe, from Russia to Spain. Rival claimants to uncertain thrones, conspiracies exhausting energies and injuring ideals that would have been hardly less dangerously spent in urging openly the principles of human liberty, uprisings and savage reprisals, ghastly imprisonments, sometimes torture—such enormities were still in practice barely a century ago among the petty principedoms of parts of Europe; and especially in Italy before the Risorgimento. That great expression of national unity brought an end to innumerable organisations of all kinds, tyrannies and conspiracies large and small, which through their actions and reactions had proved evil, and was an outstanding mark of that Religion of Liberty which Hegel and Professor Croce have recognised and asserted as containing the essential salvation of governments, and of the governed, among mankind.

But as, very naturally, the Professor in the course of his scrutiny of Europe as a whole, sees his own Italy in particular, so his British readers are entitled to apply his arguments and the principles he expounds especially to their own country and the great Commonwealth of equal nations of which it is the heart. Liberty, it is well to remember when making any general application, always has been comparative, which is not to say that it is incapable of absolute expression (it would be hazardous to be so positive as that); but only that the human faults of liberty-lovers themselves require safeguards for—and against—themselves. Pure liberty, being an expression of pure virtue, would have no use for a policeman; but democratic freedom, as the world has seen it,

certainly requires that stalwart safeguard. In the endeavour to secure liberty for oneself—every person being convinced that his own view is the right one, whereas philosophers know that in some ways all views are right (and wrong)—it is easy unconsciously to encroach on the freedom of others, and often so in the countries that are the most secure ; while it is easier still to find liberty degenerating to licence. That circumstance was so true in Puritan times when, their monster having been overthrown, it looked to the few idealists then existing as if a new world—their own chosen sort of world of fighting, melancholy saints—had risen on the ashes of the old, that Milton pointed the truth in one of his sonnets. But soon the further truth emerged that those who when they were under the harrow had loved the thought of liberty and preached toleration in politics and religion, promptly forgot their ideals when in turn they were above the harrow, and, therefore, strove to limit its application to their adversaries. How many years, for example, and what tribulations, angers, and injustice ensued before Catholic Emancipation was granted by law ; or, to turn to the world of practical affairs, how long a time and what struggles elapsed before the rights of Labour were conceded—to be afterwards by organised and Trade Union Labour itself abused, as notably for our generation with the cruel and stupid General Strike of 1926.

Such tendencies in the expression of the Religion of Liberty have always been evident in this country because of the right of free speech, enjoyed in outspoken Parliaments, open hustings, and a more than outspoken Press. The representative and Party systems with all their faults have proved of fundamental value. Any encroachments on freedom as established by law have been shouted abroad by the other side and with the best effect, most minorities being endowed with abundant voices. The spouter's tub in many ways has proved helpful, and even when its opportunities have been abused it really has mattered little. Our security and freedom from such dangerous ferments and violent upheavals as are harassing many cities in Europe even to-day have been largely due to the safety-valves for verbal gas provided by a prudent authority for the many-mouthed Demos. Bad language, even the reddest gutter oratory, is less hurtful than

bullets ; and anger deprived of the one has been apt before the end to go in despair and secrecy to the other.

At the same time, as History also reveals, it has not been easy for the principles of liberty to win and retain acceptance even here. Liberty has been no sudden gift of magic. It was won through sacrifice and heavy labours and must be kept with pains both in large and in small respects. It is necessary always to guard against such encroachments as those associated with that official and officious lady commonly known as 'Dora.' Although the opposition to the continued enforcement of certain provisions of the Defence of the Realm Act is occasionally exaggerated, it is especially over home-legislation grown grandmotherly that the liberties of the common people are most easily infringed ; while through their pettiness they are often the most exasperating. Since the War, and mainly because of it, as well as through the greater responsibilities which Governments have assumed because of the economic and social ill-results of war-time—unemployment, doles, and pensions, involving an increased bureaucracy to make them work—the liberty of the Englishman is not so free and easy as it was in the doctrinaire days, when John Stuart Mill was an accepted high-priest of political and economic science ; while as for going abroad for idleness or pleasure the petty and irritating passport-system has almost put an end to that.

Probably the tendencies threatening the reality of liberty will harden as the necessity for organising Industry and Commerce on national lines extends—doubtless, to cause the dusty sages of the Manchester School to turn and turn again in their graves. In spite of restrictions, however, our lot should be easier far than is anywhere the case abroad ; and the proof is illustrated in the growth of dictatorships on the Continent, with the impossibility of any such overbearing condition here, so long as we deserve our liberties. The freedom of our institutions and their general effectiveness, although they do creak at times and are sometimes wasteful, have anyhow saved us from that order of over-decorated compulsion, which often has been very like a ruthless amateurism.

Such dictatorships as have been established in Italy, in Poland, Germany and Russia, in Austria and formerly in Spain under General Primo de Rivera, are in these days

the surest answer to such breaches of the Religion of Liberty as every one of those countries had witnessed. In each case it is a restoration to balance of gross and long-resented inequalities. The cruel repressions by the Tsars had brought in natural—yet how unnatural!—reaction and bitter retaliation similar repressions by the autocratic Bolsheviks, who, indeed, deliberately refused the appeals for love and brotherhood to all made by their close associates of the Social Democratic Party in Russia. In Italy the omnivorous activities of Il Duce appear to be an extraordinarily efficient retort to the drift and corruption that for years had weakened the country. So often in the simplest ways—as every pre-War traveller in Italy must have discovered—there was slackness and dishonesty and their consequent inconveniences. But, in large ways and small, a change overwhelming has come there and Fascism in Italy has wrought it. Probably with no other people would so excellent a result have been attained, because no other people so much needed as the Italians did that kind of call, renewed aim and discipline. Benito Mussolini is outstanding in the series of modern dictators—with earlier examples of the cult there can be no helpful comparisons—partly because, more than the others appear to have done, he has learnt from experience as he went along, and thereby has valuably improved his purposes. But what will come after him? That is a question intrusive but not without concern. For he is human and the sands of time fall fast.

In Germany—the Führer; but affairs in that country are still too much of an impulse and experiment—with dark and unexplained happenings of somewhat recent memory—for any sure decision as yet to be founded upon them. Herr Hitler's open restoration of conscription in March last was startling (at least until it was explained by the uncertainties as to the military intentions of Soviet Russia); but the well-being of a restored people is not to be gained by armed measures alone, and at present we are rather concerned with their social, economic, and moral welfare than with anything militaristic. It is interesting and necessary to the course of our argument to make some comparisons between the dictatorships now governing Italy and Germany. In the former country we have seen a constructive Napoleon,

as the Duce may fairly be called, after harshnesses at the beginning, transform a loose and uncertain nation into one imbued with ardent patriotic intentions and a strongly-renewed self-confidence and self-respect. Whether it will endure the ultimate tests of war must still be a moot question, but it will not be the fault of Signor Mussolini if it fails.

In Germany there was not quite such need, although defeat in the War and the humiliations of their enforced acceptance of the Treaty of Versailles had left her people angrily dissatisfied and subject to a very sensitive inferiority-complex. Unlike the modern Italians, they were by antecedents and long training as thoroughly disciplined as a sustained regimentalisation of minds and bodies could make them and ready to be moulded as he willed by a purposeful and trusted leader. This was the more so as the Hohenzollerns in the hour of crisis had failed them. The steel splendour and shining accoutrements of the Kaiser's rhetoric had not endured the heavy moral or physical tests of war; but the German people in their pride and determination were of an indefeasible quality and eager to answer a clear call to sacrifice and the sternest discipline. Their natural reaction after the glittering years of the Iron-and-Blood ascendancy, which Bismarck had made real and Wilhelm II unreal, had been towards an ordered republic, as might well have continued if German democracy had been left to develop naturally, and certain of the leaders of France, nervously and narrowly fearful all the time for the security of their country, had not killed that possibility with their fussy and violent predictions of such evils to come—as their own folly has brought about for the further confusion of these days. Herr Hitler in his hoarse eloquence has conveniently expressed the need of Germany as he sees it, and so far has served her purpose; but has he any such constructive genius as Signor Mussolini has shown? It is impossible yet to answer the question either with 'Yes' or 'No'; for the reason that the Führer's activities have mainly been spent in forcibly stemming discordant tendencies at home and in organising and re-arming his followers to one united and nation-wide set of purposes. The examples alike from Italy and Germany serve, however, to show that any dictatorship in Europe to-day,

or, indeed, at any time, is a closely personal institution, human, and to that extent frail, based on a thousand uncertain quantities.

The first of the uncertainties associated with a Dictator is, as we have indicated—what would happen if suddenly he should die? The simple question marks the essential weakness or impossibility of the system. The Dictator is for the hour, though that hour may be extended to half a lifetime; and is due to a crisis. The fact that apart from his official circumstance—the pose, the salutes, the parades, the implicit obedience of the council-chamber, and the cautious acquiescence of the throne that incidentally he governs—he is merely a man, equally subject with ourselves to those ills and that end to which we all must come, is a truth easily forgotten, but yet may not be ignored or dispensed with. In Russia it is possible that M. Stalin, iron shadow as he seems, ultra-practical and mysterious, could be successfully replaced and the Soviet machine, as narrowly organised, go on with its recent ruthlessness and very doubtful efficiency. Possibly, also, there are enough spirits like himself among the immediate colleagues of Herr Hitler to fulfil plans made and to follow them up with such a policy as experience and the urgency of the occasion may require. At present nobody can be sure about that. It is a lottery, a highly problematic gamble with colossal and variegated conditions, in which, however, the very untried character of the test may call out individual qualities as yet undiscerned and so lead to a successful administration, at least for a further time. But with Signor Mussolini there can be little likelihood of a successor who will be possessed of such masterly qualities as he has shown. He appears to be greater than the machine that he invented and brought into tremendous action, and if he went suddenly it looks as if unsettlement must ensue. But, of course, all this is mere conjecture or guess-work, though based on a set of probabilities, and History has a frequent way of spoiling the expectations of political prophets.

We return to our text. The essential weakness of all dictatorial systems lies in their denial of liberty. A healthy public opinion and the opportunity for its expression, with a moderate degree of freedom, are necessary to the right and secure association of men, as the traditions

of our own country have taught. However 'benevolent' a dictatorship may be called, it cannot be benevolent except in a freakish or pretended manner, for the reason that the Dictator, whenever he has an end in view, means to secure that end and must do so, by force if required ; so that whoever in such a conflict gets a clouted head for his obstinacy need not blame Tyrannus Superbus for it, or any of his jacks-in-office. It was due solely to his own obliquity in not recognising the facts. At the same time every dictatorship implies the wilful subdual of passions which if too strenuously shut down are apt to become inflamed and, under a continued pressure or repression, to break out in a revolt of spirit that easily may grow to violence and destruction ; and sometimes even to the downfall of the superb Tyrannus.

One discovers an interesting though indirect example of this in what we may regard as a pseudo-dictatorship, wherein, although there were elective forms of government with lip-service given to freedom and equality, the powers of the popular legislature were closely restrained. That pseudo-dictator was Louis Napoleon, the 'Prince-President' who, through an artfulness touched with inspiration—he being a born trickster, whence the general distrust of him—re-established the French Empire and became Napoleon the Third. Had that pathetic and blundering imitator of his amazing uncle, while wearing the imperial robes and crown and a sword that might have recalled the weapon of Jena and Austerlitz—had he really inherited the great Bonaparte's energetic and practical genius, his influence would not have been the crumbling force it was and that led him, knowing himself but hazardously enthroned, to seek by interferences in Mexico, Austria, and Italy, to keep his doubtful popularity and his Empire, until extinction came at Sedan. Neither the first nor the third Napoleon approved the spirit of liberty ; and looking back on their lurid reigns one is entitled to believe that had each of them really trusted his people and used the available instruments of democracy with intelligence and good faith, their power—so great with the first, though ever doubtful with the third—would not have failed, as happened, under the crack of crisis, to leave them ruined and bywords. Those Emperors, out of the shadows about them, point the moral.

The Religion of Liberty contains a saving gospel. The ruler who trusts his people and maintains their freedom is likely to strengthen and maintain himself. 'Si monumentum requiris, circumspice !'

Much the same moral is reached after contemplating the very different case of Germany. Under the two Napoleons, the Great and the Little, the constitution of France tended to be haphazard, a result of the Revolution, with such modifications added, but not followed, as might have been learnt from the agitations and triumphs of Reform in England. In Germany it was the reverse, being elaborately organised—with the tendency to become even more limited and mechanical—and designed to secure the ascendancy of a stiffly-drilled military oligarchy with a strength adaptable, as required, to many material uses and national ends. In all that effort and calculation the spirit of Liberty was successfully ignored, and had been so especially since the Kings of Prussia had come to the imperial throne. A significant illustration of that determined obliquity is seen in the incident that occurred in April 1849, when a deputation from the Parliament in Berlin offered the crown to Frederick William IV of Prussia. He refused it frankly because it was presented by a popular assembly and, therefore, to him was soiled with blood and mud and reeking with revolution ; while one of his generals in attendance cried out, ' Are we really to unite our sacred banner with the flag of the Mazzinis and the Kossuths ? ' A pronouncement revealing ; as we recognise from those names how the unity of a great nation, as Italy came to be because of their efforts, is strengthened through the inspirations of liberty. They held by its Religion. But Germany, while also resolute under the constructive genius of Bismarck to unite its separate princedoms into one whole, strove, instead of using the ideal of freedom, to perfect the terrible discipline of the sword, and succeeded, until after nearly fifty years when, in a colossal vanity challenging the world, she crashed, and discovered to her chagrin that even her mighty weapon was brittle and of the things that rust. It would, however, be inaccurate to regard the liberty in unity as won for Italy through the example and efforts of Mazzini, Kossuth, and Garibaldi as having been strong enough to sustain for always her volatile people. Other-

wise, after the searching ordeals of the War, she would not have required a Mussolini with his passion and oracular and constructive gifts to re-inspire and renew them.

From the examples that we have set down, as gathered with rapid hands from the complicated chronicles of European history in a crowded century, it is seen that the Religion of Liberty is certainly not an abstraction and vague, but a positive, life-giving influence in personal and national happiness. That its spirit has been abused at times everywhere also is true—its quality being too human for it not to have suffered occasionally through the frailties of somebody's flesh. Yet like the Ten Commandments and the more idealistic requirements of the Sermon on the Mount it stands for something precious and to be cherished; while any faults in the practice of its principles are bound to react hurtfully somewhere. Amply does History illustrate that truth. What then remains for us of this United Kingdom who, through the mercies of Providence and the courage, common sense, and practical vision of our forefathers and the leaders of our own generations, have so far preserved the spirit of personal liberty and brought us thereby to be the envy of the observant in other countries? Simply, to watch guardedly the tendencies of the times and when they appear to encroach on individual freedom to resist or modify those tendencies, at least until they are proved reasonable and, as it may be, acceptable.

For owing to the continuous pressure of competition among the nations, with the general increase in industrial efficiency and the necessity of maintaining the standard of comfort that was secured for us in the Victorian period—bountiful to all except the very poor, who in many ways have been well-provided for since—our ways have become so much more ordered, ruled, and regulated that at times the Englishman's home instead of being his castle, according to the old idea, looks almost like a mirage of the proverbial castle in Spain. That change, however, to some extent must be yielded to, seeing how herded together in large towns the population has become, and whereby it is compelled to share the costs and privileges of corporate conditions highly organised. The rates and the tax collectors, the sanitary-inspector, the factory-inspector, the school-inspector, the weights-inspector,

a legion of inspectors, with numerous other more or less necessary servants of the State or the municipality, keep us neatly registered, tabulated, watched, and well-mulcted. Definitely all that organisation involves many limitations of individual freedom and is something of the price that must be paid for a state of civilisation run largely by machine; while the motive forces of industrial endeavour and constructive finance are becoming increasingly organised and used for the benefit not of private property but of the whole people.

It is Socialism in fact, Socialism in action. Of that there can be no question however little some of us may like the sound of it. Gradually, through the insistence of economic forces, too powerful to be controlled or resisted by theorists, the State has assumed responsibilities and the majority have acquiesced in and grown accustomed to such assumptions of rights that less than thirty—less than twenty—years ago were the jealous preserve of private enterprise. The Post Office was an exception already acquiesced in for effectual reasons, though certain purists have asserted that it would have been better, more cheaply and efficiently run as the big Stores are run, or the larger Joint-stock companies. But now the railways, electricity, housing, merchant-shipping, through the new subsidies, and other such interests or institutions that have a national application and only the other day were privately owned and managed, are more and more subject to the authorised interferences of the State. Sir William Harcourt's gibe of forty years ago that 'We are all Socialists nowadays' has come true. Whether such an end, even so far as it has gone, is for the good of the whole community is a highly debatable proposition—but happily is only our present concern so far as its developments may be regarded as threatening personal liberties.

It may be asked, if the gradual absorption by the State of the major industries, productive and distributive, is inevitable and to continue until Socialism in Great Britain is complete, then why argue against it? What is the good of kicking against such unconquerable pricks? The answer is that individual rights still may and must be preserved no matter how absolute and all-controlling the organisation of the State may become. For what else

is the State than the people who comprise it, even though its greater powers may be entrusted to an assertive few ? With all its forms, and such iron regulations and force as it may have adopted, it is yet essentially human and, therefore, subject to the influence and infirmities of ourselves. If it triumph socialistically it is only because the people who comprise it acquiesce in its authority—a universal suffrage fastens the responsibility on them—and never are its actions and efforts so perfect that the faults cannot be recognised and pointed out if liberty of expression, freedom of speech and print, are preserved, as they surely will be in England. It is impossible for our people to be cowed into the submissiveness which alone can accept any form of absolute control without protests. We are too well accustomed to freedom for that and too much accustomed to speaking what we think. It was won for us by hardship and struggle. It is bred in our bones, is of the texture of our thoughts ; and that is why no dictatorship of the continental type could persist and flourish in England, Scotland, Ireland, or Wales ; though one cannot be quite so certain about the Irish Free State.

Therefore, we may be organised and over-organised, managed, mismanaged, by a bureaucracy, but yet shall preserve our souls, so long as we deserve to do so, in the sweetness of freedom that our forebears suffered to secure ; and not only through these islands but throughout the Empire will the ideals and principles of the Religion of Liberty be guarded as the precious possession that it is. As the late Earl Balfour said of the British Commonwealth after the Imperial Conference of 1926, ' Free institutions are its life-blood ; free co-operation is its instrument ; peace, security, and progress are among its objects.' Those words are true and give assurance both of the enduring strength of ideals as of the purposes to which the minds and energies of the statesmen of the Empire are set. As to other nations it is their own concern and must, of course, be regarded as sacredly their own concern, although probably statesmanship will become increasingly international and conferences between delegates from the various countries grow, as it were, stabilised. Things also have changed in that respect. British influence in Europe is probably of more real effect now than ever it

was, its justification resting in our disinterestedness. Universal peace is its main purpose and not a police-controlled sort of good behaviour as it was earlier in the nineteenth century.

Not again, happily, therefore, shall we see a future Foreign Secretary act as Lord Palmerston did, and thrust a Britannic fist under foreign noses anywhere, with threats of pains to follow if their owners did not promptly behave or reform themselves according to our notions ; or even as Mr. Gladstone did when in flaming indignation he denounced the Turks, scourging them with words, because of their terrible misdeeds in Bulgaria and Armenia. Such recollections of old masterfulness incidentally demonstrate the advances made even by the least of other countries, in national sufficiency and self-respect. Yet how often those qualities have shrunk into a jealous self-sufficiency ! It is certain, however, that our country in cherishing and practising the principles of liberty, will be an example helpful to those less fortunate in that respect than we. For the Religion of Liberty, like that which came out of Galilee, is one wherein acts are more effective than words ; its ideals like the stars of the heavens are ever-enduring, stimulating, uplifting, and its purpose is to establish and strengthen goodwill among men.

EDWARD FALKNER.

SOME RECENT BOOKS.

The Ancient World—Victoria and George V—Bombay—Brougham—John Nash—To See Ourselves—More Dictatorships—Spanish and Afghanistan Travels—Spiridonova—Modern Austria and Czechoslovakia—Theses from America—Elizabethans—Gilbert Murray's Æschylus—Irish Portraits—Aryans in Britain—On Dreams—Mr Hamilton Fyfe—'Canoe-Errant'—British and Foreign Fiction.

DR T. R. GLOVER in his history of 'The Ancient World' (Cambridge University Press) proves again that the province of learning and research, which Dryasdust made dreary, can become as fascinating as almost any book of imagination; but then, this volume has imagination—not to the end of making its facts unreal, but to the end of giving its events a warmer actuality, through being generally displayed as consequences of the impulses of men of all degrees of greatness and smallness. It has also a fine marshalling of movements and a style that is like bright, cultured talk, familiar without preaching. The author covers, in commendable brevity yet without skipping essentials, vast regions in time and place, out of which, among Hebrews, Assyrians, Egyptians, and others active in the far-off, slow, continuous centuries, the Greeks and the Romans outstand: the former with their culture, which made their frequent personal and political meanness seem poorly paradoxical; the Romans with their ever-enduring practical influence, through constructive works and their organised system of law. Dr Glover quotes the suggestive utterance of a German thinker, 'the thoughts of Jesus were never properly expressed till they found Greek words,' and the remark points not merely the intellectual and spiritual impulse that came from the Hellenes, but the truth that religion, beginning with the far-seeing statesmanship of Moses, has been an unique influence—not always for good—in the gradual progress of mankind. And of all this movement of armed and spiritual forces, what may be its end? So often it looked then, as now it looks, like a groping without purpose, with occasional reachings-out towards shadows. Yet Alexander, as we are reminded,

had his ultimate aim, and it may be that to something of a similar ideal thinkers and true statesmen again may come. It is for all mankind to be 'one republic of human beings, all citizens, Greeks or barbarians, women or slaves, all one great state of Humanity, where every citizen has a man's duty to do, to serve all mankind; where the gods are citizens too, and the air and the sea, and the atoms—all One, all related, all kin, all friends.' Is that purpose impossible? Is it not valuable and necessary to us in our drifting course to tend towards some such end? In any case, it denotes the particular quality of this fascinating, uplifting, readable, re-readable book that in its record of things done is not forgetful of the greater things that may be done. When it comes to the reprinting, Dr Glover may like to amend the quotation on p. 19 and to remove from p. 163 'unlike the British'; for surely no other people would enjoy as amusedly as we do such gibes as those with which our Mr G. B. Shaw in his successive plays and prefaces flatters us.

Mr E. F. Benson in 'Queen Victoria' (Longmans) gives excellent entertainment and history served up with the *sauce piquante* of caustic humour. We had thought, however, that so experienced and distinguished a writer would have resisted more completely the infection of Lytton Stracheyism. All that Mr Benson writes in this book is based on the best authorities, but even from the truest facts wrong conclusions of motive and character can be drawn. It is easy to exaggerate certain tendencies of the Queen, the superlatives and underlinings of her letters; her obsessions about her health; her obstinacy over changing her plans, even to help her ministers in a time of crisis; her gloatings over mourning and sorrow (if such an expression is permissible); her submission to flattery, and her unwillingness to perform the more showy functions of royalty in the years after 1861. Mr Benson makes amusing play with all this, but little is said of the work which she was carrying on all the while in seclusion, her unremitting interest in and toil for the welfare of her people, her wise and shrewd advice to her ministers and her correspondence and personal influence with other sovereigns and potentates abroad. There is also another side to the over-familiar

picture of King Edward's upbringing and subsequent treatment and exclusion from power. No doubt the Queen and the Prince Consort made serious errors over their eldest son ; but the discipline of uncongenial education in those days was not confined to heirs to the throne, nor was it the custom even in lesser than royal circles for those in possession to share power with their successors. Moreover, why should it always be taken for granted that it should have been all give on the Queen's side and take on the Prince of Wales's ? Mr. Benson and other writers on the subject have but little to show that the Prince as a young man seriously tried to fit in with his mother's wishes or attempted to display the qualities which she considered necessary to his position. If, while developing his own natural gifts and genial characteristics, he also had tried to express some of the sterner and more serious qualities of his father, he would probably have found more doors to the work and royal employment, which he desired, opened for him by his mother. It is only fair to add that if Mr Benson gives a one-sided portrait of the Queen for the first forty years of her reign, he atones for it by his praise of the later years, when, thawing in the sunshine shed by her much-liked Disraeli, she re-emerged into public life to find enjoyment in what she had shunned before and to experience in age the very real love of her people. Queen Victoria remains a wonderful subject for the biographer, and even if Mr Benson's sense of humour and the dramatic has at times over-coloured his portrait, he has scored a notable success and made a delightful and human book.

In the copious out-pour of literature on the King's reign, caused by the Silver Jubilee celebrations and varying from the strictly official to the wholly sentimental, those who want a brief, well-written record may turn to 'Twenty-Five Years of the Reign of King George V' by Sir J. A. R. Marriott (Methuen). Once again the author shows his mastery of lucid, compact, and well-ordered narrative, setting forth in attractive form the facts of history and the lessons to be drawn from them. He shows us what the Crown stands for and how the nation has fared during the last twenty-five years, in peace and war, socially, industrially, and politically. His final words, after quoting an American

impression of the King, are 'King George's subjects need no pen or portrait to help them to realise that in their present sovereign they have found not only the pattern of a Constitutional King, but the ideal of a Christian gentleman.'

Although twenty-eight years have elapsed since Dr Dawtrey Drewitt's memoir of Sir Edward West, '**Bombay in the Days of George IV**' (Longmans), was first published, this second, enlarged edition is not only welcome; it also is opportune; for now, when India is at an extraordinary stage of transition, is a particularly appropriate time for recalling something of what the servants of the Empire did for her and for human good a hundred years ago, under conditions of the greatest difficulty. The East India Company had exhausted its usefulness. The chase of dividends had displaced the right government of the people, and the consequences of misrule called for redress, revision, a new order of methods and ideals. This involved the proper administration of the law; and judges were sent out, to meet with opposition and insult from the European settlers there. Sir Edward West was appointed Chief Justice of the King's Court in Bombay, and not until he was dead, five years after his arrival in India, did his sweet and duteous character overcome the prejudices of those who through their loyalties to John Company were ungenerous to him. The most attractive parts of this book are derived from the diary of his young wife, who found India in a thousand ways exhausting and trying. 'What a horrid place India is for health, morals, good feeling and everything, especially among the old residents'; a judgment emphasised by the editor, 'For the exiled Englishman of those days, with no Simla as a refuge, without railways, without quinine, without ice, there could have been little relief from the heat, the sickness, the dull stifling monotony of the land.' No wonder there were scenes, quarrels, challenges to duels and other outbreaks of unpleasantness, due mainly to 'nerves.' And no wonder deaths were frequent, adding to the sadness of the young bride, who, after six short years of married life, was to leave her husband buried there. It is a revealing book, reminding us of the great work England has done for India, and incidentally gives glimpses of Bishop Heber, a charming figure; of Mountstuart

Elphinstone, not so charming, and of Sir Hudson Lowe, 'a stupid man; looks sheepish, very silent and anything but pleasing.'

Readers of Mr G. T. Garratt's able biography 'Lord Brougham' (Macmillan) may find it hard to reconcile the portrait given therein with the 'Wicked Shifts' and 'Beelzebub' of Creevey and his contemporaries, but, if Mr Garratt may be considered to have gone the full length of legitimate white-washing, Creevey and others have gone equally far in black-washing. Of Brougham's power of brain there can be no question and the same may be said of his labours for reform and education, as typified in his leading share in the foundation of London University. Mr Garratt attributes Brougham's failures to lack of roots among the old and powerful landowning families and his similar lack of settled political party tradition. This may be due to the greatness of mind which does not shun changing principles when circumstances honourably demand it, or else to material causes of a less honourable character. In spite of Mr Garratt's advocacy, it is hard to escape the conclusion that Brougham's difficulties arose from the eccentricities and at times coarseness of his nature, and the fact that he failed to inspire confidence in his colleagues. No one quite knew what Brougham would do next and, whatever the doing might be, it was surely carried out with a gusto and vitality which could be as embarrassing as they were uncontrollable. Mr Garratt paints a clever and interesting portrait, and it would be ungenerous of the 'Quarterly' not to pay a tribute to this record of one of its most hard-hitting opponents of a hundred years ago.

Mr John Summerson in his 'John Nash. Architect to King George IV' (Allen and Unwin) has done well to recall the life and work of a remarkable character. London in its centuries of history has been deficient in large-scale conceptions of planning and building; and it is only right that we should appreciate the leading share which Nash took in giving us Regent Street and Regent's Park. It is true that his Regent Street houses have found more praise since they were demolished than they did when they stood, but that is the way of the world. We still have his Carlton House Terrace and Regent's Park terraces to show what his work was.

His should-have-been stone frontages and marble pillars were stucco and cast-iron; his decoration was often insipid and unconvincing, and his treatment of the orders heterodox; but there still remain a breadth of conception and dignity of appearance which command respect. Nash was versatile. He was ready to produce to order a mediæval castle, a Gothic villa, an Italian palace, an Indian pavilion, or a Chinese pagoda. Sometimes he mixed his styles in a way to cause horror to the architectural purist, but at least he had vigour and he got things done. He was both lucky and unlucky in his master, George IV; lucky in that his royal connection brought him into prominence and gave him opportunities; unlucky in that the King's tastes and ideas were as changeable as the weather. He wanted his latest whim indulged at once; he seldom waited to see it finished and never thought of paying the bill. In consequence undeserved odium fell upon Nash. Mr Summerson has done his work carefully and well and has given us an attractive book.

A volume like Mr Malcolm Letts' '*As the Foreigner Saw Us*' (Methuen) is a source of pleasure to the reader and of temptation to the reviewer owing to the abundance of interesting and curious quotable matter which it offers. Mr Letts shows us, from the writings of various travellers in this country between 1500 and 1830, what foreigners thought of us. Some, like Pückler-Muskau and the gentle Pastor Moritz, have much to say that is complimentary. Others, like Riem, found England a Paradise but inhabited by a race of almost unbelievable villainy. We were fraudulent in our dealings, ill-mannered, addicted to every vice in its most abandoned form and incapable of shame or amendment. That we were allowed to live at all Riem considered to be an outrage. Luckily others were more lenient in their judgments. Most complain of the noise and dirt of London, many of our cooking—'the English cook their soup in their stomachs'—and of our hurry, bustle, and seriousness—one traveller said that there were people in England whose families had not laughed for three generations—and of the neglect of our public buildings like St Paul's and Westminster Abbey. Many, however, warmly praised our country, our hospitality, and common sense. The book gives interesting impressions not

only of London, but also of Oxford and Cambridge, of industrial centres, spas and watering-places, and of Scotland.

The quality of Messrs Methuen's 'If I were Dictator' series has improved with Dr H. R. L. Sheppard's and Mr James Maxton's additions to it. They have frankness, imaginative ideas, and some measure of wit. Dr Sheppard dictating to the Anglican Church sees it as 'frightened' and playing for safety, through its Assemblies and conferences, which confessedly leave him depressed, peddling like petty lawyers with proprietary inessentials and doing nothing to curb the monstrosities of slums, armaments, unemployment, and war. What he says many of the laity for long have been thinking; wondering how clergymen, endowed with mystic authority and responsibility, could continue to fritter over albs and dalmatics when the lovely world is lapsing to disaster, as Dr Sheppard repeatedly declares that it is, amid an abundant greed and silliness. But his remedies for now and a long time to come will be impossible—for the leaders of Roman Catholicism, Anglicanism, the Free Churches, and the Greek to pool their pulpits; to 'establish' all the communions in England and to mind nothing of the effects of Disendowment; and absolutely to abolish the fighting services. These suggestions as presented are of the nature of dreams, and probably never can be 'practical politics.'

At times, owing to the style, one does hazard the thought that Dr Sheppard has put his tongue in his cheek. Mr Maxton's dictatorship promises, however, to be more wonderful still. He does not limit his thoughts to anything so narrow as Christendom. With a preliminary hesitancy, due to the wish not to join the company of 'arrogant numbskulls,' who are for him the present-day dictators, he takes as his province the whole world, from Balham to Peru, with somewhere in the neighbourhood of Glasgow as its hub. Two thousand million people! Well, every one who has come to the age of eighteen shall have two pounds a week (doesn't it sound like Shakespeare's Jack Cade!); every country shall be entirely disarmed—in that respect he and Dr Sheppard think alike—food shall be provided for everybody; there shall be a world-currency, and simplified

English shall be the universal speech. To set down thus baldly Mr Maxton's purposes, expressed with a smiling sincerity that confesses their impossibility, is to do his little book less than justice. It is sometimes passably brilliant. As to the impossibility. Of course ! But how necessary it is to begin to get the world more human, to make of its peoples a happier brotherhood, to eliminate cruelty, starvation, slums ! For even urgently necessary some of those impossibilities are !

It is a pity that Mr Matt Marshall, '*Tramp Royal in Spain*' (Blackwood), in his happy foot-slogging pilgrimage across the Peninsula from Oviedo to Gibraltar, happened not to meet a peasant who knew anything of Scotland—wasn't it a town somewhere near London ?—for probably his being so frequently taken as an Englishman causes him to gird at us innocents of the South with an absence of humour that is not of his true spirit. Otherwise—not that those girdings matter—his book is a joy to all who like to read of roadway wanderings in Spain from Quixote and Gil Blas (the latter is entirely unworthy of *that* companionship) to Borrow and Walter Starkie. Mr Marshall has a frank and jolly pen. His sketches of the cities and the people by him encountered are vivid ; his humour, except when a 'cop' or a soldier in uniform comes along, is genial ; while his sufferings when in pursuit of food, almost inevitably boiled eggs, and sleeping accommodation are worthy of the brightness of the record they get from him. Spain has tended to be over-run by visitors with fountain-pens. '*Tramp Royal*,' however, is no mere globe-trotter, no tripper whose patent for travel takes the form of a collection of hotel labels on an untidy bag, but the real live, swearing, enjoyable thing ; and we hope that he soon will go tramping again to Italy, China, Peru, with the much-mentioned unlimited supply of money of which any Scotsman naturally would be proud. And may he always be taken for the true product of Glasgow ; then we who are English and had not the doubtful honour of being 'Conshies' may for once be kindly recognised by him.

Had he been British Mr Ben James could not have accomplished his '*Afghan Journey*' (Cape) ; but having taken the precaution to be born American he

was able to ignore the famous injunction at the gate of the Khyber, 'It is Positively Forbidden to Enter Afghan Territory,' and not only visit and travel through the country, but interview as well many of the principal Afghans, the makers of her recent history. His livelier chapters describe his troublous journey and arrival there. The later part, treating of the vanities and the downfall of Amanullah, is not so fresh, as that story of a top-heavy greatness and of a modernisation hurried to madness already has been much told. The volume anyhow is welcome for in large measure, because of the restrictions and the legends, Afghanistan is still a land of mystery, and Mr James's revelations are sometimes extraordinary. He dwells upon the insatiable wildness of the people, and on the contrast of the motor-roads and the electric light with the tangled hills which breed men that have been a perpetual and justified menace to the north-west frontier of India. A strange people in truth; barbarous and yet capable, when they like, of a rich culture and a courage that is more than the normal fanaticism of the fighting Islamite. One thing that calls for explanation comes from his statement that ninety per cent. of the people are syphilitic. How does he know that; and, if it be true, how then can they be the warriors that they are?

Even extraordinarily revealing—of old and present human misery in Russia; of the mental idiosyncrasies of terrorists and tyrants there; of the strangely perverted courage and devotion of those in violent revolt against the dominant system, which always has been brutal—is '*Spiridonova: Revolutionary Terrorist*' (Methuen). A life-story, excellently told by Dr I. Sternberg; but really dreadful in its truths and most unhappy. It illustrates the utter misery caused by the autocracies under which Russians for centuries have suffered; and, judging from this record, written by one who belonged to the first Soviet cabinet, new Bolshevik is but old Tsarist writ large. Maria Spiridonova was a girl of twenty-one when, shocked by the wanton barbarities committed by the Government in the villages about her home, she joined the extremists and murdered by shooting the Russian general who was at the head of that offending. For her deed, narrowly escaping death by execution, she

became a heroine and martyr. That event alone is significant. She always had been an idealist. It is possible to realise something of the force of the motives which drove that young girl to her act of terror and to persist through her life in asserting her gospel of blood, so far as almost continuous imprisonment has allowed, from a passage written by a fellow Terrorist, Kaliayev, after he had assassinated the Grand Duke Sergius. 'I should like to die on the spot. It is an enviable fate. But there is a still greater happiness—death on the scaffold. Between the act and the scaffold there lies a whole eternity. It is perhaps the supreme happiness of man. Only then does one know and feel the whole strength and beauty of the Idea.' What unhappiness, absolute, untold, untellable must have been endured by generations, to have blossomed into that poisonous fruit! It explains Spiridonova; though itself cannot altogether be explained. The curious fact is that the party to which she belongs, after fighting the Tsars with violence, became bitterly opposed to the Bolsheviks, and suffered under them worse than ever. Her story, ugly, hopeless, cruel, and pathetic, illustrates the depths of inhumanity to which political mankind can fall, and brings wonder as to how imperial Russia, with its feet of iron and clay, could have prevailed as long as it did. The sins of the Tsars certainly were visited on the people, and now the same tyranny goes on in a red guise. We commend this book to British Socialists, so many of whom out of their want of knowledge and sentimentality have accepted the Soviet Government as beneficent.

'Modern Austria' (Dent) contains problems of acute concern to lovers of peace in Europe; and because of her insight and well-balanced sanity of judgment, and for the fresh information that she brings, Miss Cicely Hamilton's volume is more than ordinarily helpful. Austria has glamour. Her former proud and ornate Empire and the charm of the people cause her still to seem a power, although the political disposal of the many races that formerly comprised her has caused her to shrink to somewhere about the size of Ireland. Behind the glamour, therefore, there is pathos, which already has brought to her a practical sympathy that may help her to survive and recover some of the lost strength.

Yet things are desperate. The *Anschluss*, the call of the blood of German Austrians towards the *Deutscher Reich*, the financial collapse, and the enhanced and continued depression, the troubles which culminated separately in the siege of the Socialist headquarters in Vienna and in the murder of the great little Dr Dollfuss, are only some of the perplexities which trouble and threaten the security of the state. All this and much else apt to the case is brought out by Miss Hamilton, whose sympathy must be valuable to Austria, as it is an earnest of the desire to help that most of us in Britain feel. And much the same may be said of Dr Kamil Krofta's '**Short History of Czechoslovakia**' (Williams and Norgate), on which the Grand Old Man of that country, Dr T. J. Marsaryk, pronounces an introductory benediction. It is a serious, careful piece of work and, to those who have not read Count Lutzow's little volume, '*Bohemia*,' will bring revelation as to the long and curious history and inextinguishable virility of the races—Moravian, Silesian, Bohemian amongst them—which comprise the old Slav state that since the war has developed into the new republic. Often spoiled and suffering dismemberment by greedy, powerful neighbours, it was impossible to destroy the spirit of the people, of whom in the fifteenth century John Huss was an outstanding representative, with the result that, restored and renewed, they have become a 'key-state' in Europe, and will remain so.

More than once have we remarked on the value of the systems of special literary study and of many of the theses whose production are thereby stimulated by universities and colleges in America; some of which take a certain figure in the history of genius as subject and make their library and lecture-rooms centres of collection, research and enthusiasm about it. Here are two of such theses. The first, a critical study of '**John Gibson Lockhart**' by Mr Gilbert Macbeth, is published by the University of Illinois and naturally is of especial interest to the '*Quarterly Review*,' whose editor Lockhart was for a period longer by one year than that of any other of its editors. As a man and an authority in literary and political criticism and of philosophy, as a novelist, a versatile linguist, and a writer and translator of verse, Lockhart's position had already been made

clear, and Mr Macbeth's full tribute to him, therefore, can only be for specialists, of whom there are not many. Summing-up Lockhart's achievements, as well as his personal influence on the times in which he wrought, Mr Macbeth recognises that, despite his great abilities, industry, and a very real sense of duty, his life was not the success that his ambitions had looked for and his early successes had promised. Partly that was due to his responsibilities as an editor which require some blanketing of personality in the general cause of the periodical whose servant he is, shrouding the individual in the mantle of passing authority—an autocrat in leading-strings—and partly to his intimate association with Sir Walter Scott, who with all his simple and genial humanity was yet a giant, tending to dwarf those of commoner clay when in his company. The details of the public and intellectual career of Lockhart, with its ups-and-downs, successes and disappointments, are admirably, elaborately set down by Mr Macbeth in this tribute, which is particularly gratifying to us, inasmuch as it justifies one who, through long and successful days, served the 'Quarterly' with devotion.

We pass to Dr Miriam M. H. Thrall's thesis '**Rebellious Fraser's**' (Humphrey Milford), published under the auspices of the Columbia University Press, which carries us back to the rough-and-ready times of journalism in London, that marked the half-way between the scurrilous hackwork of Grub Street and these elegant days when so much of the writing at least for the 'magazine' columns of the press has been transferred to the less-competent pens of notable and titled amateurs—to the loss of journalists and journalism. '**Fraser's**' had its day and in that day was the nearest rival to '**Blackwood's**,' using much the same weapons of pointed personality and vigorous castigation as '**Maga**' then. When, however, one remembers that its early contributors included Carlyle, Thackeray, Coleridge in small ways, Father Prout, and others whose names have made literary history, it is seen that it exerted a real influence on the critical values of the time, though mainly that effect was due to Maginn. This great editor—who was not, yet not so unlike, Thackeray's Shandon—had qualities and defects which equally made him outstanding ;

and the most engaging pages in Dr Thrall's well-informed volume are devoted to him. What a life they lived in those 'Bohemian' days, when the twilight was often their dawn and the night did not end for them until the sun was overhead. This book reminds us of a chapter that generally has been lost sight of, when Carlyle and Thackeray still had their ways to make; when poor 'L. E. L.' was a prominent poetical figure, and Maginn was—always Maginn, with his drink, his sloppiness and zeal, and his brilliant, impudent pen.

The title of Dr W. J. Lawrence's volume '**Those Nut-Cracking Elizabethans**' (Argonaut Press), though challenging, is excellently suggestive of the fare he is offering. While the play was the thing in those days, it yet was taken light-heartedly and the careless cracking of nuts by the groundlings was a popular accompaniment to the rantings, woes, and heroics of the actors, and frequently, no doubt, very irritating to the serious play-goer, who was, is, and will be, so long as a curtain rises to a thrill. Yet the title brings home the humanity, the reality, of the Elizabethan Theatre, and that is the particular note and value of Dr Lawrence's book. He asks and answers all manner of questions related to the stage of that time which are easily and generally overlooked: of the appearance thereon of animals actual or 'property'; of how they got rid of the cumbering dead bodies when there were no front-curtains; of the supers or 'mutes' of the time; of the green carpet which for centuries was used, eventually to signify that tragedy was being enacted. It is an engaging study engagingly stated, and brings back to the reader who has the mind for it that 'wooden O' with its passions, mysteries, and immortalities. We cannot be quite so laudatory over '**Queen Elizabeth and Her Subjects**' (Allen and Unwin), for the reason that, through its being mostly a printed version of radio talks, its chapters tend to an undue slightness and to insufficiency. But it serves its purpose of portraying simply the main personalities of the great Queen's time. Of the collaborators, Mr A. L. Rowse and Mr G. B. Harrison, the contributions of the former are the more serious and satisfying to readers. The passing comparison by Mr Harrison of Marlowe with D. H. Lawrence is futile enough to be annoying. Where did

the recent Georgian show any of the melodious ecstasy of 'Hero and Leander,' or the vision of 'Dr Faustus,' or the force of 'Tamburlaine'? And certainly he will not be read and admired three hundred years hence. Or at least, for the credit of our time so we may hope.

Mr Archibald Stalker stands out from the ruck of the rank-and-file considerers of Shakespeare, for he puts his points sensibly, and there may be something in his theory that Thomas Nashe was the basic author of the Henry VI trilogy—and not Marlowe as many who know not Marlowe's work have asserted—with pen-trimmings added by Master Will Shakespeare of the Globe. The other part of his book 'Shakespeare and Tom Nashe' (Learmonth: Stirling), in which he discusses the Sonnets is less acceptable, because, instead of writing it straightforwardly, he makes of it a dialogue between Coleridge and Lamb, and any one who uses S. T. C. and Elia as their speaking puppets must write something superior to this sort of theorising in better than common-place prose. Mr G. W. Phillips' volume 'Sunlight on Shakespeare's Sonnets' (Thornton Butterworth) is of little help, as must be in every case where the sonnets are re-arranged arbitrarily to suit a special pleading.

Professor Gilbert Murray's gifts for translating the poetry of the great Greek dramatists into in-all-ways moving English verse, have found a further and outstanding justification in his rendering of 'The Seven Against Thebes' (Allen and Unwin). The story as Æschylus has told it is compact and direct, and this translation loses nothing of those qualities. It is a fine example of the realistic in drama. The threat to the city so clearly suggested by the noises 'off,' the panic of the women, the seriousness of Eteocles and the Scout, followed by the eloquent choice of the seven champions, including the chief himself, and the end in its satisfactory issue as by the gods decreed, comprises a theme that marches to its right end; and although the added intervention of the sisters brings the threat of anticlimax, it does not, in fact, spoil the effect. The whole thing is skilful, vigorous, and inspiring.

The Irish Literary movement, which until recently was one of the liveliest artistic impulses of our time, seems to have come to its end; and the reasons for that are

indicated in Mr John Eglinton's 'Irish Literary Portraits' (Macmillan); consisting of light-hearted studies of Mr Yeats, A. E., Mr Joyce, Dr Dowden, and George Moore, written with discernment, insight, and much charm. The passing of the movement was inevitable to 'a country which has rejected its natural spiritual destiny, and whose poets all made the mistake of going into politics.' More than once he points that truth, which is worth the thought of others beside the Irish. The best parts of the book are those relating to George Moore, whose life Mr Eglinton was to have written. Even now, on the strength of these lucent judgments and his happy style, we could wish his decision against writing that biography to be reversed, for, speaking from this evidence, no one could do it better or produce a result more pleasing and brightly displeasing to the shade of Moore. The study of Mr Joyce also is revealing; while that on Dowden is a little cruel. And the moral that Mr Eglinton brings out, as to the too high price that Ireland has had to pay for her peculiar and wrathful political indulgences, is further evidenced by Mr R. A. Anderson's study, 'With Horace Plunkett in Ireland,' from the same publishers. A graceful, convincing tribute to as gentle-hearted and unselfish an Irish and British patriot as ever lived and worked constructively against the heavy odds of prejudice and folly.

Mrs Dorothea Chaplin's very comprehensive, yet compact volume 'Matter, Myth and Spirit' (Simpkin Marshall) makes an especial appeal to the mind because of the sweet reasonableness of her methods and implied arguments. So many works of archæological concern, treating of very ancient facts and probabilities based on discoveries made of the conditions of mankind during the 2000 years that followed the Stone Age, are wildly conjectural, yet over-assertive, if not cranky, that her way of making her suggestions, setting forth the evidence in support of her theories and then leaving them, as it were, to assert themselves, is most commendable, and convinces the reader that her case is worthy of consideration and respect. In brief, it is to trace in the British Isles signs of the Aryan influence, due to a possible immigration of the ancient Indian people. In support of this belief she has collected an enormous body of

evidence in speech, earth-remains, tribal characteristics, superstitions, games, and much else, from the designs of Paisley shawls to the lilt of a seaman's shanty, with, as a trump card, the extraordinary grotto at Margate wherein vivid examples of Asiatic symbols and art are preserved. So large is the body of her evidence that it must be left to individual judgment; but the spirit, modest and reasonable, in which she presents it makes her book worthier than most that are offered to readers in the sacred name of historical and anthropological research.

The interest of dreams fascinates persistently and as persistently baffles. The subconscious mind from which many of our visual wanderings emanate is unplumbable; and, therefore, inquiries after the whys and wherefores of such phantoms of the half-sleep come too often to the wilderness of vain conjecture. 'All we can actually know of the total dream-life of mankind is as a single bucketful to the circumambient ocean,' says William Archer in his volume '*On Dreams*' (Methuen); and that is true and properly discouraging to enthusiasts who would like to make an exact science out of this infinity of fantasy. For years Mr Archer wrote down his frequent dreams and what he believed might have been their causes out of his daily experiences. The result is a book, like himself, forthright, sincere, and lucid; but the subject is only again seen from his investigations to be the more elusive.

Having attained to the youthfulness of sexagenarianism, with ample prospects happily before him, Mr Hamilton Fyfe summarises his life in a biography entitled '*My Seven Selves*' (Allen and Unwin). His title is thus explained. In every seven years our bodies renew themselves; so he looks at himself as he was in seven successive stages. But why leave out the mewling and puking infant and the shining schoolboy?—for we can be sure that even when Mr Fyfe mewled and puked (as sometimes he does still) he disclosed a highly individual and attractive personality. His career has been of unusual activity; his work as secretary to Buckle of '*The Times*'; his revealing years with Northcliffe; his adventures almost the whole world over, in and out of the War, as well as among newspapers—the '*Morning*

Advertiser,' the 'Thunderer,' the 'Herald'—and later as a free-lance, show him as closely alive to the interest of things. The most revealing of his pages, however, are those describing his editorship of the 'Daily Herald,' when he was brought into direct and awkward contact with Labour-men of all kinds, but especially with the militant, muddle-headed Trade Unionist who frequently has shown himself as more Tory than the least imaginative Tory is sometimes said to be. In his progress up the ladder Mr Fyfe has been induced to shed innumerable illusions, yet his loss of faith in certain cherished institutions has not soured him. He still faces the world with the cheerfulness that comes from a generous heart and a half-apologetic sense of humour.

Since Stevenson made the practice of pilgrimage by inland waters fascinating and almost fashionable, many books, mostly excellent, have been written by those who have followed that lure; but none has been more attractive than Major R. Raven-Hart's '*Canoe-Errant*' (Murray). The author has paddled his way along almost innumerable rivers and canals, from Lübeck in the north to the Mediterranean and the Adriatic, and from Budapest in the east to Nantes; ten thousand miles in five years. An excellent record; as also the narrative proves with its bright glimpses of towns, villages, and persons encountered. But that is not all. For here practically is a guide-book as well, full of wise hints and counsel for canoeists, with advice over everything associated with this sort of adventure, from the craft itself to camping-grounds and hotels. Besides being of help to the navigator it makes good reading for the stay-at-home, and in its literary form should find harbourage on many a familiar bookshelf.

Finally, the sixth volume of Dr Ernest A. Baker's '*History of the English Novel*' (Witherby) and then a brief reference to an unusual work of foreign fiction based upon fact. Already, as its volumes have successively appeared, we have commended Dr Baker's full and laborious work. This addition to it seems rather better than some of its predecessors, though possibly the effect is due to its dealing only with three great novelists—Scott, Jane Austen and Maria Edgeworth—whereas each of the earlier volumes covered a field rich with very many examples. The

names of that trinity suggest a great period in the evolution of the English novel and our historian has risen to it admirably. He has reviewed works of those writers and their influences with a keen, wide vision and the same excellent carefulness that has marked his History throughout. We pass, in conclusion, to Katharina von Dombrowski, the author of the 'tale of a lost nation,' 'Land of Women' (Putnam). By birth an Austrian, though she writes in English, the author has spent many years amongst the women of Paraguay, for whom she has a love and sympathy which have given life to those of her creation. It is a long—rather too long—novel, but rarely does its interest flag, and the women who fill it, together with their *compañeros*, despite their primitive failings, possess a charm and a gift of patient suffering which make us love them too. Each chapter is a story in itself, and the tragedies of which daily life under the rule of Don Francisco Solano Lopez was composed culminate in the final horror of the defeat of the Paraguayan army by the Brazilian and Argentine allies, its flight into the mountains where the greater part succumbed to starvation and the unspeakable atrocities practised by Lopez. The book ends with the death of this monster and the downfall of his beautiful, soulless, Irish-French mistress, Eliza Lynch, virtually the queen of Paraguay for seventeen years and a strange compound of greed, treachery, egoism, and charm. The scene in which she causes her best friend to be tortured to death because she will not disclose the hiding-place of non-existent family jewels is unforgettable, as also is that in which the maddened Guarani women turn upon her after Lopez's death.

